Lea Wilson

[illegible] 1787 (c. 4 p.)

Mr. George Sandys, a very pious, learned and accomplished Gentleman, was the youngest Son of D. Edwin Sandys, Archbishop of York. —

He pub.d his Travels to the Holy Land, Egypt, and elsewhere, in 1615 — & made an excellent paraphrase on the psalms, Canticles & Ecclesiastes, in verse and also translated Ovid's Metamorphoses. — He was one of the best Versifiers of that age, & d.d in 164[illegible] or rather 1643 Ae. 66. Note in Hawkins Ed.n of Walton's Ang[illegible]

He also translated from Grotius, Christ's passion a Trag[illegible]

The Psalm-tunes in this Vol. are composed by the celebrated Henry Lawes who set the Songs in Comus & to whom Milton has address.d one of his Sonnets

See Commendatory Verses to Sandys in this Vol. by — Lucius — Lord Falkland — 3 copies
Henry King — Bishop of Chichester
Sidney Godolphin
Thomas Carew
Dudley Digges — 2 copies
Francis Wiatt
Henry Rainsford
Edward Waller — rather Edmund
Wintour Grant

[illegible] was buried at Boxley Church Kent, [illegible] to Lopez [illegible]

Philpot's Poems 8vo 1646 —

— Elegie on Geo. Sandys
not late

The whole Psalms were put into
better verse by Geo. Sandys
than they have appeared in

says Dr Burney
before or since

Hist of Music. Vol 3

Mr Todd speaks of Sandys
Paraphrase of the Psalms

elegant
in his
Edition of Milton's Comus -
p. 30.

Mr Braydys remarks that the
Poems of Sandys are now unjustly
neglected in his novel of Fitz-Albini
Vol II 102

Dryden stiles Sandys ingenious
& the best versifier of the former
age -"

& learned

Preface to Fables

Heber
P. 4. No 2300

With Parks autograph

[illegible]

Bible - Hagiographa
[Cyl]

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A

PARAPHRASE

UPON THE

DIVINE POEMS,

BY

GEORGE SANDYS.

Bark

Printed in the Yeare,
1648.

BRITISH MUSEUM

To the Beſt of *Men*,

AND

Moſt Excellent of *Princes*,

CHARLES,

By the Grace of God, King of *Great-Britaine*, *France*, and *Ireland*: Lord of the foure Seas; of *Virginia*, the vaſt Territories adjoyning, and diſperſed Iſlands of the Weſtern Ocean; The zealous-Defendor of the Chriſtian Faith.

GEORGE SANDYS,

The humbleſt of His Servants, Preſents and Conſecrates theſe his *Paraphraſes* upon the *Divine-Poems*, To receive their Life and Eſtimation from His Favor.

THE Muſe who from your influence took her Birth,
Firſt wandred through the many-Peopled Earth;
Next ſung the Change of Things; diſclos'd th'unknown:
Then to a nobler ſhape transform'd her owne;
Fetch'd from Engaddi, Spice; from Jury, Balme;
And bound her browes with Idumæan Palme:
Now old, hath her laſt Voyage made; and brought
To Royall Harbor this her ſacred Fraught.
Who to her King bequeathes the wealth of Kings;
And dying, her owne Epicedium ſings.

To the Queene.

A Night-peece moſt affects the Eye;
Sad Words and Notes charm powerfully:
The pleaſing Sorrow they impart,
Slides ſweetly to the melting Heart.
Since no ſincere Delight wee taſt,
Our beſt of Daies with clouds ore-caſt;
Wiſe Nature, giddy Mirth diſdaines,
And tunes our Soules to Mournfull Straines:
As Æthiop's, who faire colours lack,
Place Beauty in the deepeſt Black.
And wee are counſell'd to bee Gueſts,
Rather at Death's, then Hymen's Feaſts.
This was that well-limn'd Face of Woe,
Whereof wee but a Coppy ſhow:
To you addreſt, whoſe chearefull Ray
Can turne the ſaddeſt Night to Day:
Not to infect, or make it leſſe;
But to ſet off your Happineſſe.
Nor are wee all of Black compos'd,
Our ſetting Sun ſerenely clos'd.
And, as in Job, all Storm's diſpell'd,
His Evening farre his Morn excell'd;
So Juda, in her wandring Race,
At length ſhall riſe to greater Grace.
Our Vowes aſcend, that you may taſt,
Of theſe the only Firſt, and Laſt.

To the Prince.

SINCE none but Princes dare aspire
To sing unto the Hebrew Lyre;
Sweet Prince, who then your selfe more fit
To reade, what sacred Princes Writ?
Though yet your Rose breathe in the Bud:
They who partake of your high Blood,
Grow soone in understanding old;
Nor should their Age by Yeares be told:
Whose Soules, more swift then Motion, clime;
And check the tardy Flight of Time.
Farre off, I see that dawning Gray;
The Ensigne of a glorious Day:
Yet ere this guild the World, I must
Resolve into neglected Dust:
If then restored by your Breath,
Not all of me shall sleepe in Death.

TO

My noble friend Mr. Sandys, *upon his* Job, Eccleſiaſtes, *and the* Lamentations, *cleerly, learnedly, and Eloquently Paraphraſed.*

WHo would enform his Soul, or Feaſt his Senſe
And ſeeks or Pietie, or Eloquence;
What might with Knowledge, Vertue joyn'd, inſpire
And animate the Heat and Light of Fire:
He, Thoſe in Theſe by Thee, may find embrac't.
Or as a Poet, or a Paraphraſt.
Such Raies of the Divinitie are ſhed
Throughout theſe Works, and every Line o're-ſpread;
That by the Streames the Spring is clearely ſhowne,
And the Tranſlation makes the Author knowne.
Nor He being knowne, remaines his Sence conceal'd;
But ſo by thy illuſtrious Pen reveal'd,
Wee ſee not plainer, That which gives us Sight,
Then wee ſee that, aſſiſted by Thy Light.
All ſeemes tranſparent now, which ſeem'd perplext,
The inmoſt meaning of the darkeſt Text:
So that the Simpleſt may their Soules aſſure
What Places meane, whoſe Comments are obſcure.
Thy Pen next, having cleer'd thy Makers will,
Supples our Hearts to Love, and to fulfill,
And moves ſuch Pietie, that her Power layes
That Envie, which thy Eloquence doth raiſe.
Even I (no yeelding matter) who till then
Am chiefe of Sinners, and the worſt of Men,
(Though it bee hard a Soules health to procure
Unleſſe the Patient doe aſſiſt the Cure:)

Suffer

Suffer a Rape by Vertue, whil'ſt thy Lines
Deſtroy my Old, and build mee new Deſignes:
Shee by a Power, which conquers all controule,
Doth without my conſent poſſeſſe my Soule.
Thoſe miſts are ſcatter'd which my paſſions bred;
And for that ſhort time all my Vice is dead.
Thoſe looſer Poets whoſe Laſcivious Pen
Aſcribing Crimes to gods, taught them to men,
Who bent their moſt ingenious Induſtrie
To honour Vice, and guild Impietie;
Whoſe Labours have not only not imploy'd
Their Talents, but with them their Soules deſtroy'd;
Though of the much remov'd and diſtant time
Whoſe leſſe enlightned Age takes from their crime,
Will no defence, with all their Arts, deviſe,
When thou againſt them ſhalt in Judgement riſe:
When thou a Servant, ſuch whoſe like are rare,
Fill'd with a uſefull and a watchfull care
How to provide againſt thy Lord doe come,
With great advantage the intruſted Summe:
And thy large ſtock even to his wiſh imploy,
Shalt bee Invited to thy maſters Joy.
The Wiſe, the Good, applaud, exult to ſee,
Th'Appollinarii ſurpaſ'd by thee: *Socrates.*
No doubt, their Workes had found in every time *Scolaſticus*
An equa'l glory, had they equal'd thine;
How they expect thy art ſhould health aſſure
To the ſick world by a delicious cure,
Granting like thee no leech their hope deſerves,
Who purgeſt not with Rhewbarb but preſerves.
What numerous Legions of Infernall ſprights,
Thy ſplendor dazles and thy muſick frights!
For what to us is Balme to them is Wounds; (ſounds;
Whome Griefe ſtrikes, Feare diſtracts, and ſhame con-
To finde at once their Magick counter-charm'd,
Their Arts diſcover'd, and their ſtrength diſarm'd:
To ſee thy writings tempt to vertue more,
Then they, by theirs aſſiſted, could before
To Vice or Vanitie; to ſee Delight
Become their Foe, which was their Satelite:

And that the chiefe confounder of their State
Which had beene long their most prevailing bait;
To see their Empire such a losse indure,
As the revolt even of the Epicure.
The cause of Castalio's Translation. Those Polite-Pagan-Christians who doe feare
Truth in her voyce, God in his word to heare;
(For such alas there are) doubting the while
To harme their Phrase, and to corrupt their stile;
Considering th'Eloquence which flowes from hence,
Had no excuse, but now have no pretence:
These, both to pens and minds Direction, give,
And teach to Write as well as teach to live.
Those famous Herbs which did pretend to man
To give new youth; Chymicks, who brag they can
A Flower to Ashes turn'd, by their Arts power
Returne those Ashes back into a Flower;
May gaine Beleise, when now thy Job wee see,
So Soil'd by Some, so Purifi'd by Thee.
Such was his change, when from his Sordid Fate
Hee re-ascended to his wonted State.
So see wee yearely a fresh Spring restore
Those Beauties, Winter had deflour'd before
So are wee taught, the Resurrection must
Render us Flesh, and Blood, from Dirt and Dust.
To Jobs dejected First, and then rais'd Minde,
Is Solomon in all his Glorie joyn'd.
Lesse specious seem'd his Person when hee shone
In Purple Garments, on his Golden Throne.
This Eloquence call'd from the fartherst South
To learne deepe Knowledge, from his Sacred Mouth
One weake, and Great; a Woman and a Queene:
Which (his Conceptions in thy Language seene)
So likely seemes, that this no wonder drawes,
When with the great Effect, wee match the Cause:
Nor had wee wondred, had the Storie told
His Fame drew more, then all his Realmes could hold:
For no lesse Multitudes doe I expect
Ecclesiastes. To heare (whilst on these Lines their Thoughts reflect)
To have in this cleere Glasse their Follies knowne:
Nor will those fewer prove, who in their owne

From

From these thy Teares shall learn to wash their Crimes;
And owe Salvation to thy heavenly Rimes.

Lamentations.

Another.

SUch is the Verse thou Writ'st that who reades Thine
Can never bee content to suffer Mine:
Such is the Verse I Write, that reading Mine,
I hardly can beleeve I have read Thine:
And wonder that their Excellence once knowne,
Nor correct, nor yet conceale mine owne.
Yet though I Danger feare, then Censure lesse;
Nor apprehend a Breach, like to a Presse:
Thy Merits, now the second time, inflame
To sacrifice the Remnant of my Shame.
Not yet (as first) Alone, but joyn'd with Those
Who make the loftiest Verse, seeme humblest Prose.
Thus did our Master, to his Praise, desire
That Babes should with Philosophers conspire:
And Infants their Hosanna's should unite
With the so Famous Areopagite.
Perhaps my Stile too, is for Praise most fit;
Those shew their Judgement least, who shew their wit:
And are suspected, least their subtiller Aime
Be rather to attaine, then to give Fame.
Perhaps whil'st I my Earth doe interpose
Betwixt thy Sunne and Them, I may aid those
Who have but feeble Eyes and weaker Sight,
To beare thy Beames, and to support thy Light.
So thy Eclipse, by neighbouring Darkenesse made,
Were no injurious, but a usefull Shade:
How e're I finish heere, my Muse her Daies
Ends in expressing thy deserved Praise:
Whose fate in this seemes fortunately cast,
To have so just an Action for her Last.
And since there are, who have been taught, that Death
Inspireth Prophecie, expelling Breath.
I hope, when these foretell, what happie Gaines
Posteritie shall reape from these thy Paines:

Nor

Nor yet from thoſe alone, but how thy Pen,
Earth-like, ſhall yearely give new gifts to men:
And thou freſh praiſe, and wee freſh Good receive
(For hee who thus can write can never leave)
How time in them ſhall never force a breach;
But they ſhall alwayes Live and alwaies Teach:
That the ſole likelihood which theſe preſent,
Will from the more rais'd Soules command Aſſent;
And the ſo taught, will not Beleife refuſe,
To the laſt Accents of a Dying muſe.

Falkland

To my much honoured friend Maſter George Sandys.

IT is, Sir, a Confeſt intruſion here,
That I before your Labours doe appeare:
Which no loud Herald needs, that may proclaime,
Or ſeeke acceptance, but the Authors fame.
Much leſſe that ſhould this happy worke commend,
Whoſe Subject is its Licence, and doth ſend
It to the World to bee receiv'd and read,
Farre as the glorious beames of Truth are ſpread.
Nor let it bee imagin'd, that I looke
Only with Cuſtomes eye upon your booke;
Or in this Service that 'twas my intent
T'exclude your Perſon from your Argument.
I ſhall profeſſe, much of the Love I owe
Doth from the roote of our Extraction grow.
To which though I can little contribute;
Yet with a naturall joy, I muſt impute
To our Tribes honour, what by you is done,
Worthy the Title of a Prelates Soane.
And ſcarcely have Two Brothers farther borne
A Fathers Name, or with more Value worne

Their

Their owne, then two of you: whole Pens, and feete
Have made the diſtant Points of Heav'n to meete:
Hee by exact diſcoveries of the Weſt,
Your ſelfe by painfull Travells in the Eaſt.
Some more like you would powerfully confute
Th'oppoſers of Prieſts marriage by the fruit.
And (ſince 'tis knowne, for all their ſtrait-vow'd life,
They like the Sex in any ſtile but wife)
Cauſe them to change their Cloiſter for that State,
Which keepes men Chaſt by Vowes legittimate.
Nor ſhame to father their relations,
Or under Nephewes name diſguiſe their Sons.
This Child of yours, borne without ſpurious blot,
And fairly midwiv'd as it was begot,
Doth ſo much of the Parents goodneſſe Weare,
You may bee proud to owne it for your Heire.
Whoſe choice acquits you from the Common ſin
Of ſuch, who finiſh worſe then they begin.
You mend upon your ſelfe, and your laſt ſtraine
Does of your Firſt the ſtart in Judgement gain.
Since, what in curious Travell was begun,
You here conclude in a Devotion.
Where in delightfull Raptures wee diſcry,
As in a map, Sions Chorography:
Lay'd out in ſo direct and ſmooth a line,
Men needs not goe about through Palæſtine.
Who ſeeke Chriſt here, will the ſtreight Rode preferre,
As neerer much then by the Sepulcher.
For not a limb growes here, but is a Path
Which in Gods City the bleſt Centre hath,
And doth ſo ſweetly on each paſſion ſtrike,
The moſt phantaſtick taſte will ſomewhat like.
To the unquiet ſoule Job ſtill from hence
Speaks in th'Example of his Patience.
The mortifi'd may heare the wiſe King Preach,
When His repentance made him fit to Teach:
Here are choice Hymnes and Carolls for the Glad;
And melancholy Dirges for the Sad.
Laſt, David (as hee could this Art transferre)
Speakes like himſelfe by an interpreter.

Sir Edwin Sandys view of Religion in the weſterne parts.

Your

Your Muſe, rekindled hath the Prophets Fire,
And Tun'd the Strings of his neglected Lyre;
Making the Note and Ditty ſo agree,
They now become a perfect Harmony.
I muſt confeſſe, I have long wiſht to ſee
The Pſalmes reduc'd to this Conformitie:
Grieving the Songs of Sion ſhould bee ſung
In Phraſe not diff'ring from a Barbarous Tongue.
As if, by Cuſtome warranted, wee may
Sing that to God, wee would bee loth to Say,
Farre bee it from my purpoſe to upbraid
Their honeſt meaning, who firſt offer made
That Booke in Meeter to compile, which you
Have mended in the Forme, and Built anew.
And It was well, conſidering the Time
Which ſcarcely could diſtinguiſh Verſe and Rhime.
But now the Language, like the Church, hath won
More Luſter ſince the Reformation;
None can condemne the Wiſh, or Labour ſpent
Good Matter in Good Words to repreſent.
Yet in this jealous Age ſoone ſuch there bee
So (without cauſe afraid of Noveltie;
They would by no meanes (had they power to chooſe)
An Old Ill Cuſtome, for a Better looſe.
Men who a Ruſtick Plaineneſſe ſo affect,
They thinke God ſerved beſt by their neglect:
Holding the Cauſe would bee Propham'd by it,
Were they at Charge of Learning or of Wit.
And therefore bluntly, what comes next, they bring
Courſe and ill ſtudy'd Sauſſe for Offering;
Which, like th'Old Tabernacles Covering, are
Made up of Badgers skins and of Goats haire.
But Theſe are Paradoxes they muſt uſe
Their Sloth and bolder Ignorance to excuſe.
Who would not laugh as one will Naked goe,
'Cauſe in Old hangings Truth is pictur'd ſo?
Though Plainneſſe be reputed Honours note,
They Mantles add to beautifie the Coat.
So that a Curious (unaffected) dreſſe
Addes much unto the Bodies comelineſſe:

And wherefoe're the Subjects Beſt, the Senſe
Is better'd by the Speakers Eloquence.
But Sir, to you I will no Trophie raiſe
From other Mens detraction or diſpraiſe.
That Jewel never had inherent worth,
Which ask't ſuch Foyles as theſe to ſet it forth.
If any quarrell your Attempt or Stile
Forgive them: their owne Folly they revile.
Since 'gainſt Themſelves their factious Envie ſhall
Confeſſe this Worke of Yours Canonicall.
Nor may you feare the Poets common Lot,
Read, and Commended, and then quite forgot.
The Brazen Mines and Marble Rockes ſhall waſte,
When your Foundation will unſhaken laſt.
'Tis Fames beſt pay, that You your Labours ſee
By their Immortall Subject crowned bee.
For ne'r was Author in Oblivion hid,
Who Firm'd his Name on ſuch a Pyramid.

Henry King

To my very much honoured Friend Mr. George Sandys, *upon his* Paraphraſe *on the Poeticall Parts of the Bible.*

THeſe pure immortall Streams, theſe holy Streynes,
To flow in which, th'Eternall Wiſdome deignes,
Had firſt their ſacred Spring, in Juda's Plaines.

Borne in the Eaſt, their Soule of heavenly Race,
They ſtill preſerve a more then Mortall Grace,
Though through the Mortall Pens of Men they paſſe.

For

For pureſt Organs ever were deſign'd
To this high Worke, the moſt Etheriall mind
Was touch't, and did theſe holy Raptures find.

You Sir, who all theſe ſeverall Springs have knowne,
And have ſo large a Fountaine of your owne;
Seeme Borne and Bred for what you now have done.

Plac'd by juſt thoughts, above all Worldly care,
Such as for Heaven it ſelfe a Roome prepare,
Such as alreadie more then Earthly are.

Next you have knowne (beſides all Arts) their Spring,
The happie Eaſt and from Judea bring
Part of that Power, which her Ayres you Sing,

Laſtly, what is above all reach of Praiſe,
Above reward of any fading Bayes,
No Muſe like yours did ever Language Raiſe.

Devotion, Knowledge, Numbers, from your pen
Mixtly and ſweetely flow, whil'ſt liſtning men
Suſpend their Cares, inamour'd of your theme.

They calme their thoughts, and in their Boſoms owne
Better Deſires, to them perhaps unknowne;
Till by your muſick to themſelves brought home.

Muſick, (the univerſall Language) ſweyes
In everie minde; the World this Power obeyes.
And Natures ſelfe is charm'd by well-tun'd layes:

All diſproportion'd, harſh, diſorder'd Cares,
Unequall thoughts, vaine hopes, and low Deſpaires;
Fly the ſoft Breath of theſe harmonious Ayres.

Here is that Harp, whoſe Charmes uncharm'd the breſt
Of troubled Saul, and that unquiet Gueſt,
With which his Paſſions traveld, diſpoſſeſt.

Job,

Job, moves Amazement, Davide moves our Teares;
His Royall Sonne, a ſad Apparell weares
Of Language, and perſwades to Pious Feares.

The paſſions of the firſt riſe great and high,
But Salomon a leſſe concerned eye
Caſting on all the World, flowes equally.

Not in that ardent courſe, as where hee woes
The ſacred Spouſe and her, chaſt love purſues,
With brighter flames and with a higher Muſe.

This worke had beene proportion'd to our Sight,
Had you but knowne with ſome allay to Write,
And not preſerv'd your Authors ſtrength and Light.

But you ſo eruſh thoſe Odors, ſo diſpenſe
Thoſe rich perfumes, you make them too intenſe
And ſuch (Alas) as too much pleaſe our Senſe.

Wee fitter are for ſorrowes, then ſuch love;
Joſiah falls, and by his fall doth move
Teares from the People Mourning from above.

Judah, in her Joſiahs Death, doth dye
All Springs of griefe are opened to ſupply,
Streames to the torrent of this Elegy.

Others breake forth in everlaſting praiſe
Having their wiſh, and wiſhing they might raiſe,
Some monument of Thanks to after dayes.

Theſe are the Pictures, which your happy Art
Gives us, and which ſo well you doe impart,
As if theſe paſſions ſprung in your owne heart.

Others tranſlate, but you the Beames collect.
Of your inſpired Authors, and reflect
Thoſe heavenly Rai's with new and ſtrong effect.

Job.
Pſalmes.
Eccles.

Canticles not printed

Lamentations.

The ſeverall Hymns

Yet humane Language only can restore,
What humane Language had impair'd before,
And when that once is done can give no more.

Sir, I forbeare to adde to what is said,
Least to your burnisht Gold I bring my Lead,
And with what is Immortall, mixe the Dead.

Sidney Godolphin.

To my worthy Friend Master George Sandys.

I presse not to the Quire, nor dare I greet
The holy Place with my unhallowed feete:
My unwasht Muse pollutes not things Divine,
Nor mingles her prophaner notes with thine;
Here, humbly at the Porch, thee listning stayes,
And with glad eares sucks in thy Sacred Layes.
So, devout Penitents of old were wont,
Some without doore, and some beneath the Font,
To stand and heare the Churches Liturgies,
Yet not assist the solemne Exercise.
Sufficeth her, that thee a Lay-place gaine,
To trim thy Vestments, or but beare thy traine:
Though nor in Tune, nor Wing, She reach thy Lark,
Her Lyrick feete may dance before the Arke.
Who knowes, but that Her wandring eyes, that run
Now hunting Glow-wormes, may adore the Sun.
A pure Flame may, shot by Almighty Power
Into my breast, the earthly flame devoure:
My Eyes, in Penitentiall dew may steepe
That bryne, which they for sensuall love did weepe:
So (though 'gainst Natures course) fire may be quenc
With fire, and water bee with water drencht.

Perha

Perhaps, my restlesse Soule tyr'd with pursuit
Of mortall beautie, seeking without fruit
Contentment there; which hath not, when enjoy'd;
Quencht all her thirst, nor satisfi'd though cloy'd;
Weary of her vaine search below, above
In the first Faire may find th'immortall Love.
Prompted by thy Example then, no more
In moulds of Clay will I my God adore;
But teare those Idols from my Heart, and Write
What his blest Spirit, not fond Love, shall endite:
Then, I no more shall court the Verdant Bay,
But the dry leavelesse Trunke on Golgotha:
And rather strive to gaine from thence one Throne,
Then all the flourishing Wreathes by Laureats worne.

Tho. Carew.

To my worthy Kinsman Mr. George Sandys *on his excellent* Paraphrase *upon* Job.

YOu teach us a new Pleasure, and have so
Penn'd the sad Story, wee delight in Woe.
Teares have their Musicke too; this mournfull Dresse
Doth so become Job's sorrows, and expresse
Affliction in so sweet a grace, that wee
Find something to bee lov'd in Misery.
Here Griefe is witty, that the Reader might
Not suffer, in the patience you write.
Let others wanton it, while I admire
Thy wramth, which doth proceede from holy Fire.
Tis Guilt, not Poetry, to bee like those
Whose wit in Verse, is downe-right Sin in Prose:

Whole Studies are Prophaneneſſe, as if then
They were good Poets only, when bad Men.
But theſe are purer Flames, nor ſhall thy Heat
Becauſe 'tis good, bee therefore thought not Great.

FOXING AND BAD PRINT
MAKES SEVERAL
PAGES APPEAR BLURRE
IN THIS BOOK

So wee upon this Jewell doe not ſet
Leſſe price, becauſe wee praiſe the Cabinet.

Dudley Digges.

TO

My honoured Kinſman Mr. George Sandys, *on his Admirable Paraphraſes.*

WHY com'ſt thou thus attended to the Preſſ?
Thou want'ſt no Suffrages, the Subject, laſte:
ſt, in confidence of thy full Worth,
e, unknowne, Thou didſt adventure forth;
iving Works ſince oft have paſt the Teſt,
very laſt (to wonder) prov'd the beſt.
Proſe and Verſe each other Æmulate,
Rivals free, as ſome their Rights debate:
e the Judgement, whether moſt t'admire
ts loftely-flowing, or fine ſhap't Attire
rt to be blam'd, for having paſt
ſſus hill, and come to Sion laſt.
ſchooles from Comments on the Stagyrite,
eavenly Speculations rais'd their Flight:
The Progreſſe fit, thought of Philoſophy,
'Tis juſtly fear'd, they tooke too deepe a Dye.
God chiefely warm'd their Breaſts with ſacred Heat,
Who were in other Knowledges compleat:
though all alike to him, but that he meant
To give ſome honour to th' Inſtrument.
He who in other Structures merits praiſe,
May without diffidence a Temple raiſe.
And ſure, Bezaleel-like, Heav'n did inſtil,
For this intended Frame, that Matchleſſe Skill:
Till then thy reſtleſſe Mind mov'd Circular,
Like the touch't Needle, till it find the Starre.
Well did'ſt thou from the Eaſt the entrance make
From whence the light of Poetry firſt brake.

Whose Studies are Prophaneneſſe, as if then
They were good Poets only, when bad Men.
But theſe are purer Flames, nor ſhall thy Heat
Becauſe 'tis good, bee therefore thought not Great.
How vainly doe they erre, who think it fit
A ſacred Subject ſhould bee void of Wit?
I boldly dare affirme, Hee never meant
Wee ſhould bee Dull, who bids, Bee Innocent.
'Tis no excuſe, when you your charme rehearſe
So ſweetly, not to heare, becauſe 'tis Verſe.
Religion is a Matron, whoſe grave Face
From Decent Veſtures doth receive more Grace.
In holy duties fondly wee affect
A miſ-becomming Rudeneſſe, and ſuſpect
Cleane Offerings; wee thinke God likes the Heart
Where leaſt appeares of th'Underſtanding part.
As if Gods Meſſengers did but delude,
Unleſſe what they deliver us, bee rude.
Choice Language is the clothing of your Mind;
Your matter (like thoſe Saints which are inſhrin'd
In Gold, or like to Beauty, when the Lawne
With roſie cheeks bepurpled ore, is drawne
To boaſt the lovelineſſe, it ſeemes to hide,
And ſhew more cunningly the bluſhing Bride.)
Hath hence a greater luſtre; they not love
The Body leſſe, who doe the Clothes approve.
So wee upon this Jewell doe not ſet
Leſſe price, becauſe wee praiſe the Cabinet.

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At firſt, in confidence of thy full Worth,
Single, unknowne, Thou didſt adventure forth;
Thy living Works ſince oft have paſt the Teſt,
And every laſt (to wonder) prov'd the beſt.
Thy Proſe and Verſe each other Æmulate,
From Rivals free, at home their Right debate:
Divide the Judgement, whether moſt admire
Rare loſely flowing, or fine shap't Attire
Nor art to be blam'd, for having paſt
Permeſſus hill, and come to Sion laſt.
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To heaven'ly Speculations rais'd their Flight:
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The hand unknowne, that God this Piece might owne,
(Like the two Tables) for his Worke alone.
The Marke of his immediate Worke it beares,
Even at the Spring a boundlesse Sea appeares.
For what his Hands, without a second, make,
At once their Being and Perfection take.
His first Day Adam a full Man beheld;
And Cana's Water choicest Wine exceld.
This first of Authors, first of Poets, flew
So high a Pitch, as almost out of View.
And this was not of Jobs rewards the left,
That his rare Story such a Pen expreſt.
What high expreſſions in ſuch depth of Woe!
How ſweet his ſighes, and grones in Nunmbers flow!
When God himſelfe was pleaſ'd Job to cite,
Who could ſuch Language worthy him indite!
His juſt Reproofes ſo great a Terrour beare,
As if each Word a clap of Thunder were.
From hence in ſmaller Drilles her courſe ſhee keepes;
And ſcarce diſcern'd, along the Vallies creeps
Through Moſes and the Judges; yet wee may
In theſe diſcover her continued Way.
But when the State into a Kingdome grew,
When all did with their bleſſed King renew;
In the ſweet Singer then againe it flowes,
Her bounds extends, and to a River growes.
His large-ſould Son from Heaven full Light receives,
For every Path and Step direction gives.
Diſcovers to our long ſeduced Eyes,
Her Fucus off, the Worlds deformities.
And by a Purer quenches ſenſuall Fire,
The Object chang'd, preſerves the Heat entire.
Theſe two, who might with Job diſpute their Right,
Rais'd Numbers to their Apogæon height.
Thence through the Prophets Wee here Current trace,
Whoſe graver Works Poetick Jems enchace:
To ſhew how aptly both aſſume one Name,
Both Heaven-inſpir'd, compos'd of Zeale and Flame:
Above the Reſt, that funerall Elegy,
Preſents ſad Juda, to th'admiring Eye

So

So lovely in her Sable Vaile and Teares;
Scarce any Bride in all her Trim appeares
Of ſuch a winning ſweetneſſe: O what Heart
But muſt due Pitty to her Woes impart!
All theſe, for Proſe had ſtill miſtaken beene,
Their Native grace our Language never ſeene:
Had not thy ſpeaking Picture ſhew'd to All
The wondrous beauty of th'Originall.
Had lien like Stones uncut, and Oare unrefi'd,
Their Reall Worth the ſame, though ſcarce eſpi'd,
But by the skilfull Lingniſt; To the Moſt
In the darke Senſe, and hard Expreſſions loſt.
Thy Art hath Poliſh't them to what they were,
Unvalued Jewels for the Breaſt, and Eare.
Here fixe thy Pillars, what remaines there high'r,
But th'unknowne Ditties of the heavenly Quire.

Francis Wiatt.

To his worthy Friend Maſter George Sandys *upon his excellent* Paraphraſes.

THy Lines I weigh not by th'Originall;
Nor skan thy Words how evenly they fall:
I moſt applaud thy Pious Choice, who mak'ſt
The Sacred Writ thy Subject, and thence tak'ſt
Thoſe Parts, wherein the moſt Perverſe may ſee
Divinity and Poeſie agree.
Afflicted Job a Veile of Sorrow ſhrouds;
But heavenly Beames diſpell thoſe envious Clouds.
The Royall Pſalmiſt, borne on Angels wings.
Now weeps in Verſe, now Halelu-jahs ſings.

Converted Salomon to our eyes preſents
Deluding Joyes, and cureleſſe Diſcontents.
That good Joſiah's Name may never dye,
Thy Muſe revives his Mournfull Elegy.
With the ſame Zeale, doth to our Numbers fit
All the Poetick Parts of Holy Writ.
And thus Salvation thou maiſt bring to thoſe
Who never would have ſought for it in Proſe.

Henry Rainsford.

To his Worthy Friend
Maſter George Sandys
on his Sacred
Poems.

HOw bold a Worke attempts that Pen
Which would enrich our Vulgar tongue
With the high Raptures of theſe Men
Who here with the ſame Spirit ſung
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their Songs admire?

What ever thoſe inſpired Soules
Were urged to expreſſe, did ſhake
The Aged Deepe, and both the Poles:
Their numerous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which doth with Heav'n conſent
To all They wrought, and all They meant.

Say (Sacred Bard) what could beſtow,
Courage on thee to ſoare ſo high?

Tell

Tell mee (Brave Friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake of all Mortalitie?
To light this Torch thou haſt climb'd higher
Then hee who ſtole cæleſtiall Fire.

Edward Waller.

To my Worthy Friend Maſter George Sandys.

INſpir'd by Thee, who art thy ſelfe a *Muſe*,
Not crown'd with Ivy, or neglected Baies,
but with a ſacred Light, which doth infuſe
Into our Soules her intellectuall Raies:
Among theſe Starres of the firſt Magnitude,
I, in affection, my dimne Taper bring:
For though my Voice bee horſe, my Numbers rude,
On ſuch a Theame who could forbeare to ſing?
Immortall *Sands* whoſe Nectar dropping Pen
Delights, inſtructs; and with that holy Fire,
Which fell from Heaven, warmes the cold breſts of men;
And in their Minds creats a new Deſire.
For Truth in Poeſie ſo ſweetely ſtrikes
Upon the Cords, and Fivers of the Heart;
That it all other Harmony diſlikes,
And happily is Vanquiſht by her Art.
Theſe God like Formes, inſpir'd with Breath divine,
Bleſt in themſelves, and making others Bleſt;
For us are by that curious hand of thine,
In Engliſh Habits elegantly dreſt.
May our great Maſter, to whoſe ſacred Name
Thy Studious Houres ſuch uſuall Gifts direct,
As Cæſar to his Maro, prove the Same;
And equall Beames upon thy Muſe reflect.

Winteur Grant.

Summa Approbationis.

PErlegi hæc Poëmata Sacra in Iob, Davidis Psalmos, Ecclesiasten, Lamentationes Ieremiæ Prophetæ, & alios Hymnos Sacros, in quibus omnibus nihil reperio S S. Paginæ contrarium; quominus cum utilitate, ut & Summa Lectorum voluptate Typis mandentur.

Reverendissimo in Christo Patri, & Dom. D. Arch. Cant. Sacellanus Domesticus.

Datum Lambethe Novemb. 7. 1637.

GUI. BRAY.

A Paraphraſe upon JOB.

IN Hus, a Land which neare the Suns upriſe, *Chap.* 1.
And Northern confines of Sabæa lies,
A great example of Perfection reign'd;
His Name was Job, his Soul with guilt unſtaind.
None with more zeale the Deitie ador'd;
Affected Vertue more, Vice more abhorr'd.
Three beauteous Daughters, and ſeven hopefull Boyes,
Renew'd his youth, and crown'd his Nuptiall Joyes.
Lord of much Riches, which the uſe renownes:
Seven thouſand broad-traild Sheep gras'd on his Downs;
Three thouſand Camels his ranke Paſtures fed;
Arabia's wandring Ships, for traffick bred;
His grateſull Fields a thouſand Oxen till'd;
They with their rich increaſe the hungry fill'd;
Five hundred Aſſes yearely tooke the Horſe;
Producing Mules of greater ſpeede and force;
The Maſter of a mighty Family;
VVell ord'red and directed by his Eye.
None was more opulent in all the Eaſt,
Of greater Power; yet ſuch as ſtill increaſt.
By daily turnes the Brothers entertaine
Each other; with the weeke begin againe.
This conſtant cuſtome held; Not to excite
And pamper the voluptuous Appetite;
But to preſerve the Union of their Blood
VVith ſober Banquets, and unpurchas'd Food.
Th'invited Siſters with their graces bleſt
Their feſtivals; and were themſelves a Feaſt,
Their turnes accompliſht, Jobs religious care
His Sonnes aſſembles; whoſe united praier

Like

Like ſweete perfumes from golden Cenſors riſe:
Then with divine Luſtrations ſanctifies.
And when the Roſy-finger'd Morne aroſe;
From bleating Flocks unblemiſht fatlings choſe;
Proportion'd to their number: theſe he ſlew,
And bleeding on the flaming Alter threw.
Perhaps, ſaid hee, my Children in the heat
Of wine and mirth, their Maker may forget;
And give acceſſe to Sinne. Thus they the Round
Of Concord Keepe; by his Devotions crown'd
Jehova from the ſummit of the skie,
Environ'd with his winged Hierarchie,
The world ſurvaid. When lo, the Prince of Hell,
Who whilome from that envy'd Glory fell,
Like an infectious Exhalation
Shot through the Spheares; and ſtood before his Throne.
Falſe Spirit ſaid, th'Almighty, that all ſhapes
Do'ſt counterfeit to perpetrate thy Rapes;
Whence com'ſt thou? Hee reply'd; I with the Sun
Have circl'd the round World: much People won
From thy ſtrict Rule, to my indulgent Raigne:
Taught that no pleaſure can reſult from paine.
Haſt thou, ſaid God, obſerv'd my ſervant Job?
Is there a Mortall treading on the Globe
Of Earth ſo perfect? can thy wicked Arts
Corrupt his goodneſſe? all thy fiery Darts
The Armor of his fortitude repels;
In Juſtice hee, as thou in fraud, excels:
Our power adores, with ſacrifices feaſts;
Loves what thou hat'ſt; and all thy works deteſts.
Hath Job ſerv'd God for nothing; Satan ſaid:
Or unrewarded at thy Alter paid
His frequent vowes? Haſt thou not him and all
Which hee calls his, incloſed with a wall
Of ſtrength inpregnable? his labours bleſt?
And almoſt with proſperity oppreſt?
Left nothing to deſire? yet ſhould'ſt thou lay
Thy hand upon him; or but take away
What thy Indulgence gave; in foule diſgrace
Hee would blaſpheme, and curſe thee to thy face.

Jehova

Jehova ſaid ; his Children, all hee hath,
Are ſubject to the venome of thy wrath :
Alone his Perſon ſpare. The tempter then
Shrunke from his preſence to th'abodes of Men.
As at their elder Brother's all the reſt
Of that faire off-ſpring celebrate his feaſt
With liberall joy ; and coole th'inflaming blood
Of generous grapes, with chriſtall of the flood :
A Meſſenger arriv'd, haite out of breath,
Yet pale with horror of eſcaped Death,
And cry'd ; Oh Job, as thy ſtrong Oxen till'd
The ſtubborne fallowes ; while thy Aſſes fill'd
Themſelves with Herbage ; all became a prey
To arm'd Sabæans, who in ambuſh lay :
Thy Servants by their curſed fury ſlaine;
And I the only Meſſenger remaine.
And her entred ere his tale was told,
With ſinged haire ; and ſaid ; I muſt unfold
A dreadfull Accident. At Noone, a Night
Of clouds aroſe, that Day depriv'd of Light :
Whoſe roaring conflicts from their breaches threw
Darts of inevitable flame, which ſlew
Thy Sheepe and Shephards : I, of all alone
Eſcap'd, to make the ſad Diſaſter knowne.
This hardly ſaid ; a third, with blood imbrew'd,
Brake through the Preſſe, and thus his griefe purſu'd :
The fierce Chaldæans in three Troopes aſſaild
Our Guards ; till they their Souls through wounds exhald :
Then drave away thy Camels, only I
Thus wounded, live to tell thy loſſe, and Die.
As thronging Billowes one another drive
To murmuring ſhores ; ſo thick and faſt arrive
Theſe Meſſengers of Death : The fourth and laſt,
With ſtaring haire, wild lookes, and breathleſſe haſte,
Ruſht in and ſaid : Oh Job ! prepare to heare
The ſaddeſt newes that ever pierc'd an eare.
Loe, as thy Children on ſoft Couches lay,
And with diſcourſes entertain'd the Day,
A ſodain Tempeſt from the Deſert flew
With horrid wings, and thundred as it blew.

Then

Then whirling round, the Quoines together ſtrooke;
And to the ground that lofty tabrick ſhooke:
Thy Sonnes and Daughters buryed in the fall;
VVho, ah! deſerv'd a nobler Funerall.
And I alone am living to relate
Their Tragedies, that was deni'd their Fate.
Hee, who the aſſaults of Fortune, like a rock
So long withſtood; could not ſuſtaine this ſhock;
But riſing, forthwith from his ſhoulders tare
His purple robe, and ſhav'd his dangling haire
Then on the Earth his Body proſtrate laid;
And thus with humble adoration, ſaid;
Naked I was, at my firſt houre of Birth:
And naked muſt returne unto the Earth.
God gives; God takes away: Oh be his Name
For ever bleſt! thus free form touch of blame
Job firmely ſtood: and with a patient mind
His Croſſes bare; nor at his God repin'd.

Chap. 2 Againe when all the radiant Sonnes of Light
Before his Throne appear'd, whoſe only ſight
Beatitude infus'd: Th'inveterate foe,
In fogs aſcended from the depth below,
Profain'd their bleſt Aſſembly; what pretence,
Said God, hath brought thee hither? and from whence?
I come, ſaid he, from compaſſing the Earth;
Their Travels ſcene who ſpring from humane birth.
Then God; haſt thou my Servant Job beheld?
Can his rare pietie be paralel'd;
His Juſtice equal'd? can alluring vice,
With all her Sorceries, his Soule intice?
His daily Oriſons attract our Eares,
Who punithment leſſe then the treſpaſſe, feares:
And ſtill his old Integritie retaines
Through all his woes, inflicted by thy traines.
When hee, whoſe labouring thoughts admit no reſt,
This anſwer threw out of his Stygian breſt:
Job to himſelfe is next, who will not give
All that hee hath, ſo his owne Soule may live?
Stretch out thy hand; with aches pierce his bones,
His fleſh with lathes; multiply his grones:

Then

Then if hee curse thee not, let thy dire Curse
Increase my torments, if they can bee worse.
To whome the Lord: Thou instrument of strife,
Enjoy thy cruell wish. but spare his Life.
The Soule of Envy, from his presence went;
And through the burning Aire, made his descent.
To execution falls: The blood within
His veines inflames, and poysons his smooth skin.
Now all was but one sore; from foot to head
With burning Carbuncles, and Ulcers spread;
Hee on the Ashes sits, his fate deplores;
And with a pot-shred, scrapes the swelling Sores.
His frantick wife, whose patience could not beare
Such waight of Miseries, thus wounds his care.
Is this the purchase of thy Innocence?
O Foole, thy Piety is thy offence.
Hee whom thou serv'st, hath us of all bereft;
Our Children slaine, and thee to torments left.
Goe on; his Justice praise; O rather flye
To thy allur'd releife; Curse God and dye.
Thou wretch thy Sexes folly; hee reply'd;
Shall we who have so long his bounty my'd,
And flourish't in his favour, now not beare
Our harmes with patience; but renounce his Feare?
Thus his great Minde his Miseries transcends;
Nor the least accent of his lips offends.
Now was his ruine by the breath of Fame
Divulg'd through all the East; when Zophar came
From pleasant Naamath; wise Eliphas *Chap. 4.*
From the man, rich in Palmes, but poore in grasse;
And Bildad from Suitah's fruitfull Soile;
Prais'd for the plenty of her Corne and Oyle.
These meete from severall Quarters to condole
With their old Friend, and comfort his sad Soule.
Yet at the first, unknown: his Miseries
Had so transform'd him, known, they joyn'd their eryes,
Wept bitterly, their sable Mantles tare,
Rais'd Clouds of Dust, that fell upon their haire.
Seven Daves they sate besides him on the ground;
As many Nights, in silent Sorrow drown'd.

For

For yet they knew the Torrent of his woe
Would by reſiſtance more outragious grow.
Hee, when exceſſe of Sorrow, had given way
To the reliefe of words, thus curs'd his Day:
O periſh may the Day, which firſt gave light
To me, moſt wretched! and the fatall Night
Of my Conception! let that Day be bound
In Clouds of Pitch, nor walke th'Etheriall Round.
Let God not write it in His Roll of Daves:
Nor let the Sunne reſtore it with his Raies.
Let Deaths Darke Shades involve, no light appeare
But dreadfull Lightnings; it's owne horrors feare.
Bee it the firſt of Miſeries to all,
Or laſt of Life; damn'd with Funerall.
O bee that diſmall Night, for ever Hand!
Loſt in it ſelfe; nor to the Day rejoyn'd!
Nor numbred in the ſwift Circumference
Of Monthes and Yeares; but vanish in offence.
O let it ſad and ſolitary prove:
No ſprighly Muſick heare, nor Songs of Love.
Let wandring Apparitions them affright
The trembling Bride, and quench the Nuptiall light.
O Let thoſe have it, who the Day-light hate:
Who mourne and grone beneath their ſorrowes waight.
Let the eclipſed Moone, her Throne reſigne,
In ſteed of Starres, let Blazing Meteors thine.
Let it not ſee the Dawning flecke the ſkies;
Nor the gray Morning from the Ocean riſe:
Becauſe the Doore of Life it left unclos'd,
And me, a wretch, to cruell fates expos'd.
Oh why was I not ſtrangled in the wombe!
Nor in that ſecret priſon found a Tombe!
Or ſince untim'ly borne; why did not I
(The next of bleſſings) in that inſtant die?
VVhy kneel'd the *Midwife* at my *Mothers* throes!
VVith paine pro duc'd! and nurſe for future woes!
Elſe had I an eternall Requiem kept;
And in the armes of Peace for ever ſlept:
VVhich Kings and Princes ranck't; who lofty frames
In Deſerts rais'd, t'immortalize their Names;

VVho

VVho made the wealth, of Provinces their prey;
In death as mighty, and as rich, as they.
Then I, as an Abortive, had not beene;
Nor with the hated Light, ſuch Sorrowes ſeene;
Slept, where none ere by violence oppreſt;
And where the weary from their Labors reſt;
No Priſoners there, inforc'd by torments, cry;
But fearleſſe by their old Tormentors Lye;
The *Meane*, and Great, on equall Baſes ſtand;
No Servants there obey, nor Lords command.
VVhy ſhould afflicted Soules in anguiſh live!
And only have immunitie to grieve?
Oh how they wiſh for death, to cloſe their eyes!
But oh, in vaine? ſince hee the wretched flyes.
For whome they dig, as Pioneres for Gold;
VVhich the darke entrales of the Earth unfould;
And having found him as their Libertie,
VVith Joy encounter and contented die.
VVhy ſhould he live, from whome God hath the path
Of ſafetie hid, incompaſt with his wrath?
In ſtormes of ſigh's I taſte my bitter food;
My grones breake from me, like a roaring flood.
The Ruine which I feard, and in my thought
So oft revolv'd, one fatall Houre hath brought.
Nor durſt I on Proſperitie preſume;
Or time in ſleepe, and barren Eaſe conſume;
But watch my wary ſteps; and yet for all
My Providence, theſe Plagues upon me fall.

Temanian Eliphas made this reply; *Chap.* 4.
O Friend, bee it no breach of Love, that I
VVith ſilence dare not juſtifie a wrong;
For who in ſuch a Cauſe can curb his Tongue?
VVilt thou, that wert to pietie a guide,
That others haſt with patience fortifide;
Confirm'd the Strong, given ſinewes to the VVeake;
Now in the change of Fortune faints, and breake
Into offences? aggravate thy harmes,
Forſake thy ſtrength, and caſt away thy armes?
Is this thy Piety, thy Confidence,
Thy hope and Life untainted with offence?

Conſult

Conſult with former Ages : Have they knowne
The guiltleſſe periſh, or the Juſt orethrown ?
But thoſe who plow with vice, and miſchiefe throw
Into the furrowes ; reape the Seede they ſow.
God ſhall deſtroy them with his Noſtrills breath :
And ſend them weeping to the caves of Death.
For hee the raging Lyoneſſe confounds ;
The roaring Lyon with his javelin wounds :
Scatters their Whelps ; their grinders breakes : ſo they,
With the old Hunter, ſtarve for want of Prey.
Now when the Night her ſable wings had ſpred ;
And ſleepe his Deaw on penſive Mortals ſhed :
When Viſions in their aiery ſhapes appeare ;
A Voice not humane, whiſpered in mine eare.
My knees each other ſtruck ; the frighted blood
Fled to my heart ; my haire like briſtles ſtood.
An Angel then appear'd before my ſight :
Yet could not ſhape diſcerne ; ſo great a light
Hee threw about him : forthwith, ſilence brake ;
And thus to mee, intranc'd with wonder, ſpake :
Shall mortall Man, that is but borne to die ;
Compare in Juſtice, and Integritie,
With him who made him ? he who muſt deſcend
Againe to Earth, and *in* Corruption end ?
His Angels were imperfect in his ſight,
Although indu'd with Intellectuall Light ;
Whome hee accus'd of folly : much more they,
Who dwell in houſes, built of brittle clay ;
Which have their weake foundations in the duſt :
The foode of wormes, and Times devouring Ruſt.
They to the Evening from the Sunnes upriſe,
Are exercis'd with change of Miſeries :
Then, unregarded, ſet in endleſſe Night ;
Nor ever ſhall review the Morning light.
Thus all their Glories vaniſh with their breath :
They, and their Wiſedomes, vanquiſhed by Death.

Chap. 5 Now try what Patron, can thy cauſe defend ;
What Saint wilt thou ſolicite, or what Friend ?
The ſtorme of his owne rage the foole confounds :
And Envies rankling ſting th'imprudent wounds.

Oft have I seene him, like a Cedar, spread
His ample Roote; and his ambitious Head
With Cloads invest; then, to th'amaze of all,
Plow up the Earth with his prodigious fall.
His wandring Orphans finde no safe retreat;
But friendlesse suffer at the Judgement-Seat;
The greedy eate the harvest of their toile,
Snatcht from the scratching thornes; to thieves a spoile.
Though Sorrow spring not from the wombe of Earth;
Nor troubles from the Dust derive their Birth;
Yet man is borne to numerous Miseries,
As dying Sparks from trembling flames arise.
Should I the burthen of thy face sustaine?
I would not justifie my selfe in vaine;
But at his feet my humble Soule deject
With prayers and teares, who wonders can effect,
As infinite as great, and farre above
That Spheare wherein our low Conceptions move,
He waters from celestiall Casements powres,
Which fall upon the furrowed Earth in showres:
To comfort those who mourne in want, and give
The famish'd food, that they may eate and Live.
The Counsels of the Subtill he prevents,
And by his wisedome frustrates their Intents,
Intangles in the Snares themselves contrive,
Who desperately to their owne Ruine drive.
They meete with Darknesse in the clearest Light,
And grope at Noone, as if involv'd with Night.
Licentious Swords, Oppression arm'd with power,
Nor Enviesjawes, the Righteous shall devoure.
They ever hope, though exercis'd with care;
The wicked silenc'st by their owne despaire.
Happy is he whom Gods owne hands chastise
Since so, let none his Chastisements despise.
For he both hurts and heales, binds up againe
The wounds he made, and mittigates their paine.
In sixe afflictions will thy refuge be,
And from the seventh, and last, shall set thee free.
From meager Famines bloodlesse Massacrees,
And from the cruell thirst of horrid Warres:

Preserved from the scourge of poysonous tongues,
The sting of Malice, and insulting wrongs.
Thou shalt in safety smile when all the Earth
Shall suffer by the rage of Warre and Dearth.
The Mydian Tyger, The Arabian Beare,
Nor Idumæan Lion shalt thou feare.
They all their native fiercenesse shall decline,
And senceless Stones shall in thy aid combine.
Thy Tents shall flourish in the joyes of Peace;
The wealth and honour of thy House encrease,
Thy Children, and their off spring, shall abound
Like blades of grasse, that cloath the pregnant ground.
Thou, full of Dayes, like weighty shocks of Corne
In season reapt, shalt to thy grave be borne.
This truth, by long experience learnt, apply
To thy Disease, and on the cure rely.

Then Job, Oh were my sufferings duly weigh'd,
Chap. 6. Were they together in one Balance laid;
The Sands whereon the rowling Billowes roare,
Were lesse in weight, and not in number more.
My words are swallowed in these Depths of woes,
While Stormes of sighs my silent griefs disclose.
Gods Arrowes on my breast descend in showers:
There stick, and poyson all my vitall powers.
'Tis hee, who armes against a Mortall beares;
Subdues by strength, and chills my heart with feares.
Doe hungry Asses in fresh pastures bray?
Or Oxen low before full cribs of hay?
Oh can unseas'ned cates the gust invite?
What taste is in an Eggs un-savory white?
My lothing soule abhorres your bitter food;
Which sorrow feeds, and turnes my teares to blood.
Oh that the Lord would favor my request,
And send my Soule to her eternall rest!
Deliver from this Dungeon, which restraines
Her liberty, and breake afflictions chaines!
Then should my Torments finde a sure relieſe;
And I become insensible of griefe.
Oh, but not sparing, cure his wounds; who hath
Divulg'd thy truth, and still preserv'd his faith!

What

What ſtrength have I to hope, or to what end
Should I on ſuch a waſted Life depend?
Was I by rocks ingendred? ribd with ſteele?
Such tortures to reſiſt, or not to feele?
No hope, no comfort, but in Death is left;
Thus torne with wounds, of all my Joyes bereft.
True Friends, who feare their Maker, ſhould impart
Soft pitie to a ſad and broken Heart:
But Oh, the great in vowes, and neare in Blood,
Forſake me like the torrent of a Flood:
Which in the winding vallies glides away;
And ſcarce maintaines the Current of a Day:
Or ſtands in ſolid Ice, conceal'd with Snow;
But when the lowdly-ſtorming South winds blow,
And mounted Sun invades it with his beames,
Diſſolves; and ſcatters his exhauſted Streames
Who from the parched fields of Thema came,
From Sheba ſcorched with etheriall Flame.
In expectation to aſſwage their thirſt:
Deluded, bluſht; and his dry channels curſt.
So you now ceaſe to be what once you were:
And view my downfall with the eyes of Feare,
Have I requir'd your bounty to repaire
My ruin'd fortunes? was it in my praier
That you for me the Mighty would oppoſe
And in a juſt revenge purſue my foes?
If I have err'd inſtruct me; tell wherein:
My tongue ſhall never juſtifie a Sin.
Although a due reproofe informe the Senſe,
Detraction is the gall of Impudence.
Why add you ſorrow to a troubled mind?
Paſſion muſt ſpeake; her words are but as wind,
Againſt an Orphan you your forces bend,
And banquet with th'afflictions of a friend.
Accuſe not now, but judge; You from my youth
Have known and tri'd me, ſpeake I more then truth?
Unveile your Eyes, and then I ſhall appeare
The ſame I am; from all aſperſions cleare.
Have I my heart diſguiſed with my tongue?
Could not my taſte diſtinguiſh right from wrong?

Chap. 7.

The life of Man is a perpetuall warre:
In Miſerie and Sorrow Circular.
Hee a poore mercenary ſerves for bread:
For all his travell, only cloth'd and fed.
The Hireling longs to ſee the Shades aſcend;
That with the tedious Day his toyle might end,
And hee his pay receive: but, ah! in vaine
I Monthes conſume; yet never reſt obtaine.
The Night charmes not my Cares with ſleepe ſtill eyes
My Torments cry: When will the Morning riſe!
Why runs the Charriot of the Night ſo ſlow?
The Day-Star finds me toſſing to and fro.
Wormes gnaw my fleſh; with filth my ulcers run;
My skin like clods of Earth, chapt with the Sunne:
Like ſhuttles through the Loome, ſo ſwiftly glide
My fethered Howers; and all my hopes deride!
Remember? Lord, my life is but a wind;
Which paſſeth by, and leaves no print behind.
Then never ſhall my Eyes their lids unfold;
Nor mortall ſight my vaniſht face behold,
Nor thou, to whom our thoughts apparant bee
Should'ſt thou deſire, could'ſt him, that is not, ſee.
As clouds reſolve to aire, ſo never more.
Shall gloomy Graves their Dead to Light reſtore,
Nor ſhall they to their ſumptuous Roofes returne,
But lye forgotten, as if never borne.
Then, O my Soule, while thou haſt freedome, breake
Into Complaints, give Sorrow leave to ſpeake.
Am I a raging Sea, or furious Whale?
That thou ſhould'ſt thus confine me with a wall?
How often when the riſing Stars had ſpread
Their golden Flames, ſaid I! now ſhall my Bed
Reſtore my weary limbs, and peacefull Sleepe.
My care and anguiſh in his Lethe ſteepe.
But lo! ſad Dreames my troubled Braines ſurpriſe,
And gaſtly Viſions wound my ſtaring Eyes.
So that my yeilding Soule, ſubdue with griefe,
And tormen'd Body, to their laſt reliefe
Would gladly flye, and by a violence.
Leile painefull, take from greater paine the Senſe.

For

For life is but my curse; resume the breath
I must restore, and fold mee up in Death.
O what is man? to whom thou shou'd'st impart
So great an Honour as to search his Hart!
To watch his Steps! observe him with thine eye!
And daily with renew'd afflictions try!
Still must I suffer? wilt thou never leave?
Nor give a little time for griefe to breathe?
My Soule hath sinn'd, how can I expiate
Her guilt, great Guardian, or prevent thy hate?
Why aim'st thou all thy darts at mee alone?
Who to my selfe am now a Burthen growne.
Wilt thou not to a broken Heart dispense
Thy Balm of mercy, and expunge th'offence,
E're dust returne to dust? Then thou no more
Shalt see my Face, nor I thy name adore.

Thus Job. Then Bildad of Suita said. *Chap. 8.*
Vaine Man, how long wilt thou thy God upbraid?
And, like the roaring of a furious wind,
Thus vent the wild distemper of thy mind?
Can hee Pervert his Judgements? shall hee swerve
From his owne Justice, and thy Passions serve?
If hee thy Sonnes for their rebellion slew,
Death was the wages to their merit due.
Oh would'st thou seeke unto the Lord betimes,
With fervent prayer, and abstinence from crimes,
Nor with new follies spot thy Innocence;
Then would hee always watch in thy defence.
The House, that harbor'd so much virtue, blesse
With fruitfull Peace, and crowne thee with successe.
Then would hee centuple thy former store,
And make thee farre more happy then before.
Search thou the Records of Antiquitie,
And on our Ancestors reflect an Eye;
For wee, alas! are but of Yesterday,
Know nothing, and like shadowes fleet away.
Thou in those Mirrors shalt the truth behold,
Whose tongues un-erring Oracles unfold.
Can Bulrushes but by the River grow?
Can Flags there flourish where no waters flow?

Yet they, when greene, when yet untoucht, of all
That cloth the Spring, first hang their heads, and fall.
So double-hearted Hypocrites, so they
Who God forget, shall in their prime decay.
Their ayery hopes as brittle as the thin
And subtill webs, which toyling Spiders spin.
Their Houses full of wealth, and Ryot, shall
Deceive their trust; and crush them in their fall.
Though like a Cedar, by the River fed,
Hee to the Sunne his ample branches spread,
His top surrounds with Clouds; deepe in the flood
Bathes his firme Rootes; even of himselfe a VVood:
And from his height a night-like shadow throw
Upon the marble Palaces below:
Yet shall the Axe of Justice hew him downe,
And levell with the Roote, his lofty Crown.
No Eye shall his out-raz'd impression view,
Nor mortall know where such a Glory grew.
Those seeming goods, whereof the wicked vaunt
Thus fade, while others on their ruines plant.
God never will the Innocent forsake,
Nor sinfull Soules to his protection take.
Cleanse thou thy Heart: then in thy ample breast
Joy shall triumph, and smiles thy cheekes invest.
He will thy Foes with silent shame confound,
And their proud structures levell with the ground.

Chap. 9. This is a truth acknowledg'd, Job replies:
But Oh what Man is righteous in his Eyes!
Who can not guilty plead before his Throne?
Or of a thousand Actions answere one?
God is in wisedome, as in pow'r, immense;
Who ever could contend without offence,
Offend unpunish't; you who glory most
In your owne strength, can you of conquest boast?
Cloud-touching Mountaines to new seates are borne
From their Foundations, by his fury torne.
Th'affrighted Earth in her distemper quakes,
When his Almighty hand her Pillars shakes.
At whose command the Suns swift Horses stay,
While Mortalls wonder at so long a Day.

The

The *M*oone into her darkned Orb retires:
Nor ſeal'd up Starres extend their golden fires.
He, only He, Heavens blew Pavillion ſpreads,
And on the Oceans dancing billowes treads.
Immane Arcturus, weeping Pleiades,
Orion, who with Stormes plowes up the Seas,
For ſeverall Seaſons fram'd: and all that rowle
Their radiant Flames about th'Antartick Pole.
What wonders are effected by his might!
Oh how inſcrutable, how infinite!
Though hee obſerve me, and be ever by;
Yet, Ah! Inviſible to mortall Eye.
Can hands of fleſh compell him to reſtore
What hee ſhall take? or who dare aske wherefore?
The great in Pride, and Power, like Meteors ſhall
(If he relent not) by his Vengeance fall.
And Oh ſhall I, a worme, my cauſe defend,
Or in vaine Argument with God contend?
I would not, were I Innocent, diſpute;
But humbly to my Judge preſent my Suite:
Yet never could my hopes be confident,
Though God himſelfe ſhould to my wiſh conſent:
Who with inceſſant ſtormes my Peace confounds,
And multiplies my undeſerved wounds:
Nor gives me time to breathe, my Stomack fills
With foode of bitter taſte, and Lothſome pills.
Speake I of ſtrength, his ſtrength the ſtrong obay:
If I of Judgement ſpeake, who ſhall a Day
Appoint for tryall? ſhould I juſtifie
A Vice, my heart would give my tongue the lye.
If of perfection boaſt; I ſhould herein
My guilt diſcloſe: thought I, I had no Sin;
My ſelfe I ſhould not know. Oh bitter ſtrife!
VVhoſe only Iſſue is the hate of life!
Yet Judge not by events: in generall
The good and bad without diſtinction fall.
For he th'Appeale of Innocence deride;
And with his Sword the controverſe decides:
He gives the Earth to thoſe that tyrannize:
And ſpreads a vaile before the Judges Eyes.

Or else what were his power? Oh you who see
My miseries, this truth behold in mee!
My dayes runne like a post, and leave behinde
No tract of joy: as Ships before the winde,
They through this humaine Ocean saile away,
And fly like Eagles which pursue their prey.
If I determine to remove my care,
Forget my griefe, and comfort my Despaire:
The feare that he would never purge mee, mocks
M'imbarqued Hopes, and drives them on the Rocks.
For if hee hold me guilty, if I foile
My selfe with Sin, I then but vainely toyle.
Though I should wash my selfe in melting Snow,
Untill my hand were whiter, hee would throw
Mee downe to earth: and, ah! so plunge in mire,
That I should loath to touch my owne attire:
For hee, is not as I: a man, with whome
I might contend, and to a tryall come.
I, in my cause shall finde no Advocate,
Nor Umpire, to compose our sad debate.
Oh should hee from my shoulders take his Rod,
Free from the awe and terror of a God:
Then would I argue in my owne defence;
And boldly justifie my Innocence.

Chap. 10. Oh I am sick of life! nor will controule
My passion but in bitternesse of Soule,
Thus teare the Aire: what should thy wrath incense
To punish him, who knowes not his offence?
Ah! do'st thou in oppression take delight?
Wilt thou thy Servant fold in shades of Night,
And smile on wicked Councels? do'st thou see
With Eyes of Flesh? is Truth conceal'd from thee?
What are thy Dayes as fraile as ours? or can
Thy yeares determine like the age of Man?
That thou should'st my Delinquencies exquite;
And with Variety of tortures tire?
Cannot my knowne integritie remove
They cruell Plagues? wilt thou remorselesse prove?
Ah! wilt thou thy owne workemanship confound?
Shall the same hand that did create, now wound?

Remember

Remember I am built of clay, and must
Resolve to my originary Dust,
Thou powr'dst me out like milke into the wombe,
Like curds conden'st; and in that secret roome
My Limbs proportion'd, cloth'd with flesh and skin,
With bones, and sinewes, fortifi'd within;
The Life thou gav'st, thou hast with plentie fed;
Long cherish't, and through Dangers safely led.
All this is buryed in thy breast: and yet
I know thou can'st not thy old Love forget.
Thou, if I erre, observ'st me with sterne eyes;
Nor will the plea of Ignorance suffice.
Woe unto me should sinne my Soule infect?
Who dare not now, though innocent, erect
My downe cast lookes: which clouds of shame unfold.
Great God, my growing Miseries behold!
Thou like a Lion hunt'st mee: wounds on wounds
Thy hands inflict; thy fury knowes no bounds.
Against mee all thy plagues embattaild are;
Subdu'd with charges of internall warre.
Why did'st thou draw me from my mothers wombe?
Would I from thence had slipt into my Tombe,
Before the Eye of man my face had seene,
And mixt with dust, as I had never beene!
Oh since I have so short a time to live,
A little ease to these my torments give,
Before I goe where all in silence mourne;
From whose darke shores no travellers returne:
A Land where Death, Confusion, endlesse Night,
And Horror reignes; where Darkenesse is their Light.

Thus Zophar with acerbity reply'd: *Chap.* 11.
Think'st thou by talking to be justifi'd?
Or shall these wild distempers of thy minde,
This tempest of thy tongue, thus rave, and finde
No opposition? shall wee guilty bee
Of thy untruths, in not reproving thee?
Nor die thy cheekes in Blushes for the scorne
Thou throw'st on us, till now with patience borne?
Hast thou not said to God? my hart's upright,
My Doctrine pure, I blamelesse in thy sight,

O that he would bee pleaſed to reply,
And take the vaile from thy Hypocriſie!
Should hee reveale his wiſdome to thine eyes;
How would'ſt thou thy integritie deſpiſe?
Acknowledging theſe puniſhments farre leſſe
Then thy offences? and his grace profeſſe?
Canſt thou into thy Makers Councells dive?
Or to the knowledge of his thoughts arrive?
Higher then higheſt Heavens, more deepe then Hell
Longer then Earth, more broad then Seas that ſwell
Above their ſhores, can man his foot-ſteps trace?
Would hee the courſe of Nature change? the face
Of things invert? and all diſſolve againe
To their old Chaos? who could God reſtraine?
Hee knowes that man is vaine: his eyes detect
Their ſecret crimes? and ſhall not hee correct?
Thus fooles grow wiſe, ſubdue their ſtubborne ſoules
Though in their pride more rude then Aſſes ſoles.
If thou affect thy cure; reforme thy wayes;
Let penitence reſolve to teares, and raiſe
Thy hands to heaven; what rapine got, reſtore;
Nor let inſidious Vice approach thy Doore.
Then thou thy lookes ſhalt raiſe from blemiſh cleare,
Walke in full ſtrength, and no diſaſter feare.
As Winter Torrents, tumbling from on high,
Waſte with their ſpeede, and leave their channels dry;
So ſhall the ſenſe of former ſorrowes runne
From thy remembrance. As the mounted Sunne
Breakes through the Clouds, and throwes his golden (Raies
About the world; ſhall thy increaſing Dayes
Succeed in Glory. Thou thy ſelfe ſhalt riſe
Like that bright Starre, which laſt forſakes the skies:
For'ever by thy ſteadfaſt hopes ſecur'd;
Increnched, and with walls of Braſſe immur'd:
Confirm'd againſt all Stormes. Soft ſleepe ſhall cloſe
Thy guarded eyes with undiſturb'd repoſe.
The great ſhall honour; the diſtreſſed ſhall
Thy grace implorme: belov'd, or fear'd of all.
The ſight of thee, ſhall ſtrike the envious blind:
The wicked with anxietie of Mind

Shall

Shall pine away, in ſighs conſume their breath,
Prevented in their hopes by ſudden Death.
To whom thus Job; You are the only wiſe, *Chap.* 12.
And when you die the fame of Wiſdome dies.
Though paſſion bee a foole, though you profeſſe
Your ſelves ſuch Sages; yet know I no leſſe,
Nor am to you inferior. What blinde Soule
Could this not ſee? 'Tis eaſie to controule.
My ſad examples ſhewes, how thoſe whoſe cries
Even God regards, their ſcoffing friends deſpiſe.
He that is wretched, though in life a Saint,
Becomes a ſcorne; this is an old Complaint.
Thoſe who grow old in fluency and eaſe,
When they from ſhore behold him toſt on Seas,
And neere his ruine; his condition ſlight,
Pric'd as a Lamp conſum'd with his owne light.
The Tents of Robbers flouriſh. Earths increaſe
Foments their ryot who diſturb her peace.
Who God contemne, in ſinne ſecurely raigne,
And proſperous Crimes the meede of Vertue gaine.
Aske thy thou Citizens of pathleſſe woods,
What cut the aire with wings, what ſwim in floods;
Brute beaſts, and foſtering Earth; in generall
They will confeſſe the power of God in all.
Who knowes not that his hands both good and ill
Diſpenſe? that Fate depends upon his will?
All that have Life are ſubject to his ſway,
And at his pleaſure proſper, or decay.
Is not the Eare the Judge of Eloquence?
Gives not the Pallate to the Taſt his ſenſe?
Sure, knowledge is deriv'd from length of yeares;
And Wiſedomes browes are cloth'd with Silver haires.
Gods power is as his prudence, equall great,
In Councell, and Intelligence, compleat.
Who can what hee ſhall ruine build againe?
Looſe whom hee binds? or his ſtrong Arme reſtraine?
At his rebuke, the Living waters flye
To their old Springs, and leave their Channels dry;
When he commands, in Cataracts they roare;
And the wild Ocean leaves it ſelfe no ſhoare.

His

His Wisedome and his Power our thoughts transcend
Both the deceiver and deceiv'd depend
Upon his beck: He those who others rule
Intatuates, and makes the Judge a foole:
Dissolves the Nerves of Empire, Kings deprives
Of Soveraignty, their Crownes exchang'd for gyves,
Inprovish't Nobles into exile leades:
And on the Carcases of Princes treads.
Takes from the Orator his eloquence;
From ancient Sages their discerning sense.
Subjects the worthy to contempt and wrong:
The valiant terrifies, disarmes the strong.
Unvailes the secrets of the silent Night
Brings, what the shades of death obscures, to light.
A Nation makes more numerous then the Stars:
Again devours with Famine, Plagues, and Wars,
Now, like a Deluge, they the Earth surround:
Fortwith, reduc'd into a narrow bound.
He Fortitude and Counsell takes away
From their Commanders, who in Deserts stray,
Grope in the Darke, and to no Seat confine
Their wandring feet, but reele as drunk with wine,

Chap. 13. This by mine Eyes and eares have I convay'd
Downe to my heart: and in that Closet laid.
Need I in depth of knowledge yeild to you?
Is not as much to my discretion due?
Oh that th'All-seeing Judge, who cannot erre,
Would heare me plead, and with a wretch conferre!
You Corrasives into my wounds distill:
And ignorant Artists, with your physick kill.
Ah! shame you not to vent such forgeries?
Seale up your lips and be in silence wise.
And since you are by farre more fit, to heare,
Then to instruct; afford my tongue an eare.
Oh will you wickedly for God dispute?
And by deceitfull wayes strive to confute?
Are you, in favour of his person, bent
Thus to prejudicate the Innocent
Need's he an Advocate to plead his Cause?
To justifie untruth's against his Lawes?

Can

Can you on him such falsities obtrude ?
And as a Mortall the most wise delude ?
Will it availe you, when hee shall remove.
Your painted vizors ? will not hee reprove,
And sharply punish ; if in secret you,
For favour, or reward, Injustice doe ?
Shall not his Excellence your Soules affright ?
His Horrors on your heads like Thunder light ?
Your memories to ashes must decay,
And your fraile bodies are but built of clay.
Forbeare to speake, till my Conceptions shall
Discharge their Birth ; then let what will befall,
Why should I teare my flesh ? cast off the care
Of future life ? and languish in despaire ?
Though God should kill me, I my confidence
On him would fixe, nor quit my owne defence.
Hee shall restore me by his saving might,
Nor shall the Hypocrite approach his sight.
Give me your eares, Oh you who were my Friends,
While injur'd Innocence it selfe defends,
I am prepar'd, and wish my Cause were try'd,
In full assurance to be justifi'd.
Begin, who will accuse ? should I not speake
In such a truth, my heart with griefe would breake.
Just Judge, two things remove ; that free from dread,
I may before thy high Tribunall plead.
Oh let these torments from my flesh depart,
Nor with thy terrors daunt my trembling heart,
Then charge, so I my life may justifie.
And to my just complaint doe thou reply.
What Sinnes are those that so pollute my brest,
Oh shew how oft I have thy Lawes transgrest ?
Wilt thou thy servant of thy sight deprive,
And as an Enemy to ruine drive ?
Wilt thou a withered leafe to powder grind ?
Tost in the aire by every breath of wind,
Or with the Lightning into Ashes turne
Such worthlesse Stubble ? only dry'd to burne.
Thou hast indeed mee of bitter Crimes :
Now punish't, for the faults of former times.

Lo!

Lo! my reſtrained feet thy fetters wound;
Watcht with a guard, and rooted in the ground.
Like rotten fruit I fall: worne like a cloth
Gnawne into rags by the devouring Moth.

chap. 14. Ah! few, and full of Sorrow, are the Dayes
Of Man from Woman ſprung, His life decayes,
Like that fraile flower which with the Sunnes upriſe
Her bud unfolds, and with the Evening Dies.
Hee like an emptie Shadow glides away:
And all his Life is but a Winters Day.
Wilt thou thine eye upon a vapour bend?
Or with ſo weake an oppoſite contend?
Who can a pure and Chriſtall Current bring,
From ſuch a muddy, and polluted Spring?
Oh, ſince his Dayes are numbred, ſince thou haſt
Preſcrib'd him bounds that are not to bee paſt:
A little with his puniſhment diſpence:
Till hee have ſerv'd his time, and part from hence.
A tree, though hewne with axes to the ground,
Renew's his growth, and ſprings from his green wound;
Although his roote waxe old, his fivers dry;
Although the ſapleſſe bole begin to dye;
Yet will at ſent of Water freſhly ſprout,
And like a plant thruſt his young Branches out.
But Man when once cut downe, when his pale ghoſt
Fleets into aire; he is for ever loſt.
As Meteors vaniſh, which the Seas exhale;
As Torrents in the drouth of Summer faile:
So periſht Man from Death ſhall never riſe;
But ſleepe in ſilent Shades with ſeal'd up Eyes:
While the Cæleſtiall Orbes in order roule,
And turne their flames about the ſteadfaſt Pole.
Oh that thou would'ſt conceale me in the Grave;
Immure with marble in that ſecret Cave,
Untill the Tempeſt of thy wrath were paſt!
A time prefix, and thinke of mee at laſt!
Can man recover his departed Breath?
I will expect untill my change in Death,
And anſwer at thy call: Thou wilt renew
What thou haſt ruin'd, and my feares ſubdue.

But now thou tell'ſt my Steps, mark'ſt when I erre;
Nor wilt the vengeance due to Sinne deferre.
Thou in a bag haſt my Tranſgreſſions ſeal'd,
And only by their Puniſhments reveal'd.
As Mountaines, toſt by Earth-quakes, down are thrown;
Rocks torne up by the roots, as hardeſt Stone
The ſoftly-falling drops of water weare,
As Inundations all before them beare,
And leave the Earth abandoned; ſo ſhall
The aſpiring hopes of Man to nothing fall.
Thy wrath prevailes againſt him every Day,
Whom with a changed Face thou ſend'ſt away;
Then knowes not if his Sonnes to honour riſe,
Or ſtruggle with their ſtrong neceſſities.
But here his waſting Fleſh with anguiſh burnes,
And his perturbed Soule within him mournes.

Job paus'd, to whom the Themanite replies: *Chap. 15.*
Can man ſuch follies utter and bee wiſe?
Which bluſter from the Tempeſt of thy minde,
As if thy breaſt enclos'd the Eaſterne winde.
Wilt thou thy idle rage by Reaſon prove?
Or ſpeak thoſe Thoughts which have no power to move?
Thou from thy rebell Heart haſt God exil'd,
Kept back thy Prayers his ſacred Truth revil'd.
Thy Lips declare thy owne impietie;
Accuſe of fraud, condemne thee, and not I.
Art thou the firſt of Mortals? wert thou made
Before the Hils their lofty Browes diſplay'd?
Hath God to thee his Oracles reſign'd?
Is wiſdome only to thy Breaſt confin'd?
What know'ſt thou that wee know not? as compleat
In Natures graces, in acquir'd, as great.
There are gray heads among us, Councellors,
To whom thy Father was a Boy in Yeares.
Slighe thou the Comforts wee from God impart?
What greater Secret lurkes in thy proud heart,
That hurries thee into theſe extaſies?
What fury flames in thy diſdainfull Eyes?
Wilt thou a Warre againſt thy Maker wage?
And wound him with thy tongues blaſphemous rage?

Was

Was ever humane fleſh from blemiſh cleare?
Can they bee guiltleſſe whome fraile woemen beare?
Hee truſteth not his Miniſters of Light;
The radiant Stars ſhine dimmly in his Sight.
How perfect then is man? from head to foote
Defil'd with filth, and rotten at the roote.
Who poys'ning ſinne with burning thirſt devoures:
As parched Earth ſucks in the falling ſhowers.
What I have heard and ſeene (would'ſt thou intend
Thy cure) I would unto thy care commend;
Which oft the wiſe have in my thoughts reviv'd:
To them from knowing Anceſtors deriv'd,
Who God-like over happy Nations reign'd,
And Vertue by ſuppreſſing Vice ſuſtein'd.
Th'Unjuſt his Dayes in painefull travell ſpends:
The Cruell fodainely to Death deſcends.
He ſtarts at every ſound that ſtrikes his Eare,
And puniſhment anticipates by feare.
Who from the height of all his Glory ſhall,
Like newly kindled exhalations fall:
Deſpaires cold breath his ſpringing hopes confounds,
Who feeles th'expected ſword before it wounds.
He begs his bread from doore to doore, and knowes
The Night drawes on that muſt his Day incloſe.
Horror and anguiſh ſhall his ſoule affright;
Daunt like a King that drawes his Troopes to fight,
Since hee againſt the Almighty ſtretcht his hand,
And like a rebell ſpurn'd at his Command;
God ſhall upon his ſeven-fold targe ruſh,
And his ſtiffe neck beneath his ſhoulders cruſh.
Though Luxury ſwell in his ſhining eyes,
And his fat belly load his yeelding thighs:
Though he diſmantled Cities fortifie,
From their deſerted ruines rais'd on high:
Yet his congeſted wealth ſhall melt like ſnow,
Whoſe growth ſhall never to perfection grow.
Deſtruction ſhall ſurround him; nor ſhall hee
His ſoule from that darke night of Horror free,
God with his breath ſhall all his Branches blaſt,
And ſcorch with Lightning by his vengeance caſt.

Will

Will the deluded truſt to vanitie?
And by the ſtroake of his owne folly die?
For hee ſhall bee cut downe before his time,
His ſpreading Branches wither in their prime.
Lo, as a ſtorme which with the Sunne aſcends,
From creeping vines their un-ripe cluſters rends;
And the fat olive, ever greene with Leaves,
Together of her hopes and flowers bereaves,
So ſhall the great Revenger ruinate
Him and his iſſue, by a dreadfull fate.
Thoſe fooles who fraud with piety diſguiſe,
And by corrupting Bribes to Greatneſſe riſe;
Their Glories ſhall in deſolation mourne,
While hungry flames their lofty ſtructures burne.
With Miſchiefe they conceive; their bellies great
With ſwelling Vanity, bring forth Deceit.

Then Job: How long wilt thou thus vex mine eares! *Chap. 16.*
You all are miſerable Comforters.
Shall this vaine wind of words, ah! never end?
Why Eliphas ſhould'ſt thou affl&t thy Friend?
Were you ſo loſt in griefe, would I thus ſpeake?
Such bruiſed hearts with harſh invectives breake?
Would I accumulate your Miſeries
With Scorne? and draw new Rivers from your Eyes?
Oh no, my Language ſhould your paſſions calme,
My words ſhould drop into your wounds like balme.
But oh my frantice Sorrow finds no eaſe,
Complaints nor ſilence can their pangs appeaſe!
Thou Lord haſt my perplexed Soule depreſt;
Bereft of all the comforts ſhee poſſeſt:
My face thus furrowed with untimely age,
My pale and meagre lookes profeſſe thy rage.
Whoſe Miniſters, like cunning foes, ſurprize;
Teare with their teeth, tranſfix me with their eyes;
Againſt my peace combine: at once aſſbile.
With open mouthes, and impudently raile.
God hath deliver'd mee into their Jawes
Who hunt for ſpoyl, and make their ſwords their Lawes;
Long ſaild I on ſmooth Seas, by fore-winds borne,
Now bulg'd on rocks, and by his Tempeſts torne.

He by the Neck hath hal'd, in pieces cut;
And set me as a marke on every Butt.
His Archers circle me; my reines they wound,
And, ruthlesse, shed my gall upon the ground.
Behold! he ruines upon ruines haps:
And on me like a furious Giant leaps.
For thus with sackcloth I invest my Woe:
And dust upon my clouded forehead throw.
My cheeks are guttered with my fretting teares:
And on my falling Eye lids Death appeares.
Yet is my heart upright, my prayers sincere;
My guiltlesse Life from your aspersions cleare.
Reveale, Oh Earth, the Blood that I have spilt:
Nor heare me, Heaven, if I besoil'd with guilt.
My conscience knowes her owne Integritie:
And that all-seeing Power inthron'd on high.
Yet you traduce me in my *Miseries*:
But I to God erect my weeping Eyes.
Would I before him might my cause defend
And argue as a mortall with his friend:
Since I ere long that precipice must tread,
Whence none returne, that leads unto the Dead.
Chap. 17. My spirits are infected, and my Tombe
Yawnes to devour me; my last Dayes are come.
Yet you with bitter scorne my pangs increase:
Nor, ah! will suffer me to die in peace.
What Advocate will take your cause in hand;
And for you at the high Tribunall stand?
Since God your erring soules deprives of sense;
Nor will exalt you in your own defence.
His Children shall their dayes in sorrow end,
Whose tongue with flattery deludes his Friend.
I to the vulgar am become a Jest:
Esteemed as a Minstrell at a Feast.
My sleeplesse eyes their splendor quench in teares:
My tortur'd body to a shadow weares.
This, in the Righteous wonder shall excite:
The Innocent shall hate the Hypocrite.
He in the path prescrib'd shall boldly goe:
And his untainted strength shall stronger grow.

Revok

Revoke your wandring Cenſures, nor deſpiſe
The wretched: you who ſeeme, but are not wiſe.
My flying houres arrive at their laſt date;
My thoughts and fortunes buryed in my fate.
How ſoone my ſhortned Day is chang'd to Night!
Abortive Darkneſſe veiles my ſetting Light.
Oh can your councell his deſpaire deferre,
Who now is houſ'd in his Sepulchre?
I, in the ſhades of death my Bed have made.
Corruption thou my Father art, I ſaid,
And thou O Worme, my Mother; by thy Birth
My Siſter, borne, and nouriſhed by Earth.
Where now are all my hopes? oh never more
Shall they revive! nor Death her rapes reſtore!
But to the graves infernall priſon muſt
With me diſcend, and rot in ſhrouds of Duſt.

To whom thus Bildad: when wilt thou forbeare *Chap.* 8.
To clamor, and afford a patient eare?
Do'ſt thou as beaſts thy ancient friends deſpiſe?
Are we ſo vile and trivial in thine Eyes?
Oh miſerable Man, by thy owne rage
In pieces torne, can fury griefe aſſwage?
Will God for thee the govern'd Earth forſake?
His purpoſe change, and Rocks a ſunder ſhake?
He ſhall their light extinguiſh who decline
From Vertues paths: their ſparkes ſhall ceaſe to ſhine,
The wicked ſhall be compaſſed about
With Darkneſſe; and his oyleleſſe Lamp fly-out.
His waſted ſtrength unthought-of miſchiefes ſhall
Intrap, and he by his owne counſels fall.
His deſperate feete their Lord to ruine lead;
And on prepared Engines raſhly tread.
The Hunter ſhall intangle in his Toyle,
And rav'nous theeves of all his ſubſtance ſpoyle;
Snares ſpread with tempting baits, for him ſhall lay,
and dig concealed Pit-falls in his way.
A thouſand horrors ſhall his Soule affright,
Encounter, and purſue his guilty flight.
Deſtruction ſhall upon his ſteps attend,
And famines rage into his guts deſcend;

Shee shall the Sinews of his strength devoure,
And Death's First borne shall crop him in his flower:
Cut off his confidence; and to the King
Of Terrors, his accused Conscience, bring.
Driven from the House unjustly cal'd his owne;
By rapine got: which flaming sulphure, throwne
From Heaven, shall burne: his roote within the ground
Shall wither, and the axe his branches wound.
He and his dying memory shall rot;
His name even by the present Age forgot
From light into perpetuall Darknesse hurl'd;
And; as a Mischiefe, chast out of the World.
No Sonne, or Nephew shall supply his place:
Himselfe the last of his accursed Race.
Posteritie, as those then living shall
With wonder tremble at his fearefull fall.
So tragicall and merited a fate
Shall swallow those, who God and Justice hate.

Chap. 19. How long said Job, will you with bitter words
Thus wound my Soule? your tongues more sharpe then swords,
Ten times have you aspersions on me thrown:
Your selves, as Strangers, without blushing shown.
If I have sinn'd, my Sinnes with me remaine:
And I alone the punishment sustaine.
It is inhumane cruelkie in you
Thus to insult; and his reproch pursue
Whom Gods owne hand hath cast unto the ground:
And in a Labyrinth of Sorrow wound.
Unheard are my Complaints: my cries the wind
Drives through the aire: my wrongs no Judgment find
God, with besieging Troopes, prevents my flight.
And folds my paths in shades more darke then night.
Hath stript me of my Glory; my Renowne
Eclips'd: and from my Temples torne my Crowne.
On every side destroy'd; trod under foot:
I a plant, am puld up by the Root.
His indignation like a furnace glowes
Who, as a foe at me his lightning throwes.
All his assembled Plagues at once devoure:
And round about my tents incampe their Power.

My

My Mothers Sonnes deſert me ; left alone
By my Familiars, by my Friends unknowne.
My kindred faile me ; theſe alone depend
On fortunes ſmiles, the wretched finds no friend.
Thoſe of my Family their Maſter ſlight,
Grown deſpicable in my hand-maids ſight.
I of my churliſh ſervants am unheard,
My ſufferings, nor Intreaties, they regard.
My Wife neglects me, though deſir'd to take
Some pitie on me, for our Children ſake.
By idle Boyes, and Idiots vilifi'd ;
Who mee, and my Calamities deride.
My Intimates farre from my ſight remove ;
Thoſe, whom I favor'd moſt, ungratefull prove.
My skin cleaves to my Bones ; of this remaines
No part entire, but what my teeth containes.
Oh my hard-hearted friends ! take ſome remorſe
Of him, whom God hath made a Living Corſe.
Will you with God in my afflictions joyne ?
Will't not ſuffice that I in torments pine ?
Oh that the words I ſpeake were regiſtred
Writ in a booke, for ever to bee read !
Or that the tenor of my juſt complaint
Were ſculpt with ſteele on Rocks of Adamant !
For my Redeemer lives : I know hee ſhall
Deſcend to Earth, and man to Judgement call.
Though wormes devoure mee, though I turne to mold ;
Yet in my fleſh I ſhall his face behold.
I from my marble Monument ſhall riſe
Againe entire, and ſee him with theſe Eyes ;
Though ſterne diſeaſes now conſume my Reines,
And drinke the blood out of my ſhrivel'd veines.
T'were better ſaid, why ſhould wee perſecute
Our friend ; whoſe cauſe is ſolid at the Roote ?
Oh feare the ſword, for puniſhments ſucceed
Our Treſpaſſes ; and cruelty muſt bleed.
Thus anſwer'd the incenſt Nahamathite : *Chap.* 20.
I had been ſilent, but thy words excite
My ſtrugling thoughts to vindicate the wrong
Caſt on our zeale by thy reproachfull tongue.

This is a truth which with the world began;
Since earth was first inhabited by man:
Sinn's triumph in swift misery concludes;
And flattering joy the Hypocrite deludes.
Although his excellence to Heaven aspire;
Though radiant Beames his shining Browes attire;
He, as his dung, shall perish on the ground:
Nor shall the impression of his Steps be found;
But like a troubled Dreame shall take his flight:
And vanish as a Vision of the Night.
No mortall Eye shall see his face againe:
Nor sumptuous roofes their builder entertaine.
If he have Children, they shall serve the poore:
And goods by rapine got, enforc'd, restore.
The punishments of Luxury and Lust
Shall eate his Bones; nor leave him in the Dust.
Though vice, like sweet confections, please his tast.
Although betweene his tongue and pallate plac'd:
Though he preserve, and chew it with delight;
Nor bridle his licentious appetite:
Yet shall it in his boyling Stomack turne
To bitter poyson; and like wild fire burne.
He shall cast up the wealth by him devour'd,
Like vomit from his yawning Entrailes powr'd:
The gall of Aspes with thirsty lips suck in;
The Vipers deadly teeth shall pierce his skin;
Nor ever shall those happy Rivers know,
Which with pure oyle and fragrant honey flow,
The Riches purchas'd by his Care and sweat,
He shall resigne; nor of his Labors eat,
But restitution to the value make,
Nor joy in his extorted treasure take.
Since hee the poore forsooke, the weake oppreſt,
The Mansion, by another built, possest:
His Belly never shall be satisfi'd,
Nor he with his adored wealth supply'd.
Of all his sustenance at once bereft,
No Heire shall strive to inherit what is left.
He, in the pride of his full Glory, shall
To Earth descend, and by the wicked fall.

About to feed; Jehova's flaming Ire
Shall blaſt his hopes, and mix his food with fire.
While from the raging ſword he vainly flies,
A Bow of Steele ſhall fix his trembling thighes.
Darts through his flowing gall ſhall force their way;
Eternall terrors ſhall his Soule diſmay.
Thick darkneſſe ſhall infold; a fire unblown
Devoure his Race, by their miſfortunes known.
Heaven ſhall reveale his cloſe impieties,
And Earth, by him defil'd, againſt him riſe.
His Subſtance in that Day of wrath ſhall waſte,
Like ſodaine Torrents from ſteepe Mountaines caſt.
This is the Portion of the Hypocrite,
Such horrors ſhall on the Blaſphemer light.

The Huzite ſigh'd, and ſaid: my words attend *Chap. 21.*
Afford this only comfort to your friend.
Suffer my tongue to ſpeake my thoughts: and then
Renew your ſcoffes: doe I complaine to Men?
Since God ſuch dreadfull Armes againſt me beares:
Oh why ſhould I ſuppreſſe my ſighes and teares!
My ſufferings with aſtoniſhment ſurvay:
And on your ſilent lips your fingers lay.
For ſhould my Enemy endure the like;
The Story would my Soule with horror ſtrike.
Why live the wicked? they by vices thrive?
Saile on ſmooth Seas, and at their port arrive:
Confirme a long ſucceſſion; and behold
Their numerous off-ſpring: in eſtate grow old.
Their Houſes on ſecure foundations ſtand:
Nor are they humbled by the Almightyes hand.
Their luſty Bulls ſerve not their Kine in vaine;
Their Calves the Breeders their full time retaine.
Abroad like flocks their little ones they ſend:
Their Children dance, in active Sports contend;
Strike the melodious Harpe, ſhrill Tembrels ring:
And to the warbling Lute ſoft Dittie ſing.
Life is to them along-continued Feaſt:
And ſleepe is not more calme then Deaths arreſt.
To God they ſay; Enjoy thy Heaven alone:
Be thou to us, as we to thee, unknowne.

For what is he, that we should him obey?
Or fruitlesse vowes befor his Altar pay?
Yet their Felicitie from him proceeds:
Nor am I culpable of their misdeeds.
When are their tapers quench'd? doe th'ey expire.
Struck by the Thunderer, with Darts of ire?
How oft are they like chaffe by whirle-winds tost?
Or early Blossomes bitten by the Frost?
When are their Vices punish't in their kinde?
When for their owne offences doe they bleede?
How often tread destructions horrid Path?
And drinke the dregs of the Revengers wrath?
Care they for their deserted Families;
When Deaths all curing hand shall close their eyes?
Shall man his Maker teach, who sits on high,
And swayes the worlds inferiour Monarchy?
Two Men at once behold: the one possest
Of his desires, which peace and plenty blest:
From whose swolne breast a streame of milke distills;
Whose bones high feeding with hot marrow fills:
The other, miserable from his birth:
A burthen to himselfe, and to the Earth.
Who never could his Hungers rage suffice.
That in perfection; This in Sorrow dies.
Yet Death, more equall, these extreames conformes,
And covers their corrupting flesh with wormes.
I know your Councells; can your thoughts detect,
The forged Crimes your purpose to object.
Where are, say you, those Palaces that blas'd
With burnish't Gold, or carved Columnes rais'd?
Built on the Ruines of the poore; the soile
By extortion purchas'd; and adorn'd with spoile?
Be judg'd by travellers; they will confute
What falsely you suggest, and strike you mute.
For these, and those, who high in Vice cammand,
Against the Thunders rage securely stand,
And flourish in the Day of wrath, when all
About them by the stroake of Slaughter fall:
Who dare against the great in Mischiefe plead?
Or turne his Injuries upon his head?

They

They ſhall his Corps with funerall Pompe interre :
And lodge him in a ſumptuous Sepulcher.
The Flowers which in the cirkling valley grow,
Shall on his Monument their odors throw.
All that ſurvive ſhall follow him, and tread
That common path, b'innumerable led.
Why vainely then pretend you my reliefe ?
And with falſe comforts aggravate my griefe ?
Can Man his Maker benefit (replide
The THEMANITE) as he by wiſdomes guide. *Chap.* 22.
May his owne joyes advance ? can hee delight
From him receive, becauſe his heart's upright ?
Availes it him that thou from vice art cleare ?
Makes he thee guilty ? or condemnes for feare ?
No Job, thy Sinnes theſe puniſhments beget :
Thy Sinnes which are as infinite as great.
Thou of their garments oft haſt ſtript the poore ;
Thy Brothers pledge refuſing to reſtore :
No water would'ſt unto the thirſty give ;
Nor with thy bread the Hungry Soule relieve :
While mighty men, and thoſe who more poſſeſt
Then ſerv'd for Ryot, ſurfeit at thy feaſt.
Sad widowes, by thee rifled, weepe in vaine :
And ruin'd Orphants of thy Rapes complaine.
For this unthought of ſhares begirt thee round ;
And ſodaine feares thy troubled Soule confound :
Darke clouds before thine Eyes their Vapors ſpread ;
And thronging Billowes roule above thy head.
Perhaps theſe fumes from thy diſtemper riſe :
Sits not Jehova on the arched Skies ?
Behold the Stars, which underneath diſplay
Their ſparkling fires ; how farre remov'd are they ?
What can hee at ſo great a diſtance know ?
Can hee from thence behold our deeds below ?
Thick interpoſing Miſts his eye-ſight bound :
Who free from trouble treads th'Etheriall Round.
Haſt thou obſerv'd thoſe crooked paths, wherein
They blindly wander who are ſlaves to Sin ?
Snatcht from their hopes by an untimely end :
Caſt downe like Torrents, never to aſcend.

Who

Who ſaid to God; us to to our fortues leave:
From thee what benefit doe wee receive?
Yet hee their Houſes with aboundance ſtor'd.
With Showers of Gold; the God their ſoules ador'd.
Oh how my Soule their wicked Councell hates!
The Righteous ſhall behold their tragick fates,
Joy at their early-Ruine; then deride
Their flattered Glory, and now-humbled Pride.
But we, and ours, ſhall flouriſh in his Grace,
When ſearching Flames devoure their curſed Race:
Conſult with God, thy troubled minde compoſe;
So hee ſhall give a period to thy woes.
Receive the Lawes his ſacred Lips impart,
And lodge them in the cloſet of thy heart.
If thou returne, hee will thy fall erect;
Nor ſhall contagious Sinne thy Roote infect.
Then ſhalt thou gather ſhining heaps of Gold,
As pebles which the purling Streames infold;
Trod under foot like duſt. Thy God ſhall bee
A ſilver Shield, a Tower of Gold to thee.
For thou on him ſhalt thy affections place;
And humbly to his Throne exalt thy face.
Thou at his Alter ſhalt devoutly pray:
He ſhall conſent and thou thy vowes ſhalt pay.
Hee ſhall thy wiſhes to fruition raiſe:
And ſhed celeſtiall Beames upon thy Wayes.
When Men are from their Noone of Glory throwne,
And under Sinne and Sorrowes burthen grone;
Then ſhalt thou ſay, Th'Almighty from the grave
Hath me redeem'd; He will the humble ſave.
Thoſe guilty Soules who languiſh in Diſpaire,
God ſhall reſtore, and ſtrengthen at thy Prayer.

Chap. 23. Then Job: though my complaints obſerve no bounds;
Yet Oh, how farre leſſe bitter then my wounds!
Would his divine Receſſe to me were knowne,
That I at length might plead before his Throne.
I would ſuch waighty arguments inforce,
As ſhould convert his Fury to Remorſe.
Then ſhould my longing Soule his anſwer hear;
Would he object his power? or daunt with feare?

Oh

Oh no, his goodneſſe rather would impart
New vigor, and repaire my broken Heart.
He would the Plea of Innocence admit,
And me for ever by his Sentence quit.
But is not to be found; though I ſhould runne
To thoſe diſcloſing Portals of the Sunne,
And walke his way, untill his horſes ſteepe
Their fiery fetlocks in the Iberian Deepe;
Or ſhould I to the oppoſed Poles repaire,
Where equall cold congeales the fixed aire;
And yet his ſearching Eyes my paths behold
When hee hath try'd me I ſhall ſhine like gold:
For in his tract my wary feet have ſtept,
His undeclined wayes preciſely kept:
Nor ever, have revolted from his Lawes;
To mee more ſweet then food to hungry Jawes.
But hee is ſtill the ſame; ſoh, who can ſhun,
Or change his fate!) what hee decrees is done.
This truth behold in me; his Miſteries
Are ſacred, and conceal'd from Mortall Eyes.
I therefore tremble at his dreadfull ſight;
Diſtracted thoughts my troubled Soule affright.
For oh, his terror melts my heart to teares;
Diſſolves my braine, and harrowes mee with feares.
Who neither would by Death prevent my woes,
Nor eaſe my Soule in theſe her bitter Throwes.
Why are the puniſhments by God decreed
To wicked men, and their rebellious Seed, *Chap.* 24.
Since times to come are preſent in his ſight,
Conceal'd from thoſe who in his Lawes delight?
Some ſlily markes remove from bordering Lands,
Feed on the Flocks they purchaſe with ſtrange hands:
The Orphants only Aſſe they drive away,
And make the Widdowes morgag'd Oxe their prey;
Who force the frighted poore to turne aſide,
Whom milder Rocks in their darke Cavernes hide.
Like Aſſes in the Deſert, they their Toile
With day renew, and riſe betimes for Spoile.
The barren Wilderneſſe preſents them foode.
To feede themſelves, and their adulterate broode.

Their

Their Sicklers reape the Corne, another sowes:
They drink the Blood which from stoln clusters flowes.
The poore, by them disrobed, naked Lie:
Veild with no other covering but the skie.
Expos'd to stiffning frosts, and drenching showers,
Which thickned Aire from her black bosome powers:
To Torrents which from cloudy Mountaines spring,
And to the hanging Cliffs for shelter cling.
They from their mothers Breasts poore Orphants rend,
Nor without gages to the needy lend.
For want of clothes they force them starve with cold,
From hungry Reapers they their sheaves withhold.
Those faint for thirst who in their vintage toyle,
And from the juicie Olive presse pure oyle.
Oppressed Cities grone, the wounded cry
To Heaven for Vengeance: yet in peace they die.
Others, that truth oppose; despise the way
Of her prescriptions, and in Darkenesse stray:
Sterne Murtherers, that rise before the light
To kill the Innocent, and rob at night:
Uncleane Adulterers, whose longing Eyes
Waite for the twy-light, enter in disguise,
And say, who see's us? Theeves who daily marke
Those Houses which they plunder in the Darke:
These Strangers are to light, the morning Rayes
By them are hated as their fast of Dayes:
The Agonies of Death are on them, when
They are but knowne, or spoken of by men:
And yet they perish by Jehova's Curse;
And faile like roaring floods that have no Sourse.
Unlike the generous Vine, which cut, abounds
With budding Jems, and prospers in her wounds.
As scorching heat the mountaine snow devoures;
As thirsty Earth, drinks up the falling Showers:
Even so the Graves insatiable Jawes
Those Rebels swallow, who intringe his Lawes.
The Womb that bare, their Burthens shall forget:
And greedy wormes their flesh with pleasure eat.
No tongue or Pen shall mention their Renowne,
But lye like trees by sodaine Stormes cast downe.

The

The barren they more miserable make:
And from the Widow all her Comfort take.
The mighty fall in their seditious strife:
When once they rise, who can secure his life?
Though they be resolute and confident:
Yet are Jehovah's eyes upon them bent.
But oh, how short their glory! rais'd to fall:
Lost in the ashes of their funerall.
For they as others die: like eares of Corne
By lightning blasted, or with sickles shorne.
Who doubts these contraries? who will dispute
Against me, and my Instances confute?

SHUETIAN BILDAD made this short reply: *chap.* 25.
Dominion, and awefull majestie,
To him belong, who crown'd with sacred Rayes.
The Host of Heaven in perfect concord swayes,
Who can his Armies number? infinite,
And full of Fate! on whome shines not his light?
Can Mortalls righteous in his Eyes appeare?
Can they bee spotlesse whom frale women beare?
To him the radiant Sunne is but obscure;
The Moone still in Eclipse; the Starres impure.
What then is Man, polluted in his Birth,
An uncleane worme that crawles upon the Earth?

All tongues, said Job, of thy perfections speake; *chap.* 26
Thou hee that renders vigor to the weake:
Thy strength the feeble Arme with Nerves supplies;
Thou by thy Counsell makes the foolish wise:
No secret from thy Knowledge is conceal'd;
Celestial Oracles by thee reveal'd.
To whom art thou so prodigall of breath?
Or by what vertue do'st thou raise from Death?
Gods Workes, Oh Bildad, wee admire no lesse:
His prudence in their Government confesse,
Dead things within the Deepe were form'd by him;
And all that in the curled Ocean swim.
The silent vaults of Death, unknowne to Light;
And Hell it selfe, lye naked to his sight.
Hee fashion'd those Harmonious Orbs, that roule
In restlesse Gyres about the Artick Pole.

The

The massie Earth, supported by his Care,
On nothing hangs in soft and fluent Aire.
Hee in thick Clouds the pendant water binds;
Not thaw'd with heat, nor torne with struggling winds:
Before his radiant Throne like Curtaines spread;
Yet at his becke in showres their substance shed.
With constant bounds the raging floods confines,
Till Day his Throne to endlesse Night resignes.
Heavens Columns, when his Storms and Thunder rake
The troubled Aire, with sodaine Horror shake.
Lo, at his breath the swelling waves divide:
His awfull Scepter calmes their vanquish't pride.
Whose hand the adorned Firmament displai'd,
Those Serpentine yet constant motions made.
These but in part his power and wisdome show:
For Oh how little doe wee Mortals know!
Although his Fame resound through all the world;
Like Thunder from aeriall vapours hurl'd.

Chap. 27. They silence't, Job proceeds in his Defence:
As the Lord Lives, who knowes my Innocence,
Yet will not Judge: but with my Soule depriv'd
Of all her Joyes; to Misery long-liv'd:
While these my vitall Spirits shall receive
The foode of Aire, and through my Nostrills breath:
No falsehood shall defile my Lips with Lies:
Or with a vaile the face of Truth disguise.
Nor will I wound my cleare Integritie,
By yeilding to your wrongs, but rather die.
Shall I my selfe betray, my Strength refuse,
Desert my Justice, and my truth accuse?
First may I sinke by Torments yet unknowne,
That those which now I suffer may seeme none.
Let such as hate me in their Sinnes rejoyce,
And surfeit with the pleasant Baites of Vice:
What hope hath the prevailing Hypocrite,
When God shall chase his Soule to endlesse Night?
Will God relieve him in his Agonies?
Or from the Depth of Sorrow heare his Cries?
Will hee in God delight, his aid implore
Incessantly, and his great Name adore?

Oh

Oh be inſtructed by theſe Characters
Of his impreſſion, which my Body beares!
His more ſecret Judgements will diſcloſe;
Wich you have ſeene, yet deſperately oppoſe.
This is the Portion which the wicked hath,
Hee ſhall inherit the Almighties wrath:
The lawleſſe Sword his Childrens blood ſhall ſhed,
Increaſt for ſlaughter, borne to begge their bread.
Death ſhall the Remnant in his Dungeon keepe;
No Widdow at his funerall ſhall weepe.
Although he gather Gold like heaps of Duſt,
The fuell of his Luxury and Luſt;
His Cabinets with change of Garments fraught
By ſilke-wormes ſpun, and Phrygian Needles wrought:
Yet for the Juſt reſerv'd, who ſhall divide
His Treaſure and diveſt him of his pride.
Though hee his Houſe of poliſh't Marble build,
With Jaſper floor'd, and carved Cedar ſil'd;
Yet ſhall it ruine like the Moth's fraile cell,
Or ſheds of Reedes, which ſummers heat repell.
He ſhall lye downe, neglected, as unknowne;
And when hee wakes, ſee nothing of his owne.
Terrors, like ſwallowing Deluges, ſhall fright:
Swept from his Bed by Tempeſt in the Night:
Like ſcatter'd Downe by howling Eurus blowne,
By rapid Hurl winds from his Manſion throwne.
God ſhall transfix him with his winged Dart:
Though hee avoyd him like the flying Hart;
Men ſhall purſue with merited diſgrace,
Hiſſe, clap their hands, and from his Country chaſe.
There are rich Veines of Gold, and ſilver Mines, *Chap.* 28.
Whoſe Ore the fire in crucibles refines.
So dig'd up Iron is in the furnace blowne,
And braſſe extracted from the melting Stone.
Men through the wounded Earth infoce their way,
And ſhew the under ſhades an unknowne Day;
While from her bowels they her Treaſures teare,
And to their avarice ſubject their feare.
There they with ſubterranean Waters meet,
And Currents never touch't by humane feet:

Theſe,

Theſe, by their bold endeavours are made dry,
And from the Induſtry of Mortalls flye.
The Earth with yellow eares her browes attires;
Although her Jawes exhale imboſom'd fires.
Torne Rocks the ſparkling Diamond unfold,
The bluſhing Ruby, and pure graines of Gold.
Thoſe gloomy vaults no wandring foule deſcries:
Nor are they pierced by the Vultures eyes.
Swift Tygres, which in pathleſſe Deſerts ſtray,
Nor ſolitary Lyons tread that way.
Their reſtleſſe Labours cleave the living Stone:
Cloud-touching Mountaines by their Roots o'erthrown.
New ſtreames through wandring Rocks their tract pur-
While they the Magazines of Nature view: (ſue;
Who ſwelling Floods with narrow bounds incloſe,
And what in Darkneſſe lurkt; to light expoſe.
But where above the Earth, or under ground,
Can Wiſdome by the ſearch of man be found?
Her worth his eſtimation farre excels:
Conceal'd from ſight, nor with the living dwels,
The Seas reply; ſhee lies not in our Deep:
Nor in our floods her radiant treſſes ſteeps.
Nor are her rare endowments to be ſold
For ſilver Hills, or Rivers pav'd with gold.
Nor for the glittering ſand by Ophir ſhowne;
The blew-ey'd Saphir, or rich Onix ſtone:
For Rocks of Chriſtall from the Ocean brought:
Nor Jewels by the rareſt workeman wrought.
Can blazing Carbuncles with her compare?
Or groves of Corrall hardned by the Aire?
The Tophas ſent from ſcorched Meroe?
Or Pearles preſented by the Indian Sea?
Whence comes ſhee? from what undiſcover'd Land?
Or where doth her concealed palace ſtand?
Since O, inviſible to mortall Eye:
Or winged Travellers that trace the skie.
Death and Deſtruction ſay; her fame alone
Hath reach'd our Eares; but to our Eyes unknowne.
God onely underſtands her ſacred wayes:
The Temple knowes where ſhee her Light diſplayes.

For

For he at once the Orbe of Earth beholds,
And all that Heav'ns blew Canopie infolds:
To measure out the struggling VVinds by weight,
That else the world would teare in their debate;
And bridle the wild Floods, lest they their bound
Againe should passe, and all the Earth surround.
VVhen he in Clouds the dropping waters hung,
And through their roaring jawes his Lightning flung,
Then he beheld her face, her light displaid,
Prepar'd her paths, and thus to Mortals said:
The feare of God is wisedome; and to flie
From Evill, is of vertues the most high.
Job paus'd; forthwith these words his sighs pursue: *Chap.* 29.
Oh that those happy Dayes would now renew?
VVhen God beneath his shield my safety plac'd!
VVhen his cleare lamp a sacred Splendor cast
About my Browes? by whose directing light
I trod securely through the Shades of Night;
That now I had in youth possest,
VVhen he my Mansion with his presence blest!
VVhen those who from my veines deriv'd their blood,
Like springing Lawrels round about me stood!
VVhen Butter washt my Steps, when Streames of oyle
Gusht from the Rocks, and Plenty free from toyle!
VVhen through the gazing Streets I past in State
To my Tribunall, in the Cities Gate!
The blushing Youth their vertuous awe disclose,
And from their Seats the reverend Elders rose.
Attentive Princes such a silence kept,
As if their Soules had in their Bodies slept.
Th'astonish't Nobles stood like men that were
Depriv'd of all their Sences but the eare.
All eares that heard, my equall Justice prais'd:
All eyes that saw, their Lids with wonder rais'd.
I from the Oppressors did the poore defend;
The Fatherlesse, and such as had no friend.
Those sav'd, whom wicked Pow'r sought to destroy;
And made the widowes heart to spring with Joy.
I put on Truth: shee cloth'd me with renowne;
My Justice was to me a precious Crowne.

Eyes lent I to the blind, feete to the lame,
A Father to the comfortlesse became.
I search't what from my knowledge was conceal'd,
And cloud'd Truth by her own light reveal'd.
Oft with my Scepter brake the Lions Jawes,
And snatcht the prey out of his armed pawes.
Then said, my dayes shall as the sand increase,
And I, in my own nest, shall dy in peace.
My Roote was by the living water spread,
And Night her dew upon my branches shed.
My Glories Crescent to a Circle grew,
And I my Bow with doubled vigour drew.
When I but spake, they hung upon my looke,
And as an Oracle my counsell tooke.
None spake but I, each his own Judgement feares,
My words, like sonny drop't into their eares;
Which readily with joy they entertaine,
As yawning Earth devoures the latter Raine.
Although I smil'd, none would my thoughts suspect,
Nor on my myrth a frowning looke reflect:
But trod the path which I, their Chiefe propos'd.
I, King-like, sate; with armed troopes inclos'd,
Gave timely Comforts to the Soule that mourn'd,
Rais'd from the Dust, and teares to Laughter turn'd.

Chap. 30. Oh bitter change! now Boyes my groanes deride,
The wretched object of their scorne and pride?
Whose Fathers I unworthy held to keepe,
With lesse contemned Dogs, my Flocks of sheepe.
How could their youth to my advantage turne?
Or elder age, with weakning vices worne?
Who, pale with famine, to the Desert fled,
On roots of Juniper and Mallowes fed;
Whom men from their society exclude;
Detested, and like theeves with cries pursu'd;
Conceal'd in hollow Rocks, in gloomy Caves,
And Cliffs deep vaulted by the fretting waves:
Among the Bushes they like Asses braide,
And in the Brakes their Conventicles made.
The Sonnes of Idiots, of ignoble Birth;
Contaminate, and vile; then the Earth.

Yet now am I obnoxious to their wrongs;
A by-word, and the Subject of their ſongs.
Who exerciſe their tongues in my diſgrace,
Abhorre my paths, and ſpit upon my face.
They, ever ſince the inrag'd omnipotent
Diſſolv'd my Sinews, and my Bow un-bent;
Like head-ſtrong horſes, twixt their teeth have tane
The maſter'd Bridle, and contemn'd the reyne.
Lo, Boyes againſt me riſe, and ſtrow my way
With Shares, then watch the cruell traps they lay;
Who now my paths pervert, their hate extend
To multiply his woes, that hath no friend.
As Seas againſt the Shores ſtrong Rampiers ſtretch
Their battering waves, and force a dreadfull breach:
With equall fury they upon me roule,
Even to the deſolation of my ſoule.
Beſieging Terrors ſtorme like roare aloud,
Purſue, and chaſe mee like an empty Cloud.
O how my Soule is pour'd upon the ground!
Full grown-Affliction hath a Subject found.
Torments by Night my waſted marrow boyl;
My Pulſes labor with unequall toyle.
My ſoares pollute my garments; Plagues infeſt
My poyſoned skin, and like a Coat inveſt.
O I am Duſt and Aſhes! Lord, thou haſt
Downe in the dure the broaken-hearted caſt.
Thy eares the incenſe of my prayers reject,
No teares nor vowes can alter thy neglect.
Ah! haſt thou loſt thy mercy? Wilt thou fight
Againſt a worme, and in his groanes delight?
Thou ſetſt me on the winds, with every blaſt
Toſt too and fro, while I to nothing waſt.
I ſee my Death approach: I to the womb
Of earth am call'd, of all the generall Tomb.
Thou never wilt the Dead to Life reſtore,
Though here in ſorrow they thy grace implore.
How oft have I, for thoſe that ſuffer'd, wept;
Afflicted for the poore, when others ſlept!
Yet when I look't for Joy, for cheerefull light
Then griefe fell on, and ſhades more black than night.

My torturd bowels found no hower of reſt,
By troopes of ſodaine miſeries oppreſt.
Unknown to Day, I mourn'd, my clamors tare
The Eares ſoft Labyrinth, and cleft the Aire,
The hiſſing Dragon, and the ſcreetching Owle,
Became Companions to my penſive Soule.
My fleſh is cover'd with a vaile of jet,
And all my bones conſume with burning heat.
My Harp her mournfull Straines in ſorrow ſteep's.
My Organ ſighs ſad aires, as one that weepes.

Chap. 31. I with my Eyes a Cov'nant made, that they
Should not my Soule, nor ſhee their lights betray
To the deceit of ſin; why then ſhould I
Behold a Virgin with a burning eye?
What Judgements are reſerv'd, what Vengeance due
To thoſe, who their intemperate Luſts purſue?
Deſtruction and eternall Ruine ſhall
From Heav'n, like Lightning on the wicked fall.
Do not his ſearching Eyes my waies behold?
Are not my ſteps by him obſerv'd and told?
If tempting ſin could ever yet entice
My feet to wander in the queſt of Vice;
Let that great Arbiter of Wrong and Right:
Weigh in his Scales, and caſt me if too light.
If I from vertues path have ſtept awry,
Or let my heart be govern'd by mine eye:
If I, Oh Juſtice, have thy Rites profan'd;
If bribes or guiltleſſe blood my hands have ſtain'd:
Then let another reape what I have ſowne,
Nor let my Race be to the Living known.
If ever woman could to ſin allure,
If I have waighted at my Neighbours doore:
Let my laſcivious wife with others grin'd,
And by her luſt repay my guilt in kind.
This were a hainous crime, ſo foule a fact,
As would due vengeance from the Judge exact:
A waſting fire, which violently burnes,
And all to povertie and ruine turnes.
If I by Power my Servants ſhould oppreſſe,
Nor would their crying grievances redreſſe:

What

What ſhould I doe, or ſay, when God ſhall come
To judge the world, that might divert his Doome ?
Both made he in the wombe, of equall worth :
Though to unequall Deſtiny brough forth.
If from the poore I did their hopes detaine ;
Or made the widowes Eyes expect in vaine :
If I alone have at my Table fed ;
Or from the fatherleſſe withheld my bread :
Nor toſterd from my youth, their wants ſupplide ;
To him a father, and to her a guide ;
If I have ſeen the naked ſtarve for cold ;
While Avarice my Charitie controld :
If their cloth'd Loines have not my bounty bleſt ;
Warme with the fleeces which my flocks'diveſt :
If I my armes have rais'd to cruſh the weake ;
The Judge prepar'd, the witneſſe taught to ſpeake :
Be all their ligaments at once unbound ;
And their disjoynted bones to powder grownd.
Divine Revenge my Soule from ſinne deterr'd
For I the anger of th'Almighty fear'd.
I never Idolized Gold embrac'd :
Nor ſaid ; In thee my Confidence is plac'd.
Nor on decitfull Riches fixt my heart ;
Together ſcrap'd by no omitted Art.
If when I ſaw the early Sune aſcend,
Or the new Moone her ſilver hornes extend ;
I bowing kiſt my hand, thoſe Lights ador'd
As Deities, and their reliefe implor'd.
The Sinne had beene flagitious, and had cry'd
To him for vengeance whom my Deed's defi'd.
Have I with joy beheld my ruin'd foe ?
Have I exulted in his overthrow ?
Or in the tempeſt of my paſſion burſt
Into offences, and his Iſſue curſt ?
Though my Domeſticks ſaid ; oh let us teare
His hated fleſh, nor after death forbeare.
Who made the Stones their bed, or ſigh'd for food,
If knowne my houſe to ſtrangers open ſtood.
Suppoſe I were corrupt, and foule within :
Yet to what end ſhould I diſguiſe my Sinne ?

Neede I so much contempt or censure dread,
As not to speake my thoughts, or hide my head?
Where shall I meete with an indifferent Eare?
Oh that the Soveraigne Judge my Cause would heare,
Peruse the Adversaries evidence,
Try, and determine, my suppos'd offence!
I, on me shoulders their complaints would beare,
And as a Diadem their Slanders weare.
More like a Prince then a Delinquent, would
Approach his presence, and my life unfold.
If the usurped Fields against me cry,
Their ravisht Furrowes weepe: if ever I
Have forced from them their unpaid for Graine;
Their Husbandmen, and ancient Owners slaine:
For wheat, let thistles from their clods ascend;
For barley, cockle, Jobs complaints here end.

Chap. 32. Nor would his Friends proceed in their replyes;
Since he appear'd so pure in his owne Eyes.
When Elihu Barachels sonne, who drew
His Birth from Aram, much incensed grew:
Not only against Job, that durst defend
His Innocency, and with God contend:
But with his three austere Companions; since
They would condemne before they could convince.
When he perceiv'd the rest no answer made,
But like dumb Statues sate? the Buzite said:
Till now I durst not venture to unfold
My labouring thought, to you that are so old.
For gray Experience is with wisedome traught;
And sacred knowledge by the aged taught.
Yet oh, how darke is mans presuming sence,
Not lightned with cœlestiall Influence!
The great in Honor are not alwayes wise;
Nor Judgement under silver Tresses lies.
Since so; at length vouchsafe to heare a youth
And his opinion, in the search of Truth.
For I your words have weigh'd your reasons heard;
The Instances by each of you interr'd;
And yet in all the heate of your dispute,
Not one could answer Job; much lesse confute.

Know

Know therefore, leaſt too rathly you conclude,
It is not Man, but God that hath ſubdu'd.
Againſt me Job did not his ſpeech direct:
No more will I your Arguments object.
You all were at his Confidence amaz'd;
And ſilently upon each other gaz'd:
When I your anſwers had expected long,
Nor could diſcerne the motion of a tongue;
I ſaid; behold I now will act my part,
And utter the Conceptions of my heart.
My Soule is rapt with fury; and my breſt
Containes a flame, that will not be ſuppreſt.
My Bowels boyle like wine that hath no vent
Ready to breake the ſwelling Continent.
Words therefore muſt my toiling thoughts relieve;
And to reſtrained Truth inlargement give.
No perſonall Reſpects my thoughts ſhall move,
Nor will I Man with flattering titles ſmooth.
Should I ſo proſtitute my ſervile Breath,
My Maker ſoone would cut me off by Death.
And now, O Job, what I ſhall utter here, *Chap.* 33.
As I my lips, ſo open thou thine eare.
Sacred knowledge clearly will impart.
Drawne from the fountaine of a ſingle heart.
God made us both, with breath of Life inſpir'd,
In ſhrouds of fraile mortalitie attir'd:
Then ſince we ſhall with equall Armes contend,
Ariſe, and if thou canſt, thy cauſe defend.
Behold, according to thy wiſh I ſtand
In ſteed of God, though made of ſlime and Sand.
I will not with ſtetne Menaces affright:
Nor ſhall my hand on thee like Thunder-light.
For I with griefe, O Job, have heard thee vaunt;
And breake into this paſſionate Complaint:
My Heart is uncorrupt, my Innocence
Without a Staine, my life free from offence:
Yet he occaſion ſeeks to overthrow,
And trample on me as his mortall foe,
Who, leaſt I ſhould eſcape, in fetters bindes;
Obſerves my ſteps, and makes the faults he findes.

How raſh is thy bold charge? God is compleat
In his owne Eſſence, much than man more great:
And yet dar'ſt thou contend? his patience grieve?
Will He a reaſon for his Actions give?
Or he to Mortals ſpeaks: yet will not they
The Councell of his Oracles obey.
Sometimes by Dreames in ſilence of the Night;
Sometimes by Viſions he informes their ſight:
When ſleepe his Poppy on their Temples theds;
Or they lye muſing on their reſtleſſe beds,
The cauſe of their affl ctions then reveales,
And on their Hearts his reprehenſion ſeales:
That he may man prevent, his pride repell,
Save from the ſword, and greedy jawes of Hell.
For this, diſeaſed on his bed he groanes;
While unrelenting Torments gnaw his bones:
The ſight of Food his emptie ſtomack fils;
And Dainties to his taſte are lothſome Pils:
By waſting Hecticks of his fleſh bereft,
Bones late unſeen:, alone apparant left:
His Soule ſits mourning at the gates of Death;
While anguiſh ſtrives to ſuffocate his brea h.
But if a Prophet, or Interpreter,
One of a thouſand, with the ſicke conferre:
Before his eyes, his ugly ſinnes detect,
And to a better life his Steps direct;
Then Mercy thus will cry, Releaſe the bound
From Sinne and Hell: I have a Ranſome found.
Then ſhall his bones the fleſh of Babes indue;
His youth and beauty like the ſpring renew.
He ſhall his God implore; his glorious Face
With joy behold, and flouriſh in his grace.
For God will his Integritie regard,
His vertue with a Bounteous hand reward.
His Eyes the ſecrets of all hearts ſurvay.
When the contrite and bleeding Soule ſhall ſay,
How have I Juſtice forc'd the poore undone!
Sin heapt on Sinne! to my owne Ruine run!
Then God ſhall raiſe him from the ſhades of Night;
And he ſhall live to ſee th'theriall Light.

Thus

Thus oft to man that Power which wounds and heales,
The way to Joy by Miſery Reveales;
That hee may longer with the living dwell,
Snatcht from th'extended jawes of Death and Hell.
O thou of men moſt wretched! heare me ſpeake;
Nor in thy frantick paſſion ſilence breake.
If thou thy ſelfe canſt cleare, at large reply,
For I thy life would gladly juſtify.
If not, my words with wiſdome ſhall informe
Thy erring Soule, and mitigate this Storme.
Then Elihu his ſpeech directs to thoſe *chap.* 34.
Who in a Ring the Diſputants incloſe.
You that are wiſe, ſaid he, my Doctrine heare:
You who have knowing Soules, afford an Eare.
For ſence is by that Organ underſtood;
Even as the taſte diſtinguiſheth of Food.
By Equitie let us our Judgements guide;
And this long controverted Cauſe decide.
Jod cries, I guiltleſſe fall, to God appeale:
Yet will not hee that clouded truth reveale.
Shall I with lyes betray my Innocence?
My wound is mortall: O, for what offence!
Who of himſelfe but hee ſo vainely thinks?
Who contumacy like cold water drinks?
Hee is in ſhackles by the wicked led,
And walkes the way which his Aſſociates tread.
What bootes it man (ſayes he) to take delight
In God! and live as alwayes in his ſight!
O heare me, you who high in knowledge ſit:
Is it with God that hee ſhould Sinne commit?
No, each according to his Merit ſhall
Receive his hire; to Juſtice ſtand, or fall,
O can compaſſion in Deſtruction joy?
Or will the righteous Judge the juſt deſtroy?
Shall hee the world by mans direction ſway;
Whom Heaven and Powers Angelicall obey?
In his diſpoſure in the Orbe of Earth,
The Throne of Kings, and all of humane Birth.
O, if hee ſhould the heart of man ſurvay,
Reduce, and take the breath hee gave, away:

All

All Living in a moment would expire,
And ſwiftly to their former duſt retire.
Then Job, if thou haſt reaſon, if a mind
Not partiall; ſet my words acceptance finde.
Shall he who Juſtice hates, rule by his luſt?
Or wilt thou him condemne who is moſt juſt?
Shall Subjects taxe their Kings? their Princes blame?
And with detractions poys'nous breath defame?
Much leſſe upbraid his juſt Dominion,
To whom both Lords and vaſſals are all one.
Who Rich and Poore alike regards, ſince they
By him were form'd from the ſame lump of clay.
Pale Death ſhall in an inſtant quench their light,
Whole Nations raviſh, in the dead of Night,
Sweepe from the Earth, the mighty in Command
Shall from their Thrones be ſnatcht without a hand.
Hee all beholds with eyes that never cloſe;
Obſerves their Steps, and their Intentions knowes.
No muffling Clouds, nor Shades Infernall, can
From his inquiry hide offending Man.
Nor ſhall the puniſhment, which guilt purſues,
Exceede the Crime, leſt hee ſhould God accuſe.
Hee ſhall for ſinnes unknowne the mighty breake,
And to their empty thrones advance the weake;
The Miſteries of Night reveale to Day,
And in their falls their ſecret faults diſplay.
Not his exemplary revenge deferre,
Preſented on the Worlds great Theatre;
Since they revolt from God, with open jawes
Blaſpheme his Juſtice, and deſpiſe his Lawes.
So that the cries of their oppreſſions rend
The ſuffering Aire, and to his eares aſcend.
Who can diſturbe the peace which hee beſtowes?
What tumult waken their ſecure repoſe?
What Nation, or what one of Mortall Race,
Shall God behold, if hee withdraw his Face?
That hypocrites no more may tyrannize;
Nor in their ſnares the credulous ſurprize.
Say thou, I will not with my God contend,
But beare his Chaſtiſements, nor more offend.

My Ignorance informe, if I have lent
An Eare to vice leaſt I my Sinnes augment.
Will hee with thy Arbitrement comply ?
Whither thou ſhoul'd conſent, or ſhould'ſt deny,
His cenſure is the ſame. Shall I tranſgreſſe
In not reproving ? what thou know'ſt profeſſe.
And you my Auditors, by God indu'd
With ſacred wiſdome, will I hope conclude,
That Job on Juſtice hath aſperſions flung,
And ſpoken indiſcreetly with his tongue.
O Father give his Miſeries no end,
While hee ſhall his impietie defend.
They to their Sinnes rebellion adde, who jeſt
At their Inſtructors, and with God conteſt.
Theſe Arguments thus urg'd, the zealous youth *Chap. 35.*
Proceedes, and aid : Art thou inform'd by truth,
That dar'ſt preferre thine owne integritie ;
As if more juſt then hee who ſits on high ?
And ſay; O I am Innocent in vaine ;
Have to no end preſerv'd my life from ſtaine.
Now give me leave to anſwer thee, and thoſe,
Who Gods all-guiding Providence oppoſe.
O Job from Heaven to Earth erect thine eyes ;
Behold the vaſt extenſion of the Skies ;
The ſayling Clouds by Exhalations fed ;
How farre are theſe advanc'd above thy head ?
Can thy accumulated vices reach
Yet higher ? and his Happineſſe impeach ?
What can thy Righteouſneſſe to him bequeath ?
Can God a benefit from Man receive ?
Although thy Sinne a Mortall may deſtroy,
Thy Juſtice ſuccour and confirme his Joy.
Thoſe whome too-powerfull Inſolence oppreſſe ;
Weepe-out their eyes, and howle in their diſtreſſe :
None cry, where is my God ! who all our wrongs
Will vindicate, and turne our ſighs to Songs :
Enobles with an Intellectuall Soule ;
More rationall then beaſt, more wiſe then fowle.
None ſhall the others ſufferings regard :
The eares of Pittie by their vices barr'd.

For

For God will not relieve th'unpenitent,
Nor to the prayer's of wicked Soules conſent:
Much leſſe to his, who ſayes; I never more
Shall ſee his face, nor he my Joyes reſtore.
Let no ſuch deſperate thoughts thy ſoule infect;
But calmely ſuffer, and his grace expect.
In both to blame: Though thou his wrath incenſe;
Thy puniſhment is leſſe then thy offence.
Judge you how indiſcreetly Job complaines,
And by extolling his owne Juſtice ſtaines.

Chap. 36. A little longer ſuffer me, while I
Proceede in this Divine Apology;
And from a farre remov'd Originall
His Judgements vindicate, who made us all.
No Fucus, nor vaine ſupplement of Arts
Shall falſifie the Language of my Heart.
He who is perfect, and abhors untruth,
With heavenly influence inſpires my youth.
For the Omnipotent is only wiſe:
Nor will the great in Power the weake deſpiſe.
His Hands the poore from violence defend;
While Sin-defiled Soules to Hell deſcend:
Beholds the juſt, with Eyes that ever wake,
With Princes ranck't, whoſe thrones no Tempeſts ſhake.
Or if their vices caſt them to the ground,
If in the fetters of affliction bound:
Hee to their trembling Conſciences diſplayes
Their former lives, and errours of their wayes.
Then opens wide the porches of their eares,
And their long veiled eyes from dakeneſſe cleares
That they themſelves may ſee, inſtructions heare,
Returne from Sin, and their Creator feare.
They ſhall their happy dayes in pleaſure ſpend;
And full of yeares in peace their progreſſe end.
But if they diſobey, the ſword ſhall ſhed
Their guilty blood, and mixe them with the Dead.
For the Deluder haſtens his owne fall:
Nor will in trouble on th'Almighty call,
Who on the Beds of ſinne ſupinely lye;
They in the Summer of their age ſhall dye.

God

d will the penitent to Grace restore :
ught by affliction to offend no more.
from these fearfull straights would thee have l.d,
larg'd thy passage, and with marrow fed :
t thou, through wicked Counsel, hast rebell'd,
d therefore justly by his Judgements held.
feare his wrath ! should'st thou be swept away ;
t Mines of Treasure could thy Ransome pay.
res he for wealth? Though Gold on Earth command;
Gold, or force, can free thee from his hand.
t not thy desperate Soule desire that Night,
hich from the living takes the last of Light ;
t by the guide of sorrow blindly erre ,
d Death before due Chastisements preferte.
! he his truth exalts ; who so compleat.
hee in Power ! whose Knowledge is so great !
o can to him prescribe a Path ? or say,
y Judgements from the tract of Justice stray ?
rather praise the workes his hands have wrought ;
all behold ; with admiration traught.
glory but in part to man appeares :
no knowes him, or the number of his yeares ?
e the congealed vapors melts againe ;
renuted into drops of Raine :
hich on the thirstie Earth in showers distill ,
d all that life possesse with plenty fill.
ho can the extension of his Clouds explore ?
tell how they in their collisions roare ?
ult with the flashes of their horrid light :
t darken all below with their owne N ght.
dgement and bountie each from hence proceeds ,
ith these his Creatures punisheth and feeds ;
ith these the Beautie of the Day immures ,
d all the Ornaments of Heaven obscures :
nthwith aeriall Tumults wound the Eare ;
hose heat and cold the Clouds asunder teare.
O how they terrifie my panting heart ! *Chap.* 37.
eady to breake my fivers, and depart.
arke , how his thunder from their entrailes breakes !
e voyce of God when hee in fury speake :

Which

Which roles in globes of pitch below the Skies.
To Earths extent his winged lightning flies,
Purſu'de by hideous tragoes; though before
The flames deſcend, they in their breaches roare.
His farre-reſounding voice reports his ire,
His Indignation flowes in ſtreames of fire.
O who can apprehend his excellence,
Whoſe wonders paſſe the reach of humane ſenſe!
Hee gives the Winters Snow her aerie birth,
And bids her virgin fleeces cloth the Earth.
Now hee her face renew's with fruitfull ſhowers:
Now Cataracts upon her boſome powers;
Whoſe falling ſpouts the Hands of Labour tie.
When Swaines for ſhelter to their houſes flye,
Yet on their former toyle reflect their care:
Then ſalvage beaſts to their darke dennes repaire.
Loud Tempeſts from the Cloudie South breake forth
And cold out of the Cloud-repelling North.
The fields with rigid froſt grow ſtiffe and gray:
The rivers ſolid, and forget their way.
Sad clouds with frequent teares themſelves impaire,
And thoſe that ſhone with lightning, fleete to aire.
At his obey'd decree returne againe,
T'afflict the Earth, or comfort it with raine.
Thus Judgement and ſweet Mercy, which depend
Upon his beck, to men in Clouds deſcend.
This heare, O Job, with ſilence fixed, ſtand:
Review the wonders of his mighty Hand.
Know'ſt thou how God collects the muſt'red Clouds?
How in their darkneſſe hee his lightning ſhrouds?
How by him ballanc'd in the weightleſſe Aire?
Canſt thou the wiſedome of his workes declare?
Or know'ſt thou how thy Garments warmer grow,
When droppiug Southerne gales begin to blow?
Wer't thou then preſent, when his hands diſplaid
The firmament, of liquid Chryſtall made?
If ſo, inſtruct what we to God ſhould ſay;
Who in ſo darke a night have loſt our way.
What can wee urge that is to him unknowne?
Or who contend and not bee overthrowne?

Who on the Sunne can gaze with conſtant eyes,
When purging winds ſoom vapors cleare the Skies.
And Northerne gales his ſhining face unfold?
Much leſſe the Majeſtie of God behold.
O how inſcrutable! his equitie
Twins with his Power. Will hee the Juſt deſtroy?
For this to bee ador'd: yet cannot find
Among the Sonnes of men a prudent mind.
Then from a Globe of curling Clouds, which brake *Chap.* 38.
Into a radiant flame, Jehova ſpake:
What Mortall thus through ignorance profanes
My darkned counſells? of his God complaines?
Come, buckle on thy Armor: let us end
This controverſie, ſince thou wilt needs contend.
Tell, if thou canſt; where wert thou when I made
The wood-full Earth, and her foundation laid?
Who thoſe exact dimenſions did deſigne?
Who on her ſuperficies ſtretch'd his Line?
Or fixt as Centre to the world? upon
VVhat Baſis built? who laid the Corner Stone?
VVhere wert thou when the Stars my prayſes ſung?
VVhen Heaven with ſhouts of joyfull Angels rung?
Or who ſhut up the Seas with Dores; when they,
As from the tortur'd wombe, inforc'd their way?
By me inveſted with a veile of Clouds:
And ſwadled as new-borne, in ſable ſhrouds.
For theſe a receptacle I deſign'd:
And with inviolable Barres confin'd.
Then ſaid: thus farre your Empire ſhall extend,
Nor ſhall your prouder waves theſe bounds tranſcend.
Haſt thou appointed where the Moone ſhould riſe,
And with her purple light adorne the Skies?
Scor'd out the bounded Suns obliquer wayes,
That he on all might ſpread his equall rayes?
And by the cleare extenſion of his Light,
Chaſe from the Earth the impious Sonnes of Night?
Whoſe beames the various formes of things diſplay,
Like multitudes of Figures wrought in Clay:
By which the Beautie of the Earth appeares;
The divers-colour'd Mantle which ſhe weares?

Conceal'd

Which roles in globes of pitch below the Skies.
To Earths extent his winged lightning flies,
Pursu'de by hideous tragoes; though before
The flames descend, they in their breaches roare.
His farre-resounding voice reports his ire,
His Indignation flowes in streames of fire.
O who can apprehend his excellence,
Whose wonders [illegible]
Hee gives th
And bids he
Now hee be
Now Catar
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Loud Temp
And cold ou
The fields w
The rivers s
Sad clouds v
And those th
At his obey'
T'afflict the
Thus Judge
Upon his be
This heare,
Review the
Know'st thou
How in their [illegible]
How by him ballanc'd in the weightlesse Aire?
Canst thou the wisedome of his workes declare?
Or know'st thou how thy Garments warmer grow,
When droppiug Southerne gales begin to blow?
Wer't thou then present, when his hands displaid
The firmament, of liquid Chrystall made?
If so, instruct what we to God should say;
Who in so darke a night have lost our way.
What can wee urge that is to him unknowne?
Or who contend and not bee overthrowne?

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IN THIS

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When purging winds foom vapors cleare the Skies.
And Northerne gales his shining face unfold?
Much lesse the Majestie of God behold.
O how inscrutable! his equitie
Twins with his Power. Will hee the Just destroy?
For this to bee ador'd: yet cannot find
...ind.
..., which brake *Chap.* 38.
...rofanes
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...contend.
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...D. BAD PRINT
SEVERAL
...PPEAR BLURRED
...IS BOOK

Conceal'd offendors by their luſtre found;
Attached, and in Deaths darke priſon bound.
Say, haſt thou div'd into the Deep's below,
And trod thoſe bottome ſands where fountaines flow?
Or boldly broken-up the Seales of Hell,
And ſeene the Shadowes which in Darkeneſſe dwell?
Tell if thou canſt, how farre the Earth extends?
Haſt thou diſcover'd her remoteſt ends?
Beheld the Chambers of the ſpringing Light?
Or travel'd through the regions of the Night?
To their abodes canſt thou reveale the way,
And their alternate rule to men diſplay?
Wer't thou then borne? haſt thou theſe ſecrets knowne
Through length of time? art thou ſo aged growne?
Haſt thou ſurvay'd the Magazines of Snow?
Seene where the melting drops to haile-ſtones grow?
With theſe I puniſh; theſe the weapons are,
By me prepar'd againſt the Day of warre.
Why breakes the Lightning from the troubled Skie,
While Eaſterne winds in horrid Tempeſts riſe?
Who Deluges from Heaven in Torrents powres,
Or gives a paſſage to the roaring Showres;
That they on Deſerts un-inhabited
By Mortalls, may their fruitfull moyſtures ſhed?
Hence vegetives receive their fragrant birth;
And cloth the naked Boſome of the Earth.
What, hath the Raine a Father? tell me who
Begot the ſhining drops of Morning Dew?
Whoſe wombe produc'd the glaſſie Ice? who bred
The hoary froſts that fell on Winters head?
The waters then in Chriſtall are conceal'd;
And the ſmooth viſage of the Sea congeal'd.
Canſt thou the pleaſant influence reſtraine,
Of Pleiades, which bathes the Spring with raine?
Or boiſterous Orions chaine unbinde,
Who drawes along the bitter Eaſterne winde?
In Summer, ſcorching Mazaroth diſplay?
Or teach Arcturus, and his Sonnes, their way?
Canſt thou the Motions of the Heavens direct?
Or make their vertue on the Earth reflect?

Will

Will the condenſed Cloulds at thy command,
Deſcend in Shoures upon the thirſty Land ?
Or in their roaring ſtrife aſunder part,
And at thy Foes their fearfull Lightning dart ?
With wiſdome who renownes the Nobler parts ?
Who underſtanding gives to humane Hearts ?
Whoſe wiſedome cleares the Saphirs of the skies ?
Or who the ſwelling Clouds in Bladders ties ?
To mollifie the ſtubborne clods with raine ;
And ſcatterd Duſt incorporate againe.
Wilt thou for the old Lyon hunt ? or fill
His hungry whelps ? and for the killer kill ?
When chouch'd in dreadfull Dens ; when cloſely they
Lurke in the Covert to ſurpriſe their prey ?
Who feeds the Ravens when their young-ones cry.
To God for food and through the Deſerts flye ?
Know'ſt thou when Salvage goates doe teeme among
The craggy rocks ? when Hinds produce their young ?
Can'ſt thou their Reckning keepe ? the time compute
When their ſwolne Bellies ſhall inlarge their fruit ?
Without a Midwife theſe their Throwes ſuſtaine ,
And bowing, bring their iſſue forth with paine.
They at full udders ſucke, grow ſtrong with corne ;
Depart, and never to their Dams returne.
Who ſent forth the wild Aſſe to live at large ?
Whom neither Halters binde nor Burthens charge ;
Inhabiting the barren Wildernеſſe,
And rocky Caves, remov'd from mans acceſſe.
He from the many-peopl'd City flies,
Contemns their labors, and the Drivers cries ;
The Mountaines are his walkes , who wandring feeds
On ſlowly-ſpringing hearbes, and ranker weeds.
Will the fierce Unicorne thy voyce obey,
Stand at the Crib and feed upon the hay ?
Or to the ſervile yoake his freedome yeild ;
Plough-up the Glebe, and, and harrow the rough field?
Wilt thou upon his ready ſtreng·h relye ?
Will hee ſuſtaine thee with his Induſtry ?
Bring home thy Harveſt ? to thy will ſubmit ?
Put off his fierceneſſe , and receive the Bit ?

Chap. 39

The Peacock, not at thy command, assumes
His glories traine; Nor Estridge her rare plumes.
She drops her Egges upon the naked Land,
And wraps them in a bed of hatching Sand;
Exposed to the wandring Traveller,
And Feete of Beasts, which those wilde Desets rear.
Shee as a Step-mother betrayes her owne,
Left without care, and presently unknowne:
By God depriv'd of that Intelligence
Which Nature gives: of all most void of Sense.
Her feete the nimble Rider leave behinde;
And when shee spreads her sayles, out-strip the winde.
Hast thou with strength indu'd the generous Horse?
His neck with Thunder arm'd, his breast with Force?
Him canst thou as a Grasshopper affright?
Who from his Nostrills throwes a dreadfull light;
Exults in his owne courage, proudly bounds,
With trampling hooves the sounding Centre wounds:
Breakes through the ord'red Rancks with eyes that burn,
Nor from the Battle-Axe, or sword will turn.
The rattling Quiver, nor the glittering Speare,
Or dazling Shield, can daunt his heart with feare.
Through rage and fiercenesse hee devoures the ground;
Nor in his fury heares the Trumpet sound.
Farre off the Battaile smels, like Thunder neighes:
Loud shouts and dying grones his courage raise.
Do's the wild Haggard towre into the Skie,
And to the South by thy direction flye?
Or Eagle in her eyres the Clouds imbrace,
And on the highest cliffe her Aery place?
Shee dwels among the Rocks, on every side
With broken Mountaines strongly fortifi'd:
From thence what ever can bee seene surveyes,
And stooping, on the slaughtred Quarry preys:
From wounds her Eglets suck the reeking blood,
And all-devasting Warre provides her food.
Since such my power, wilt thou with mee contend?
Instruct thy Maker? and thy fault defend?
Now answer thou that dar'st thy God upbraid.
Then humbled Job, transfixt with sorrow said,

Can one ſo vile to ſuch a truth reply ?
Too long my griefe hath rav'd : no more will I
Purſue a folly, and my Sinne extend,
But curbe my tongue, ſo ready to offend
Once more Jehova from that radiant Throne *Chap. 40.*
Of Clouds thus ſpake : O Job, thy armes put on ;
If thou haſt will or courage left, prepare
T'encounter me in this Gigantick warre.
Wilt thou my Judgements diſanull ? deſame
My equall Rule, to cleare thy ſelfe of blame ?
Is thy weake Arme as ſtrong as Gods ? canſt thou
In thunder ſpeake ? the Sea with Tempeſts plow ?
Come deck thy ſelfe with Beauties Excellence ;
With Majeſty, and Sun like Rayes diſpenſe :
The fury of thy wrath like lightning fling
On bold offenders : Pride to ruine bring.
Thoſe with the ſurfeits of exceſſe deſtroy,
Who in their uncontrouled vices joy :
Hide them together in the Caves of Night ;
There bind them, never to behold the Light :
Then will I ſay that thou thy ſelfe can'ſt ſave
From waſting Age, Deſtruction, and the Grave.
With thee, I made the mighty Elephant ;
Who Oxe-like feedes on every herbe and plant.
His mighty ſtrength lyes in his able Loynes ;
And where the fluxure of his Navell joynes.
His ſtretcht-out tayle preſents a Mountaine Pine,
The Sinewes of his Stones like Cords combine.
His Bones the hammer'd Steele in ſtrength ſurpaſſe ;
His ſides are fortifi'd with Ribs of Braſſe.
Of Gods great workes the chiefe ; lo hee who made
This knowing Beaſt, hath arm'd him with a blade.
Hee feed's on lofty Hils, nor lives by prey.
About their gentle Prince his ſubjects play.
His limbs hee coucheth in the cooler ſhades ;
Oft, when Heavens burning Eye the fields invades,
To Mariſhes reſorts ; obſcur'd with Reedes,
And hoary Willowes, which the moyſture feeds.
The chiding Currents at his entry riſe ;
Who quivering Jordan ſwallowes with his Eyes,

Can the bold Hunter take him in a Toyle?
Or by the Trunck produce him as his Spoyle?
Chap. 41. Can'ſt thou with a weake Angle ſtrike the Whale?
Catch with a hooke, or with a nooſe inthrall?
Drag by a ſlender Line unto the Shore?
His huge Jaw with a twig or Bulruſh bore?
Will he his pitifull complaints renew?
For freedome with afflicted Language ſue?
Become thy willinng Vaſſall? canſt thou ſtill
Subject him to the Service of thy Will?
And like a Sparrow, fetter'd in a String,
The plaid with Monſter to the Virgins bring?
Shall thy Companions feaſt upon his ſpoile?
Or wilt thou to the Merchant ſell his Oyle?
Can'ſt thou with Fiſgigs pierce him to the quicke?
Or in his skull thy barbed Trident ſticke?
Then haſten to the charge. Yet Souldier feare:
Thinke of the Battaile, and in time forbeare.
Vaine are their hopes who ſeeke by force or ſlight
To vanquiſh him, who conquers with his ſight.
What Mortall dare with ſuch a foe contend?
Much leſſe his hand againſt his Maker bend?
Can gifts my grace ingage? when all below
The lofty Sunne is mine, what can I owe?
This wonder of the Deepe, his mighty force,
And goodly forme, ſhall furniſh our diſcourſe.
Who can deveſt him of his waves? beſtride
His monſtrous Back? and with a bridle ride?
His Heads huge Dores unlock? whoſe jawes with gre
And dreadfull teeth in treble rankes are ſet.
Arm'd with refulgent Shields, together joyn'd,
And ſeal'd up to reſiſt the ruffling wind;
The neather by the upper fortifi'd:
No force their Combination can divide.
His ſneezing ſet on fire the foaming Brine:
His round eyes like the Morning Eye-lids ſhine:
Infernall Lightning ſallies from his Throat:
Ejected Sparkes upon the Billowes float.
A cloud of Smoake from his wide Noſtrils flyes;
As vapors from a boyling Furnace riſe.

He

Hee burning Coles exhales, and vomits flames:
His ſtrength the Empire of the Ocean claimes.
Loud Tempeſts, roaring floods, and what affright
The trembling Sailer, turne to his delight.
The ſlakes of his tough fleſh ſo firmely bound,
As not to bee divorced by a wound.
His Heart a ſolid Rocke, to feare unknowne;
And harder than the Grinders neather Stone.
The ſword his armed ſides in vaine aſſailes;
No Dart nor Lance can penetrate his Scales.
Who Braſſe as rotten wood, and Steele no more
Regards then Reedes, that briſtle on the Shore.
Dreads hee the twanging of the Archers String?
Or finging Stones from the Phœnician ſling?
Darts hee eſteemes as Straw, aſunder torne:
The ſhakeing of the javelin laughes to ſcorne.
Hee ragged Stones beneath his Belly ſpreads;
To his repoſe as ſoft as downye Beds.
The Seas before him as a Caldron boyle:
And in the fervour of a Motion ſoyle.
A Light, ſtroke from the floods, detects his way;
Who covers their aſpiring heads with gray.
Of all whome ample Earths round ſhoulders beare,
None equall this: created without feare,
What ever is exalted, hee diſdaines:
And as a King among the Mighty raignes.
O Father, I acknowledge (Job repli'd) *Chap.* 42.
Thy all effecting Power. O who can hide
His thoughts from thee! who can reverſe, or ſhun
Thy juſt Decree! what thou would'ſt doe, is done,
I heard thee ſay; Dare bruitiſh Man profane
My darkned Councells? and of God complaine?
Great Judge, I in my Mirror ſee my ſhame:
Thoſe lips that Juſtifi'd, my guilt proclaime.
Our knowledge is but Ignorance, and wee
The Sonnes of Folly, if compar'd with thee.
Thy wayes, and ſacred Myſteries tranſcend
Their apprehenſions, who in Death muſt end.
O to my Prayers afford a gracious Eare!
Inſtruct thy Servant, and his Darkneſſe cleare!

I, of my Excellence, have oft beene told;
But now my raviſh't eyes thy face behold.
Who therefore in this weeping Palinod
Abhorre my ſelfe, that have diſpleas'd my God:
In duſt and Aſhes mourne. Nor will my feares
Forſake me, tell I cleanſe my Soule with teares.
When contrite Job had this ſubmiſſion made,
The Lord to Eliphas of Theman ſaid,
Againſt thee, and thy two Aſſociates,
My Anger burnes, and haſtens to your fates:
Since you, unlike my Servant Job, have err'd,
And Victory before the Truth preferr'd.
Seven ſpotleſſe Rams, ſeven Bulls that never bare
The yoake, ſelect, with theſe to Job repaire:
Their bleeding limbs upon my Alter lay.
His ready Charity for you ſhall pray,
And reconcile my wrath: Elſe merited
Revenge ſhould forthwith ſend you to the Dead;
Who have my Rule and providence profain'd;
Nor, like my Servant Job the truth maintain'd.
Then Bildad, Eliphas, and Zophar, came
To their old friend; The feaſted Alters flame.
For whom that injur'd Saint devoutly pray'd;
And with the Incenſe their attonement made.
Even in that pious Duty, the moſt High
Beheld his Patience with a tender Eye;
From envious Satans tyranny releaſt,
Dry'd-up his teares, and with abundance bleſt.
His Brothers and his Siſters, all the traine
That follow'd his Proſperitie, againe
Preſent their viſits, at his table feed;
Bemone, and Comfort. Joyes his griefe ſucceed.
With Gold and Silver they increaſe his ſtore,
And gave the precious Earerings which they wore.
So that Jehova bleſt his latter Dayes
More then the firſt; His Loſſe with Intereſt payes.
His Droves of Aſſes, Camels, heards of Neat,
And flocks of Sheepe, grow ſhortly twice as great.
Bleſt with ſeven ſonnes, three Daughters, who for faire
Might with the beauties of the Earth compare.

One call'd Jemima, of the riſing Light;
A ſecond, for her ſweetneſſe, Caſſia hight;
The youngeſt Kerenhappa, of the powre
And rayes of beauty. Rich in Natures Dowre,
As in their Fathers Love; who gave them ſhares
Among his Sonnes, and joyn'd them with his heires.
Job ſeven-ſcore yeares his Miſeries ſurviv'd;
His Childrens Children ſaw, thoſe who deriv'd
From them their birth, even to the fourth deſcent:
And In Tranquilitie his old-Age ſpent.
Then full of Dayes, and deathleſſe Honour, gave
His Soule to God, his Body to the Grave.

5 AP 58

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE PSALMES OF DAVID.

By G. S.

Set to new Tunes for private Devotion: and a thorough Base, for Voice or Instrument.

BY

Henry Lawes, one of the Gentlemen of His Majesties Chapell-Royall.

K/Music

DAVID

OF

THE PSALMES

To the King.

OUR graver Muse from her long Dreame awakes,
Penean Groves, and Cirrha's Caves forsakes:
Inspir'd with Zeale, she climbes th'Æthereall Hills
Of Solyma where bleeding Balme distils;
Where Trees of Life unfading Youth assure,
And Living Waters all Diseases cure:
Where the Sweet Singer, in cœlestiall Laies,
Sung to his solemne Harp Iehovah's Praise.
From that false Temple, on her wings she bears
Those Heavenly Rapeures to your sacred Eares:
Not that her bare and humble Pen aspire
To mount the Threshold of th'harmonious Quire;
But that at once she might Oblations bring
To God; and Tribute to a god-like King.
And since no narrow Verse such Mysteries,
Deepe Sense, and high Expressions could comprise;
Her labouring Wings a larger compasse flie,
And Poesie resolves with Poesie:
Least she, who in the Orient chearly rose,
Should in your Western World obscurely close.

To

To the Queene.

O You, who like a fruitfull Vine,
To this our Royall Cedar joyne.
Since it were impious to divide,
In such a Present, Hearts so ty'd;
Urania your chast eares invites
To these her more sublime Delights.
Then, with your Zealous Lover, daigne
To enter Davids numerous Fane.
Pure Thoughts his Sacrifices are;
Sabæan Incense, fervent Prayer;
This holy Fire fell from the Skies;
The holy Water from his eyes.
O should You with your Voice infuse
Perfection, and create a Muse!
Though meane our Verse, such Excellence
At once would ravish Soule and Sense:
Delight in Heavenly Dwellers move;
And, since they cannot envy, Love:
When they from this our Earthly Spheare
Their owne Cœlestiall Musick heare.

To my Noble Friend Mr. George Sandys, *upon his excellent Parahraſe on the* PSALMES

HAd I no Bluſhes left, but were of Thoſe
Who Praiſe in Verſe, what they Deſpiſe in Proſe:
Had I this Vice from Vanity or Youth;
Yet ſuch a Subject would have taught me Truth,
Hence it were Baniſht, where of Flattery
There is nor Uſe, nor Poſſibility.
Elſe thou hadſt cauſe to feare, leſt ſome might Raiſe
An Argument againſt thee from my Praiſe,
I therefore know, Thou canſt expect from me
But what I give, Hiſtoricke Poetry.
Friendſhip for more could not a Pardon win;
Nor thinke I Numbers make a Lie no Sinne.
And need I ſay more then my Thoughts indite,
Nothing were eaſier, then not to write.
Which now were hard, for whereſoe're I Raiſe
My thoughts, thy ſeverall Paines extort me Praiſe.
Firſt, that which doth the Pyramids diſplay:
And in a worke much laſtinger then they,
And more a wonder, ſcornes at large to ſhew,
What were indifferent if True or No:
Or from it's lofty Flight, ſtoope to declare
What All men might have known, had All bin There,
But by thy learned Induſtry and Art,
To Thoſe who never from their Studies part,
Doth each Lands Lawes, Beliefe, Beginning ſhow;
Which of the Natives but the Curious know:

His Travels where in hee relates the Hiſtory of the Pyramides.

Teaching

Teaching the frailty of all humane things;
How soone great Kingdoms fall, much sooner Kings:
Prepares our Soules, that Chance cannot direct
A Machin at us, more then wee expect.

Athens. We know, That Towne is but with fishers fraught,
Where Theseus Govern'd, and where Plato Taught;

Greece. That Spring of Knowledge, to which Italy
Owes all her Arts, and her Civility,
In Vice and Barbarisme supinely rowles,
Their Fortunes not more slavish then their Soules.

Eastern Churches. Those Churches, which from the first Hereticks wan
All the first Fields, or lead (at least) the Van;
In whom those Notes, so much required, be;
Agreement, Miracles, Antiquity:

Of Doctrine. Which can a never-broke Succession show
From the Apostles down (Here brag'd of so)

Of Persons As Antioc So best confute Her most immodest claim,
Who scarce a Part, yet to be All doth aime:
I lie now distrest, between two Enemy Powers,
Whom the West damnes, and whom the East devoures.
What State then Theirs can more Unhappy be,
Threatned with Hell, and sure of Poverty.
The small beginning of the turkish Kings
And their large growth, shew us that different things
May meete in one Third, what most Disagree,
May have some likenesse, For in this we see,
A Mustard-seed may be resembled well
To the two Kingdomes both of Heaven and Hell.
Their strength, & wants, this work hath both unwound:

Turke. To teach how these t'encrease, and that confound:
Relates their Tenets; scorning to dispute
With Errors, which to tell, is to confute:

Priests. Shews how even there, where Christ vouchsafe to Teach,
Their Dervices dare an Impostor Preach.
For whil'st with private Quarrels we Decaid,
We way for them, and their Religion made:
And can but VVishes now to Heaven preferre,
May They gaine Christ, or We his Sepulchre.

Ovids Metamorphosis. Next Ovid calls me, which though I admire,
For equalling the Authors quickning Fire,

And his pure Phraſe: yet More; remembring It
Was by a Mind ſo much diſtracted Writ:
Buſ'neſſe and Warre, ill Midwives to produce
The Happy Off-ſpring of ſo ſweet a Muſe:
Whilſt every unknown Face did Danger Threat,
For every Native there was twice a Gete.
More, when (return'd) thy VVork review'd, expos'd — *comment.*
What Pith before the hiding Bark inclos'd,
And with it that Eſſay, which let us ſee — *Virg. Æn. lib. 1.*
Well by the Foot, what Hercules would be:
All fitly offer'd to his Princely hands;
By whoſe Protection Learning chiefly ſtands
Whoſe virtue moves more Pens, then his Power Swords;
And Theme to thoſe, and Edge to theſe affords.
Who could not be diſpleas'd, that his great Fame, — *Panegiric.*
So Pure a Muſe, ſo loudly ſhould proclaime:
With his Queenes praiſe in the ſame Model caſt,
Which ſhall not leſſe, then all their Annalls, laſt.
Yet, though we wonder at thy charming Voice,
Perfection ſtill was wanting in thy Choice:
And of a Soule, which ſo much Power poſſeſt,
That Choice is hardly Good, which is not Beſt.
But though thy Muſe were Ethnically Chaſt,
When moſt Fault could be found, yet now thou haſt
Diverted to a purer Path thy Quill,
And chang'd Parnaſſus Mount to Sions Hill:
So that bleſt-David might almoſt Deſire
To heare his Harp thus Echo'd by thy Lyre.
Such Eloquence, that though it were abus'd,
Could not but be (though not allow'd) excus'd:
Join'd to a VVork ſo choice, that though ill-done,
So Pious an Attempt Praiſe could not ſhun.
How ſtrangely doth it darkeſt Texts diſcloſe,
In Verſes of ſuch ſweetneſſe, that even Thoſe,
From whom the unknown Tongue conceales the Senſe,
Even in the Sound, muſt finde an Eloquence.
For though the moſt bewitching Muſick could
Move men, no more than Rocks, thy Language would.
Thoſe who make wit their Curſe, who ſpend their Brain,
Their Time and Art, in looſer Verſe to gain
Damnation

Damnation, and a Mistres; till they see
How Constant that is, how Inconstant she;
May from this great Example learne, to sway
The Parts th'are Blest-with, some more Blessed way.
Fate can against Thee but two Foes advance;
Sharpe-sighted Envy, and Blind Ignorance:
The first (by Nature like a shadow, neare
To all great Acts) I rather Hate then Feare;
For them, (since whatsoever most they Raise
In private, that they most in Throngs Dispraise;
Αυτοκατά-κριτοι. And know the Ill they Act Condemn'd within)
Who envies Thee, may no man envy Him.
The last I Feare not much, but Pity more:
For though they cannot the least Fault explore;
Yet, if they might the high Tribunall Clime,
To them thy Excellence would be thy Crime:
For Eloquence with things Prophane they joyne;
Nor count it fit to Mixe with what's Divine;
Like Art and Paintings laid upon a Face,
Of it selfe sweet; which more Deforme then Grace.
Yet, as the Church with Ornaments is Fraught,
Why may not That be too, which There is Taught?
And sure that Vessell of Election, Paul,
Who Judais'd with Jewes, was All to All:
So, to Gain some, would be (at least) Content,
Some for the Curious should be Eloquent:
For since the Way to Heaven is Rugged, who
Would have the Way to that Way be so too?
Or thinks it fit, we should not leave obtaine,
To learne with Pleasure what we Act with Paine?
Since then Some stop, unlesse their Path be Even,
Nor will be led by Solœcismes to Heaven;
And (through a Habit scarce to be control'd)
Refuse a Cordial, when not brought in Gold;
Tarantula Much like to them to that Disease Inur'd,
Which can be no way, but by Musick curd;
I Joy in hope, that no small Piety
Will in their Colder Hearts be Warm'd by Thee.
For as none could more Harmony dispense;
So neither could thy flowing Eloquence

So

So well in any Taske be us'd, as this:
To Sound His Praises forth, whose Gift it is.

——*Cui non certaverit ulla.* *Virg.*
Aut tantum fluere, aut totidem durare per annos. *Georg.* 2.

FALKLAND.

An Ode to my Worthy Kinsman Master George Sandys *upon his Excellent Paraphrase on the* Psalmes.

O Breath again! that holy Lay
Did convey,
Unto my soule so sweet a Fire,
I desire
That all my Senses charm'd to Eare,
Should fix there.
O might this sacred Anthem last,
Till Time's past:
Untill wee warble forth a higher,
In the Quire
Of Angels, till the Spheares keepe time,
To your Rime.
Amphion did a Citie raise,
By his Layes:
The Stones did dance into a Wall,
At his call.
But your divinely-tuned Aire,
Doth repaire
Ev'n Man himselfe, whose stony Heart,
By this Art,

Rebuildeth of its owne accord,
To the Lord,
A Temple breathing holy Songs,
In ſtrange Tongues.
You fit both Davids Lyre, and Notes,
To our Throats.
See, the greene Willow now not weares;
Of their Teares
The ſadly ſilent Trophyes, wee
From the Tree,
Take down the Hebrew Harps, and teach,
In our ſpeech,
What ever wee doe hate, what feare,
What love deare.
Now in faint Accents praiſing God,
For his Rod:
Since that his puniſhment a Child,
Muſt be ſtil'd
A Bleſſing. But our thankfull Layes,
Doe his Praiſe
Sound in the loudeſt Key, when e're
Hee drawes neare
In Mercy, not affrighting Power;
In that Houre,
New Life approacheth: Then our Joy
Doth employ
Each Faculty, and Tune each Aire
To a Prayre.
But by and by our Sins doe cauſe
A ſad Pauſe.
Our hands lift-up, and caſt-down Eyes,
Our faint Cryes.
Doe in their ſadly-pleaſing Tones
Speake our Mones.
Inſtead of Harps we ſtrike our Breſts;
All the Reſts
Attend this Muſicke, are a Teare,
Which Sighes beare,
In their ſoft Language up on high,
To the Skie;

Whence God, delighted with our Griefe,
Sends Reliefe.
Thus unto You wee owe the Joyes,
The Sweet Noiſe
Of our raviſht Soules, wee borrow;
Hence our Sorrow;
Repentant Sorrow, which doth glad,
Not make ſad.
Wee weepe in your Lines, wee rejoyce
In your Voyce:
Whoſe pleaſing Language fanns the Fire
Of Deſire,
Which flames in Zeale, and calmly faſhions
All our Paſſions.
Which you ſo ſweetly have expreſt,
Some have guſt,
We Halelu-jahs ſhall reherſe,
In your Verſe.

Then bee ſecure, your well-tun'd Breath
Shall now out-live the Date of Death;
And when Fate pleaſes, you ſhall have
Still-Muſick in the ſilent Grave:
You from Above ſhall heare each day
One Dirge diſpatcht unto your Clay;
Theſe your owne Anthemes ſhall become
Your laſting Epicedium.

Dudly Digges.

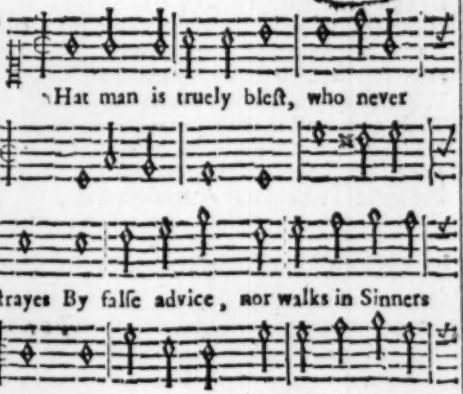
To the Reader.

THE Paraphraſe upon the Pſalms, though here ranked according to the Cronologie, was firſt writ and publiſhed; and therefore theſe verſes doe in time precede thoſe that are fixt in the Front of the Volume.

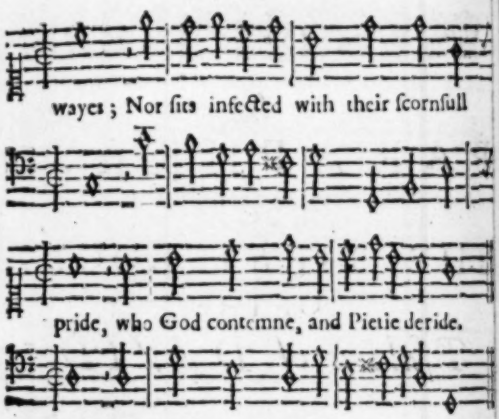
5 AP 58

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE FIRST BOOKE OF THE *Psalmes of DAVID.*

PSALME I.

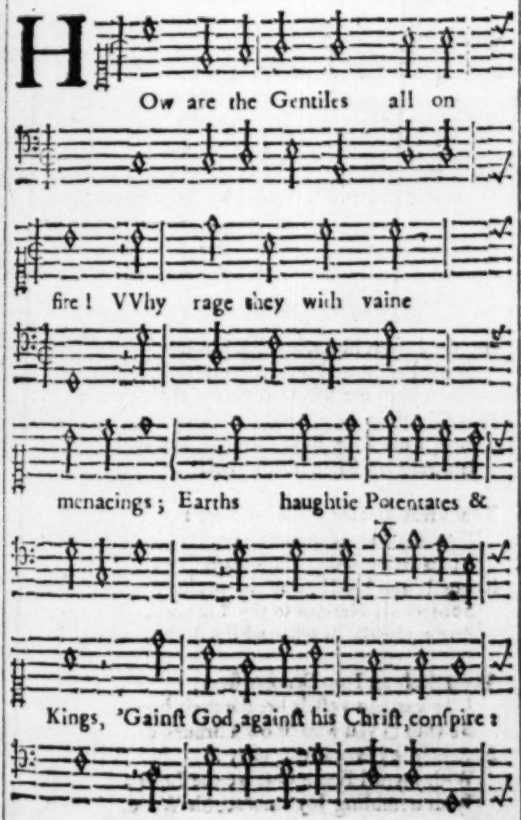


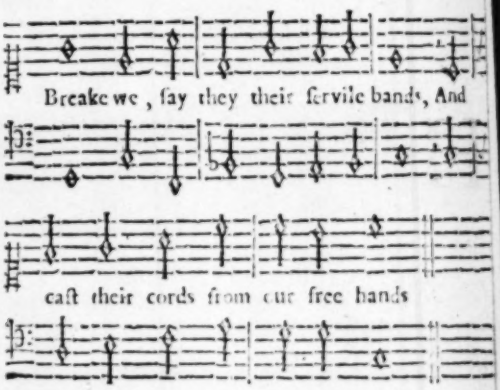
THat man is truely blest, who never
strayes By false advice, nor walks in Sinners



But wholly fixeth his ſincere delight
On heavenly Lawes; thoſe ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be like a Tree that ſpreads his root
By living ſtreames, producing timely fruit:
His leaſe ſhall never fall: the Lord ſhall bleſſe
All his indevours with deſir'd ſucceſſe.
Men loſt in Sinne unlike rewards ſhall find,
Diſperſt like chaffe before the furious wind:
Their guilt ſhall not that horrid Day indure,
Nor they approach th'Aſſemblies of the Pure:
For God approves thoſe wayes the Righteous tread;
But ſinfull Paths to ſure deſtruction leade.

Psalme II.


Cantus.
How are the Gentiles all on
Baſſus.
fire! VVhy rage they with vaine
menacings; Earths haughtie Potentates &
Kings, 'Gainſt God, againſt his Chriſt, conſpire t



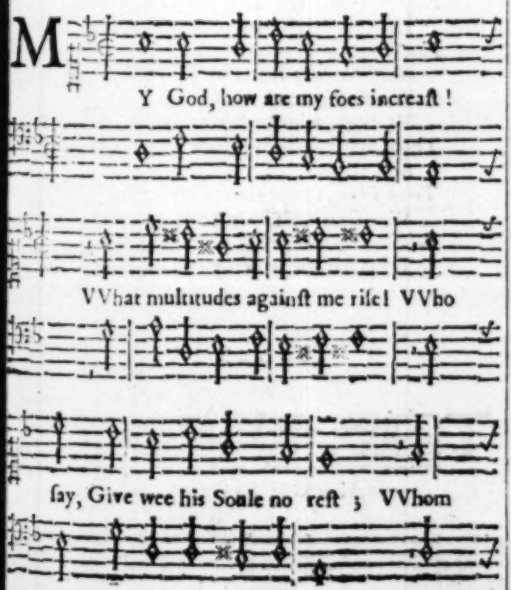
But God from his coelestiall Throne
Shall laugh, and their attempts deride:
Then high incenst, thus checke their pride;
(His Wrath in their confusion showne)
Loe, I my King have crown'd, and will
Inthrone on Sions sacred Hill.

That great Decree I shall declare:
For thus I heard Jehovah say;
Thou art my Sonne begot this day:
Request, and I will grant thy praier;
Subject all Nations to thy Throne;
And make the Sea-bound Earth thine owne.

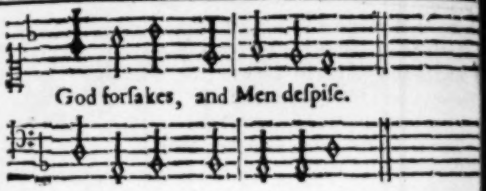
Thou shalt an Iron Scepter sway,
Like earthen vessels breake their bones.
Be wise O you who sit on Thrones;
And Judges grave advice obey.
With joyfull Feare O serve the Lord;
With trembling Joy embrace his Word.

In due of Homage kiſſe the Sonne,
Leaſt he his wrathfull lookes diſplay ;
And ſo you periſh in the way,
His anger newly but begunne
Then bleſſed onely are the Juſt,
Who on th'Anointed fixe their truſt.

PSAL. III.

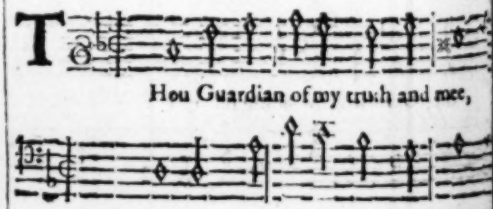


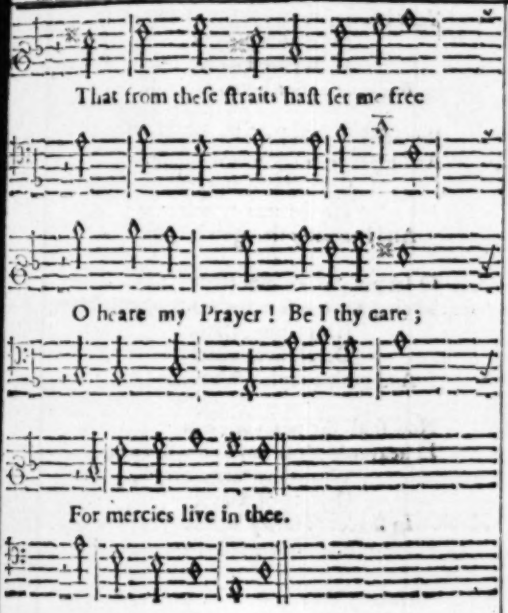
God



But thou art my Support, my Towre,
My Safetie, my choiſe Ornament.
Before thy Throne my Prayers I powre,
Heard from thy Sions high aſcent.
No feares affright my ſoft repoſe;
Thou my Night-watch, my Guard by day:
Not Myriads of armed Foes,
Nor Treaſons ſecret hands diſmay.
Ariſe; O vindicate my Cauſe!
My Foes, whom wicked Hate provoke,
Thou, Lord, haſt ſmit their cancred jawes,
And all their teeth aſunder broke.
Thou Lord, the onely Hope of thoſe,
Who thee with holy Zeale adore;
Whoſe all-protecting Armes incloſe
Their Safetie, who thy Aid implore.

PSALME IV.





You ſonnes of men, how long will you
Eclipſe my glory, and purſue
Lov'd vanities;
Delight in lies,
To Man, to God untrue?

Know, God my innocence hath bleſt,
And will with ſoveraignty inveſt
His gentle eare
Prepar'd to heare
My never vaine requeſt.

Sinne not, but feare; ſurceaſe, and trie

Your

Your hearts, as on your beds you lie :
Pure gifts preſent
With pure intent
And place your hopes on high.

But earthly Mindes falſe wealth admire,
And toyle with uncontrol'd deſire.
With cleare aſpect
Thy beames reflect,
And heavenly thoughts inſpire.

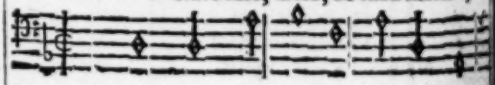
O let my joy, exempt from feares,
Their joyes transcend, when Autumne beares
His pleaſant wines
On cluſtred vines,
And graine repleniſh't eares.

Now ſhall the peacefull hand of Sleepe
In heavenly Deaw my ſenſes ſteepe ;
Whom thy large wings,
O King of Kings,
In ſhades of ſafety keepe.

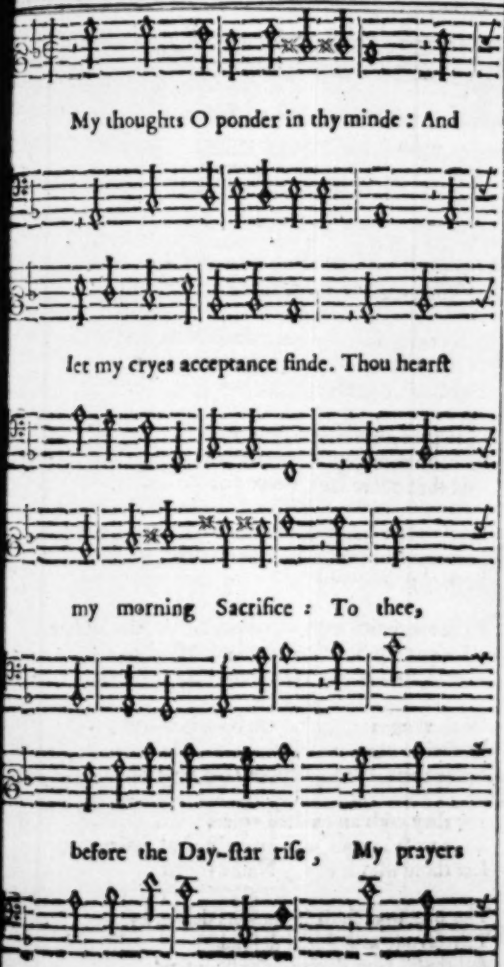
PSALME V

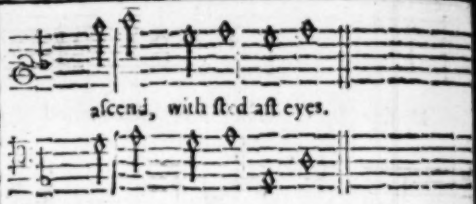
CANTUS.

O heare mee, Lord, be thou inclin'd,

BASSUS. 

My


My thoughts O ponder in thy minde : And
let my cryes acceptance finde. Thou hearſt
my morning Sacrifice : To thee,
before the Day-ſtar riſe, My prayers
aſcend



Thou lov'ſt no vice; none dwells with thee;
Nor glorious Fooles thy Beautie ſee;
All ſinne-defil'd deteſted bee.

Liars ſhall ſinke beneath thy hate;
Who thirſt for blood, and weave deceit,
Thy Rage ſhall ſwiftly ruinate.

I to thy Temple will repayre,
Since infinite thy Mercies are;
And thee adore with Feare and Praier.

My God, conduct me by thy Grace;
For many have my Soule in chaſe.
Set thy ſtrait Paths before my face.

Falſe are their tongues, their hearts are hollow,
Like gaping Sepulchers they ſwallow;
Fawne, and betray even thoſe they follow.

With vengeance girt theſe Rebels round;
In their owne counſels them confound;
Since their Tranſgreſſions thus abound.

Joy they with an exalted voice;
That truſt in thee, who guard'ſt thy Choice:
Let thoſe who love thy Name rejoyce.

Thy bleſſings ſhall in ſhowers deſcend;
Thy favour as a ſhield defend
All thoſe, who Righteouſneſſe intend.

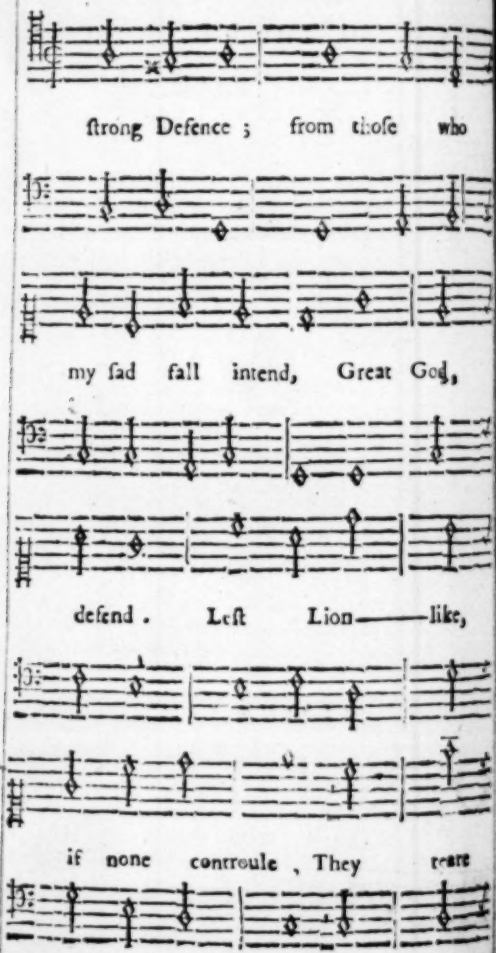
Psalme VI.

LOrd, thy deſerved Wrath aſſwage;
Nor puniſh in thy burning Ire;
Let Mercie mittigate thy Rage,
Before my fainting life expire.
O heale! my bones with anguiſh ake;
My penſive heart with ſorrow worne.
How long wilt thou my ſoule forſake
O pitie, and at length returne!
O let thy Mercies comfort me,
And thy afflicted Servant ſave!
Who will in death remember thee?
Or praiſe the in the ſilent Grave?
Vext by inſulting enemies,
My grones diſturbe the peacefull Night;
My bed waſht with my ſtreaming eyes:
Through griefe grown old, and dim of ſight:
All you of wicked life depart;
The Lord my God hath heard me cry:
He will recure my wounded heart,
And turne my teares to tides of joy.
Who hate me, let diſhonour wound,
Let feare their guiltie ſoules affright;
With ſhame their haughtie lookes confound,
And let them vaniſh from my ſight.

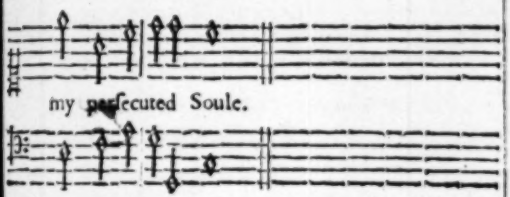
Psalme VII.

O Thou that art my Confidence, And

ſtrong


ſtrong Defence ; from thoſe who
my ſad fall intend, Great God,
defend . Leſt Lion——like,
if none controule , They teare

my



If I am guiltie ; if there be
Deceit in me ;
If ill I ever to my friend
Did but intend ;
Or rather have not ſuccour'd thoſe,
Who were my undeſerved foes :

Let them my ſtained Soule purſue,
With hate ſubdue ;
Let their proud feet in Triumph tread
Upon my head :
My life out of her manſion thruſt,
And lay my Honour in the duſt.

Againſt my dreadfull Enemies,
Great God, ariſe.
Juſt Judge, thy ſleeping Wrath awake,
And vengance take :
Then all ſhall Thee adore alone,
O King of Kings aſcend thy Throne.

Judge thou my foes ; as I am free,
So judge thou me. Part 3.
Declare thou my integritie ;
For thou do'ſt trie
The heart and reines : the Juſt defend ;
The malice of the Wicked end.

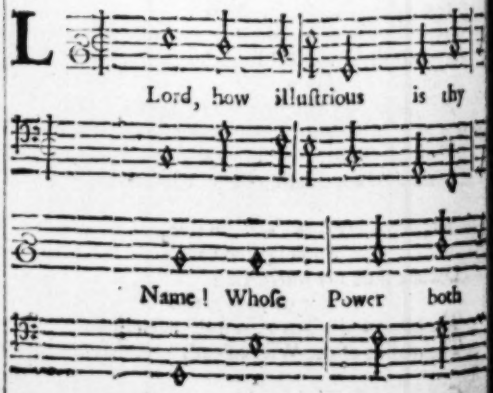
God is my ſheild; he helpe imparts
To ſincere hearts,

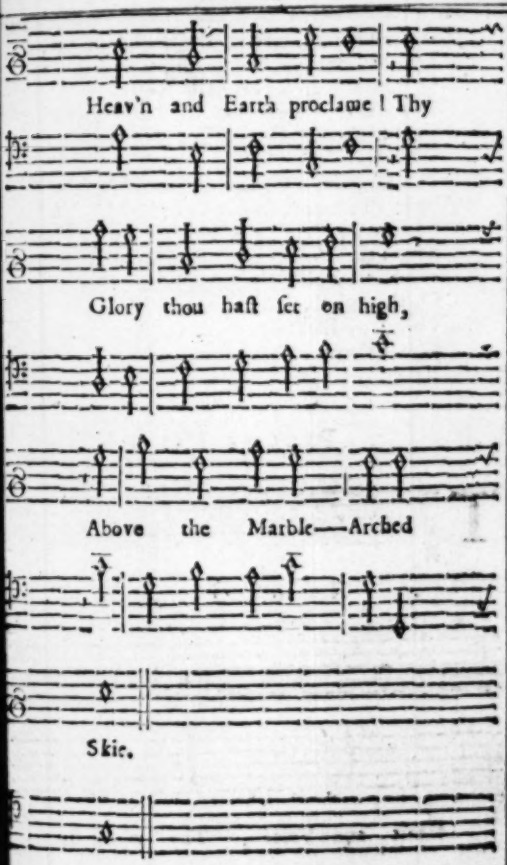
The good protects, but menaceth
The bad with death,
Nor will, unleſſe they change, relent:
He whets his ſword, his bow is bent.

Dire inſtruments prepared hath
Of deadly wrath:
And will at thoſe, who perſecute,
ſwift arrowes ſhoot:
Who wicked thoughts conceiv'd; now great
With Miſchiefe, travell; hatch Deceit.

Who digg'd a pit, firſt fell therein,
Caught by his ſinne;
On his owne head his outrage ſhall
Like ruines fall.
But I O thou eternall King,
Will of thy Truth and Juſtice ſing.

PSALME VIII.



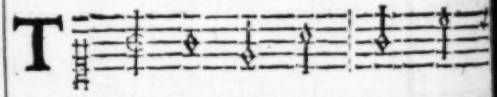


The wonders of thy power thou haſt
In mouthes of babes and ſucklings plac'd
That ſo thou might'ſt, thy foes confound,
And who in malice moſt abound.

When I pure Heaven, thy fabricke, ſee,
The Moone and Starres diſpos'd by thee;
O what is Man, or his fraile Race,
That thou ſhould'ſt ſuch a Shadow grace!
Next to thy Angels moſt renown'd;
With Majeſty and Glory crown'd:
The King of all thy Creatures made;
That all beneath his feet haſt laid:
All that on Dales or Mountaines feed,
That ſhady Woods or Deſerts breed;
What in the aierie Region glide,
Or through the rowling Ocean ſlide.
Lord, how illuſtrious is thy Name!
Whoſe Power both Heaven and Earth proclame.

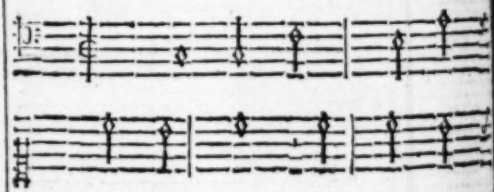
PSALME IX.

Cantus.

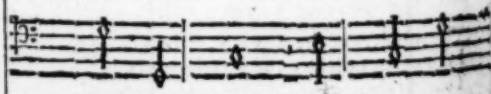


Hee will I prayſe with

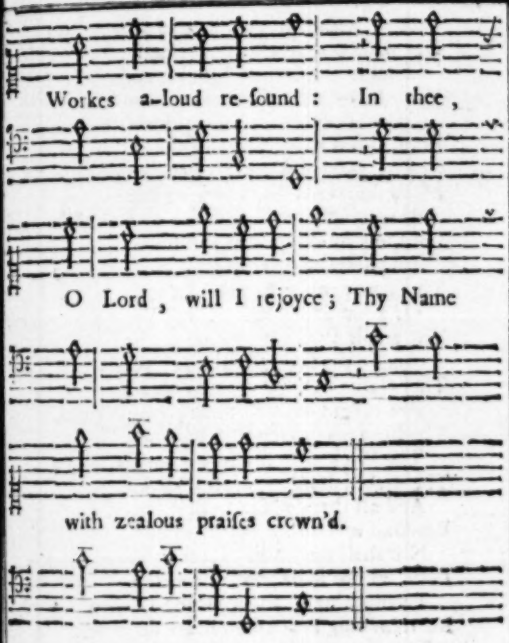
Baſſus



Heart and Voice, Thy wondrous



Work

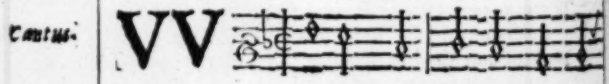


My Foes fell by inglorious flight,
Before thy terrible Aſpect ;
Thy powerfull Hands ſupport my Right ;
Thou Judgement juſtly doſt direct.
The proud are falln , the Heathen flie ;
Oblivion ſhall their names intombe :
Deſtruction O thou Enemie,
Hath now receiv'd a finall doome.
Thou Townes and Cities haſt deſtroy'd ;
Their memory with them decayes :
But God for ever ſhall abide,
And high his Throne of Juſtice raiſe.
A righteous Scepter ſhall extend ;

And Judgement distribute to all:
Hee will oppressed Soules defend,
Part. 2. That in the time of Trouble call.
Who know thy Name in thee will trust;
Thou never wilt forsake thine Owne.
Praise Sions King, O praise the Just,
And make his noble Actions knowne.
Bloud scapes not his revenging hand;
Hee vindicates the Poore mans Cause.
Lord, my insulting Foes withstand,
And draw me from Deaths greedy Jawes;
That I may in the Royall Gate
Of Sions Daughter raise my Voice;
Thy ample Praises celebrate,
And in thy saving health rejoyce.
They (falne into the Pit they made)
Are caught in Nets themselves prepar'd.
The Lord his Judgements hath display'd:
The Wicked in their workes insnar'd:
The wicked downe to Hell shall sinke,
And all that doe the Lord disdaine.
But God will on the Needy thinke;
Nor shall the Poore expect in vaine.
Lord, let not Man prevaile; arise;
Th'Insulting Heathen judge: O then
Let trembling Feare their heart surprize;
That they may know they are but Men.

PSALME X.

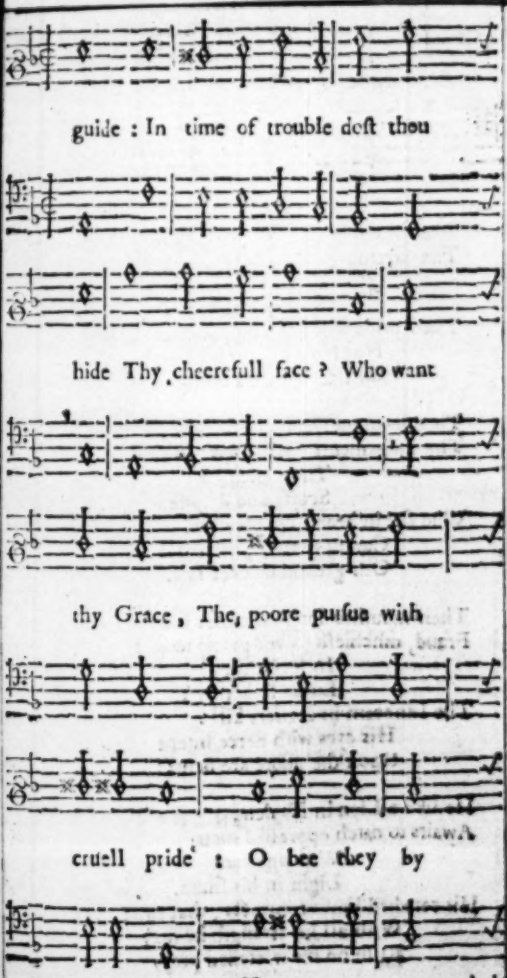
Cantus.

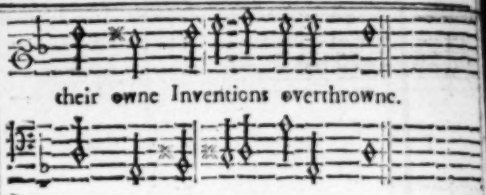


Withdraw not, O my God, my

Bassus.

guide


guide : In time of trouble deſt thou
hide Thy cheerefull face ? Who want
thy Grace , The poore purſue with
cruell pride : O bee they by



their owne Inventions overthrowne.

The wicked boast of their successe,
The covetous profanely blesse,
By thee, O Lord,
So much abhorr'd
Their pride will not thy power confesse;
Nor have thy favour sought,
Or had of thee a thought.

They in oppression take delight,
Thy Judgements farre above their sight:
Their enemies
Scoffe and despise
Who say in heart, No opposite
Can us remove, nor shall
Our greatnesse ever fall.

Their mouthes detested curses fill;
Fraud, mischiefe; ever prone to ill:
In secret they
Lurke to betray;
The Innocent in corners kill:
His eyes with fierce intent
Upon the poore are bent:

Psal. 2. He like a Lion in his den,
Awaits to catch oppressed men,
Who unaware
Light in his snare.
His couched limbs contracts, that then
With all his strength he may
Rush on his wretched prey.

His

His heart hath ſaid, God hath forgot,
He hides his face, he mindes it not.
Ariſe, O Lord,
Draw thy juſt ſword,
Nor out of thy remembrance blot
The poore and deſolate:
O ſhield them from his hate!

Why ſhould the wicked God deſpiſe,
And ſay he lookes with careleſſe eyes?
Their well ſeene ſpight
Thou ſhalt requite.
The poore, O Lord, on Thee relies;
Thou help'ſt the fatherleſſe,
Whom cruell men oppreſſe.

Aſunder breake the armes of thoſe,
Who ill, ſtiff, and good oppoſe:
Their crimes explore,
Untill no more
Lurke in their boſomes to diſcloſe.
Eternall King, thy Hand.
Hath chac'd them from thy Land.

Lord, thou haſt heard thy Servants prayer;
Thou wilt their humble hearts prepare;
Thy gracious Eare
Inclin'd to heare.
The Fatherleſſe, and worne with care
Judge thou, that Mortalls may
No more with outrage ſway.

PSALME XI.

At the 9.

MY God, on thee my hopes relie:
Why ſay they to my troubled Soule,
Ariſe, up to your Mountaine flie;
Flie quickly, like a chaced Foule?
For loe, the wicked bend their bowes,

Their

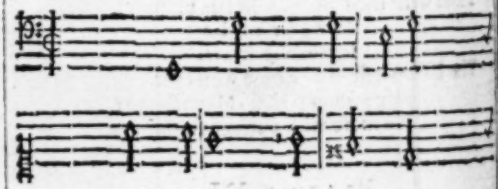
Their arrowes fitt with ſecret Art;
That cloſely they may ſhoot at thoſe,
Who are upright and pure in heart.
If their foundation bee deſtroy'd,
What can the Righteous build upon?
God in his Temple doth abide;
Heaven is the great Jehovah's Throne.
His Eyes behold, his Eye-lids trie
The Sonnes of men; allowes the beſt:
But ſuch as joy in crueltie
The Lord doth from his Soule deteſt.
Snares, horrid Tempeſt, Brimſtone, Fire
(Their portion) on their heads ſhall light;
Th'intirely Juſt affects th'Intire,
For ever precious in his ſight.

PSALME XII.

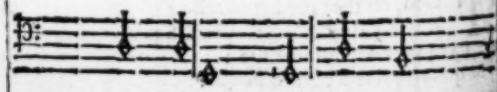
Cantus.

Elpe Lord, for Godly

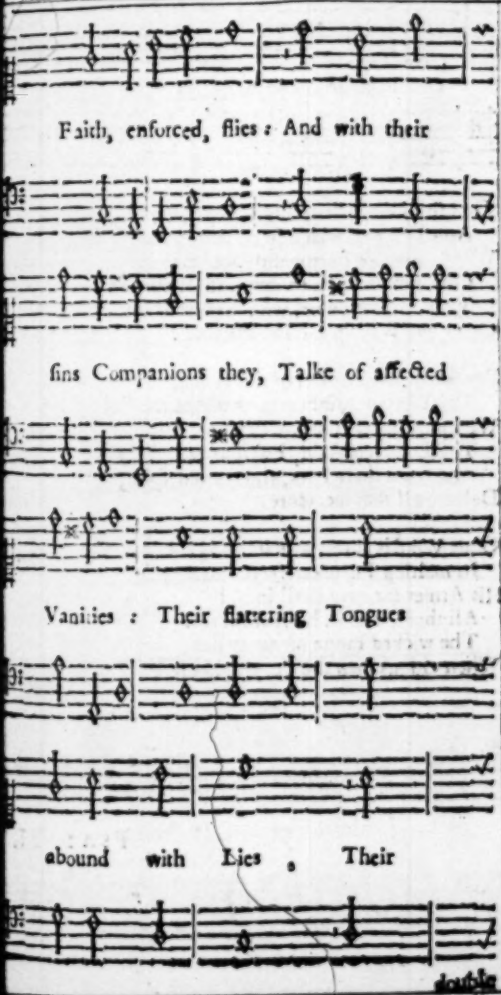
Baſſus.

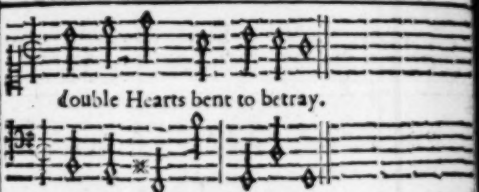


men decay; From Mortalls



Faith


Faith, enforced, flies : And with their
ſins Companions they, Talke of affected
Vanities : Their flattering Tongues
abound with Lies . Their
double



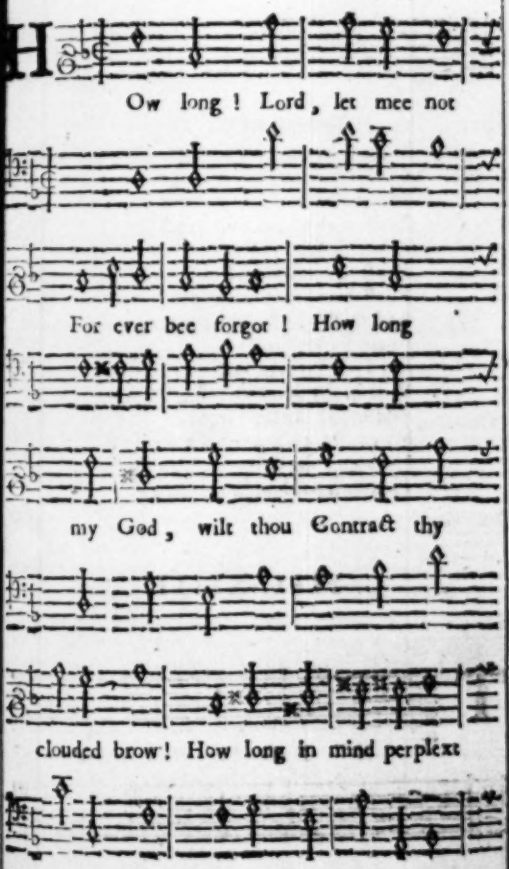
Double Hearts bent to betray.

God ſhall thoſe flattering Lips confound,
And Tongues which ſwell with proud Diſdaine:
Whoſe boaſtings arrogantly ſound;
Our Tongues the conqueſt ſhall obtaine;
They are our owne, who ſhall reſtraine?
Or to our Wills preſcribe a bound?

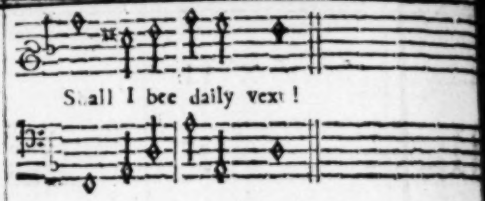
But for th'Oppreſſion of the Poore,
And Wretches ſighes which pierce the Skies,
Who pitie at his Throne implore,
The Lord hath ſaid, I will ariſe,
And from their Foes, who them deſpiſe,
Deliver all that me adore.

Gods Word is pure; as pure as Gold
In melting Furnace ſeven times try'd:
His Armes for ever ſhall infold
All thoſe, who in his truth abide.
The wicked range on every ſide,
When vitious men the Scepter hold.

Psal. XIII.

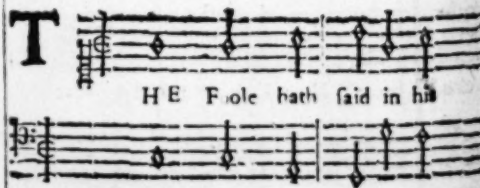


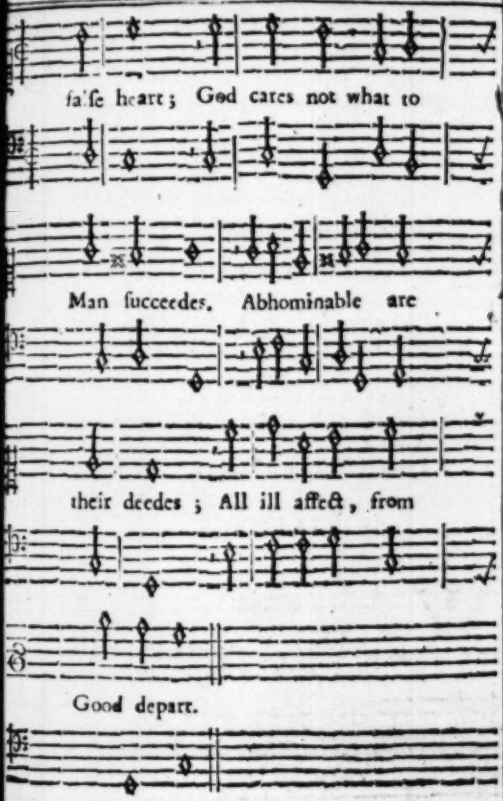
Shall



How long ſhall he controll,
Who perſecutes my ſoule !
Conſider, heare my cries ;
Illuminate mine eyes,
Leaſt with exhauſted breath
I ever ſleepe in Death ;
Leaſt my inſulting Foe
Boaſt in my overthrow ;
And thoſe who would deſtroy,
In my ſubverſion joy,
But I, Thou ever Juſt,
Will in thy Mercie truſt,
And in thy ſaving Grace
My conſtant Comfort place :
My Songs ſhall ſing thy Praiſe,
That haſt prolong'd my Dayes.

PSAL. XIIII.





Jehovah Mans rebellious Race
Beheld from his celeſtiall Throne;
To ſee if there were any one
That underſtood, or ſought his Face.

All

All from forſaken Truth are flowne,
Corrupt in Bodie, ſuch in Soule,
Defil'd within, without as foule,
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

Are all, that worke Iniquitie,
By Ignorance ſo blindly led?
My People they devoure like Bread?
Nor call on him who ſits on high.

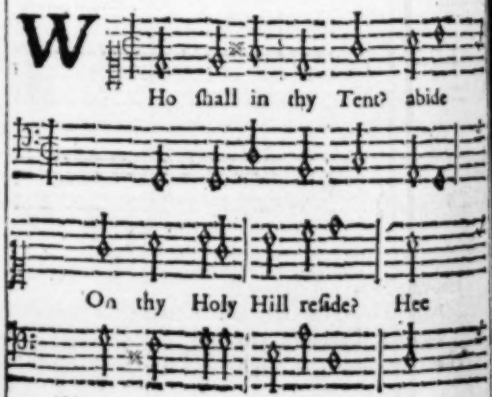
Their Conſciences with terrour quake,
For ſince God doth with the Juſt abide:
Poore mens Counſels they deride.
VVho him for their Protection take.

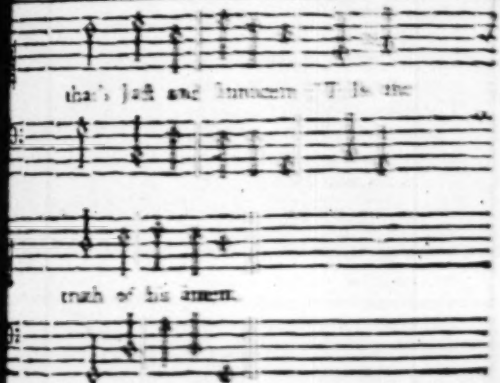
O that unto thy Iſrael
Salvation might from Sion Spring!
VVhen God ſhall us from Bondage bring,
No joy ſhall Jacobs joy excell.

PSALME XV.

Cantus.

Baſſus.




that's Just and Innocent; Tells the
truth of his ament.

Slanders none with venom's Tongue,
Frates to doe his Neighbour wrong,
Fosters not base Infamies,
Vice beholds with scarcefull Eyes,
Honours those who feare the Lord,
Keep a though to his losse, his word,
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to Use his Money lends:
Who by these directions guide
Their pure steps, shall never slide.

PSALME XVI.

PReserve me, my undoubted God;
To whom, thou, O my Soule, hast said,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor merit can extend to Thee,
But to thy blessed Saints that dwell
On Earth, whose Graces must excelle
Those ravish me with pure delight.
Their sorrowes shall be infinite,
Who other Gods with gifts adore;

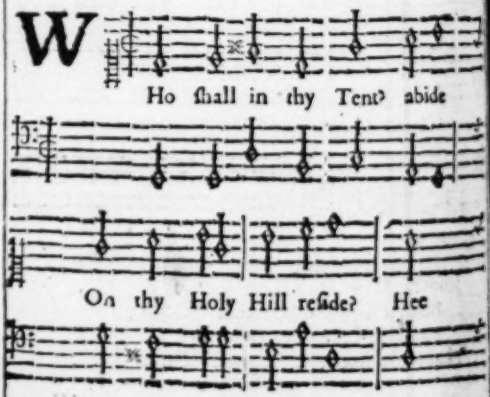
All from forsaken Truth are flowne,
Corrupt in Bodie, such in Soule,
Defil'd within, without as foule,
None Good indeavours, no, not One.

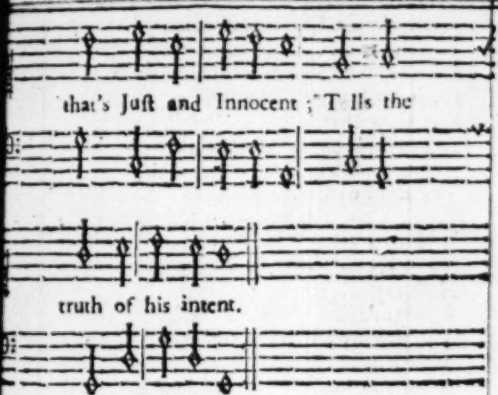
Are all, that worke Iniquitie,
By Ignorance so blindly led?
My People they devoure like Bread?
Nor call on him who sits on high.

Their Consciences with terrour quake,
For since God doth with the Just abide:
Poore mens Counsels they deride.
VVho him for their Protection take.

O that unto thy Israel
Salvation might from Sion Spring!
VVhen God shall us from Bondage bring,
No joy shall Jacobs joy excell.

PSALME XV.





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Feares to doe his Neighbour wrong,
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Vice beholds with ſcornefull Eyes,
Honours thoſe who feare the Lord,
Keep's, though to his loſſe, his word,
Takes no Bribes for wicked ends,
Nor to Uſe his Money lends:
VVho by theſe directions guide
Their pure ſteps, ſhall never ſlide.

PSALME XVI.

As the 8.

PReſerve me, my undoubted Aid:
To whom thou, O my Soule, haſt ſaid,
Thou art my God; no good in me,
Nor merit can extend to Thee,
But to thy bleſſed Saints that dwell
On Earth, whoſe Graces moſt excell:
Thoſe raviſh me with pure delight.
Their ſorrowes ſhall be infinite,
Who other Gods with gifts adore:

Their bloudie Offerings I abhorre;
Nor ſhall their Names my Lips profane,
But God my Lot will ſtill maintaine:
He is my Portion, he beſtowes
The Cup, that with his Bountie flowes,
I have a pleaſant Seat obtain'd,
A faire and large Poſſeſſion gain'd.
The Lord will I for ever praiſe,
Whoſe Counſels have inform'd my Wayes;
And my inflamed Zeale excite
To ſerve him in the ſilent Night.
He is my Object, by his Hand
Confirm'd, immoveable I ſtand.
Joy hath my Heart and Tongue poſſeſt:
My Fleſh in conſtant Hope ſhall reſt
Thou wilt not leave my Soule alone
In Hell, nor let thy Holy One
Corruption ſee: but that High-way
To Everlaſting Life diſplay.
Thy Preſence yeelds intire delight;
At thy Right hand Joyes infinite.

PSALME XVII.

As the 31.

LOrd, grant my juſt Requeſt; O heare my cric,
And Pray'rs that lips, untoucht wit guile, unfold;
My Cauſe before thy High Tribunall try,
And let thine Eyes my Righteouſneſſe behold.

Thou prov'ſt my Heart even in the Nights receſſe,
Like mettall try'ſt me, yet no Droſſe haſt found;
I am reſolv'd, my Tongue ſhall not tranſgreſſe;
But on thy Word will all my Actions ground.

So ſhall I from the Paths of Tyrants flie:
O, leſt I ſlip, direct my Steps by Thine!
I Thee invoke, for thou wilt heare my Crie:
Thine Eare to my afflicted Voice incline,

O shew thy wondrous Love! Thou from their Foes
Preserv'st all that on thy Ayd depend.
Lord, as the Apple of the Eye inclose,
And over me thy shadie Wings extend.

For Impious men, and such as deadly hate
My guiltlesse Soule, have compast me about; *Part 2.*
Who swell with Pride, inclos'd with their owne fat,
And words of contumely thunder out.

Our traced steps intrap as in a Toile;
Low-couched on the Earth with flaming Eyes;
Like famisht Lions eager of their Spoile,
Or Lions Whelps; close lurking to surprise.

Arise! prevent him, from his Glory hurl'd;
My pensive Soule, from the Devourer save:
From Men which are thy scourge, Men of the World,
Who in this Life alone their Portion have.

Fill'd with thy secret Treasure, to their Race
They their accumulated Riches leave:
But I with Righteousnesse shall see thy Face;
And rising, in thy Image, joy receive.

PSALME XVIII.

MY Heart on Thee is fix'd, my Strength, my Power, *As the 72.*
My steadfast Rock, my Fortresse, my high Tower,
My God, my Safetie, and my Confidence,
The Horne of my Salvation my Defence.
My Songs shall thy deserved Praise resound:
For at my Prayers thou wilt my Foes confound;
Sorrowes of Death on every side assail'd,
And dreadfull flouds of Impious men prevail'd;
Sorrowes of Hell my compast Soule dismayd;
And to intrap me, deadly Snares were layd.
In this Distresse I cry'd, and call'd upon
The Lord, who heard me from his Holy Throne.

He trembling Earth in his fierce Anger ſtrooke;
Th'unfixed rootes of aierie Mountaines ſhooke;
Smoke from his Noſtrils flew; devouring Fire
Breake from his Mouth; Coles kindled by his Ire.
In his Deſcent bow'd Heaven with Earth did meet,
And gloomy Darkeneſſe roll'd beneath his Feet,
A Golden-winged Cherubin beſtrid,
And on the ſwiftly flying Tempeſt rid.

Part 2. He darkeneſſe made his ſecret Cabinet;
Thick Fogs, and dropping Clouds about him ſet:
The Beames of his bright Preſence theſe expell;
Whence ſhowres of burning Coles and Haileſtones fell.
From troubled Skies loud claps of Thunder brake;
In Haile and darting Flames th'Almighty ſpake:
VVhoſe Arrowes my amazed Foes ſubdue,
And at their ſcatred Troups his Lightning threw
The Ocean could not his deepe Bottome hide,
The VVorlds conceal'd Foundations were deſcri'd
At thy rebuke Jehovah at the blaſt
Even of the breath which through thy noſtrils paſt.
He with extended armes his Servant ſaves,
And drew me ſinking from th'inraged waves:
From my proud Foes by his aſſiſtance freed,
VVho ſwolne with hate, no leſſe in ſtrength exceed:
VVithout his aid, I in that ſtormie Day
Of my aſſliction, had become their prey:
VVho from thoſe ſtraits of danger by his might
Enlarge my Soule; for I was his delight.

Part 3. The Lord according to my innocence,
And Juſtice, did his ſaving grace diſpence
The narrow Path by him preſcrib'd, I tooke;
Nor like the wicked, my Great God forſooke.
For all his Judgements were before mine eyes,
I with his ſtatutes daily did adviſe,
And ever walkt before him, void of guile:
No act or purpoſe did my ſoule defile.
For this he recompenc'd my righteouſneſſe
And crown'd my innocence with faire ſucceſſe;
The Merciſull ſhall flouriſh in thy Grace,
Thy Righteouſneſſe the Righteous ſhall embrace:

Thou

Thou to the pure thy purity wilt ſhow ;
And the perverſe ſhall thy averſeneſſe know.
For thou wilt thy afflicted People ſave ;
The proud caſt downe, downe to the greedy grave.
Thou Lord wilt make my taper to ſhine bright,
And cleare my darkeneſſe with celeſtiall Light.
Through Thee I have againſt an Hoſt prevail'd,
And by thy aid a loftie Bulwarke ſcal'd.
Gods Path is perfect, all his words are juſt, *Part 4.*
A ſhield to thoſe that in his promiſe truſt.
What God is there in Heaven or Earth but ours ?
What Rock but He againſt aſſailing Powers ?
Hee breath'd new ſtrength and courage in the day
Of Battell, and ſecurely cleer'd my way.
Hee makes my feete outſtrip the nimble Hinde,
Up to the Mountaines, where I ſafetie finde.
'Tis he that teacheth my weake hands to fight :
A Bow of ſteele is broken by their might.
Thou didſt thy ample Shield before me ſet,
Thy Arme upheld, thy Favour made me great.
The paſſage of my ſteps on every ſide,
Thou haſt inlarged, leſt my feete ſhould ſlide.
I followed, overtooke, nor made retreat,
Untill victorious in my foes defeat ;
So charg'd with wounds that they no longer ſtood,
But at my feete lay bathed in their blood.
Thou arm'ſt me with prevailing Fortitude,
And all that roſe againſt me haſt ſubdu'd :
Their ſtubborne necks ſubjected to my Will,
That I their blood, who hate my Soule, might ſpill.
They cry'd aloud ; but found no ſuccour neere :
To thee, Jehovah ; but thou would'ſt not heare.
I pounded them like duſt which Whirle-winds raiſe ; *Part 5.*
Trod under foote as dirt in beaten wayes.
From Popular Furie thou haſt ſet me free,
Among the Heathen haſt exalted me,
Whom unknowne Nations ſerve : as ſoone obey
As heare of me ; and yeeld unto my ſway.
The ſtranger-borne, beſet with horror, fled ;
And in their cloſe retreats betray their dread.

O praise the living Lord the Rocke whereon
I build; the God of my Salvation!
'Tis he who rights my wrongs; the People bends
To my Subjection; from my foe defends
Thou raisest me above their proud controule;
And from the violent Man hast freed my Soule.
The Heathen shall admire my Thankefullnesse:
My Songs shall thy immortall Praise expresse.
A great and manifold Deliverance
God gives his King: his mercie doth advance
In his Anointed; and will showre his grace
Eternally on David and his Race.

PSALME XIX.

As the 8.

GOds glory the vast Heavens proclame;
The Firmament his mightie Frame.
Day unto Day, and Night to Night
The wonders of his Workes recite.
To these nor speech nor words belong,
Yet understood without a Tongue.
The Globe of Earth they compasse round,
Through all the world dispersse their sound.
There is the Sunnes Pavillion set,
Who from his Rosie Cabinet
Like a fresh Bride-groome shewes his face,
And as a Giant runnes his race.
He riseth in the dawning East,
And glides obliquely to the West:
The World with his bright Raies replear;
All Creatures cherisht by his heat.
Gods Lawes are perfect, and restore
The Soule to life, even dead before.
His Testimonies, firmely true,
With Wisdome simple men indue.

Part 2.

The Lords Commandements are upright,
And feast the Soule with sweet delight.
His Precepts are all Puritie,
Such as illuminate the Eye,

The

The feare of God, ſoil'd with no ſtaine,
Shall everlaſtingly remaine.
Iehovah's Judgements are Divine;
With Judgement hee doth Juſtice joyne
Which men ſhould more then Gold deſire,
Then heaps of Gold refin'd by Fire:
More ſweet then Honey of the Hive,
Or Cells where Bees their Treaſure ſhive.
Thy Servant is inform'd from thence:
They, their Obſervers recompenſe.
Who knowes what his Offences be?
From ſecret ſinnes O cleanſe thou me!
And from preſumptuous Crimes reſtraine;
Nor let them in thy Servant reigne:
So ſhall I Live in Innocence,
Not ſpotted with that great Offence.
My Fortreſſe, my Deliverer;
O let the Prayers my Lips preferre,
And Thoughts which from my heart ariſe,
Be acceptable in thine Eyes.

PSALME XX.

THe Lord in thy Adverſitie *As the 7.*
Regard thy crie;
Great Jacobs God with Safetie arme,
And ſhield from harme:
Helpe from his Sanctuarie ſend,
And out of Sion thee defend.

Thy Odors, which pure flames conſume,
Be his Perfume.
May he accept thy Sacrifice,
Fir'd from the Skies.
For ever thy indeavours bleſſe,
And crowne thy Councells with ſucceſſe.

We will of thy Deliverance ſing,
Triumphant King:
Our Enſignes in that prayed-for Day

With Joy display ;
Even in the Name of God. O fulfill
May he thy Just Desires fulfill !

Now know I his Anointed Hee
Will heare, and free ;
With saving Hand and Mightie Power,
From his high Tower.
These trust in Horse, in Chariots those ;
Our trust wee in our God repose.

Their wounded limbs in anguish bend,
To Death descend :
But wee in fervour of the fight
Have stood upright.
O save us, Lord, thy Suppliants heare
And in our aid, Great King, appeare.

PSAL. XXI.

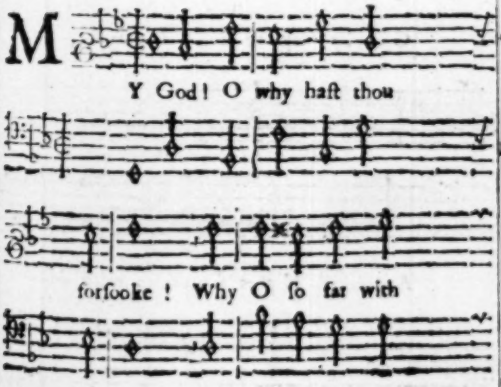
As the 15.

LOrd, in thy Salvation,
In the strength which thou hast showne;
Greatly shall the King rejoyce.
How will Joy exalt his Voyce !
Thou hast granted his requeſt,
Of his Hearts desire poſſeſt ;
Bleſt with Bleſſings manifold,
Crown'd with sparkling Gemmes and Gold.
Prai'd-for Life thou granted hast ;
Length of Dayes which never waste ;
By thy Safe-guard glorious made ;
With high Majestie array'd :
Of reſiſtleſſe Pow'r poſſeſt ;
By thy favours ever bleſt.
Lo ! his Joyes are infinite ;
Joy reflected from thy sight :
For the King in God did trust.
Through the Mercie of the Just,
Hee shall ever fixed stand.

For

For thy Hand, thy owne right Hand,
Shall thy Enemies deſtroy,
Who would in thy ruine joy.
When thy Anger ſhall awake,
Them a flaming Furnace make.
God ſhall ſwallow in his Ire,
And devoure them all with fire.
From the Earth deſtroy their Fruit,
Never let their Seede take root.
Miſchievous was their intent,
All their Thoughts againſt me bent;
Thoughts which nothing could performe.
Let thy Arrowes like a Storme,
Put them to inglorious flight,
On their daunted faces light.
Lord, aloft thy Triumphs raiſe,
While we ſing thy Power and Praiſe.

PSALME XXII.



With Joy display;
Even in the Name of God. O still
May he thy Just Desires fulfill!

Now know I his Anointed Hee
Will heare, and free;
With saving Hand and Mightie Power,
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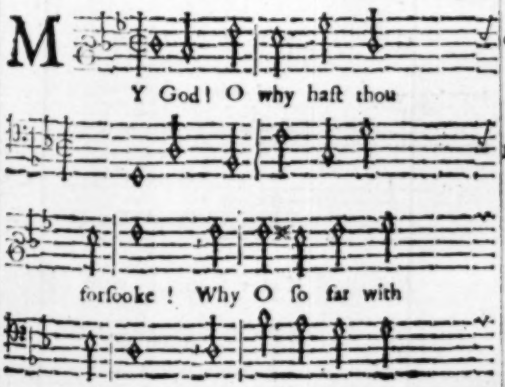


Strong Bulls of Baſhan girt me round ;
Who their inflaming mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'me ſpilt like water on the ground,
And all my Bones diſjoynted are.

My heart Like Wax within me thawes ;
My vigour as a Pot-ſheard dry'd :
My thirſtie Tongue cleaves to my Jawes ;
In duſt of Death thou do'ſt me hide :
Dogs compaſſe me on ev'ry ſide,
And multitudes, who hate thy Lawes.

My hands and feete transfixed are ;
Bones, to be told, with anguiſh waſte :
This ſcene with joy, my robes they ſhare ;
Lots on my ſeamleſſe garment caſt.
My Strength, to my redemption haſte !
Nor O be deafe to my ſad praire !

Let not thy Sword thy Servant wound ;
My Darling from the Dog protect :
From Lions that in rage abound ;
From Unicornes guard thy Elect.
I then my Brethren will direct ;
Among the Saints thy Praiſe reſound.

Part 3. O praiſe him you who feare the Lord ;
You Sons of Jacob, God adore ;
Let Iſraels Seed his praiſe record ;
For from their cryes who helpe implore,
His Face he hides not, nor the Poore
In their Affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great Aſſembly ſhall
Declare his works, which words exceed ;
And pay my Vowes before them all.
The Meeke aboundanaly ſhall feed ;
The Faithfull praiſe their Helpe at need,
Nor by the ſtroke of Death ſhall fall,

All

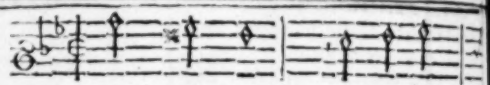
All who behold the Suns Vp-rise,
Shall God professe, and serve alone:
And all the Heathen Families
Shall cast themselves before his Throne;
Because the Kingdome is his owne:
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
Nor undeserved Honours gaine,
VVho poorely creepe upon the ground,
And scarce their needy lives sustaine;
Shall eat, and to his easie reigne
Submit, with joyes eternall crown'd.

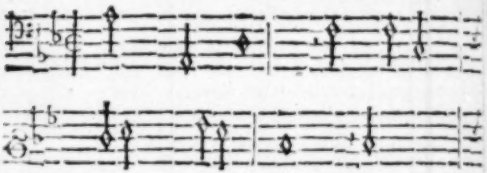
Their sanctifi'd Posteritie
Shall ever celebrate his Name;
Adopted Sons of the most High:
They shall his Righteousnesse proclame,
And Works of everlasting fame,
To their believing Progeny.

PSALME XXIII.

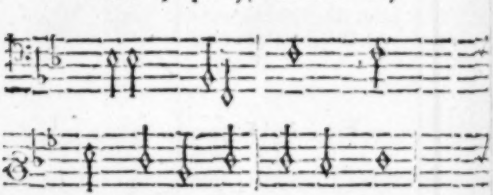
THE Lord my Shepheard, me his Sheepe *As the 8.*
Will from consuming Famine keepe.
He fosters me in fragrant Meads,
By softly-sliding waters leads,
My Soule refresht with pleasant juice:
And lest they should his Name traduce,
Then when I wander in the Maze
Of tempting Sinne, informes my wayes,
No terrour can my courage quaile,
Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vale;
By thy Protection fortifi'd:
Thy Staffe my Stay, thy Rod my Guide!
My Table thou hast furnished;
Powr'd pretious Odors on my head:
My Mazer flowes with pleasant Wine,
While all my Foes with envy pine.



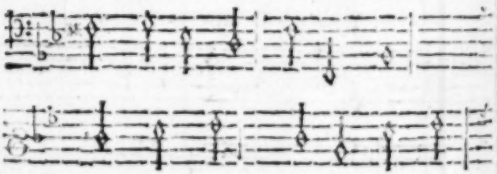
drawne thine Ayde! Nor when I



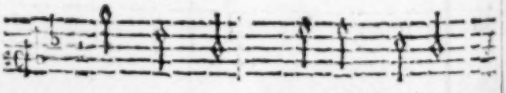
roared, pit-ty tooke! My



God by day to Thee I pray'd,



And when Nights Curtaines were d ſ-



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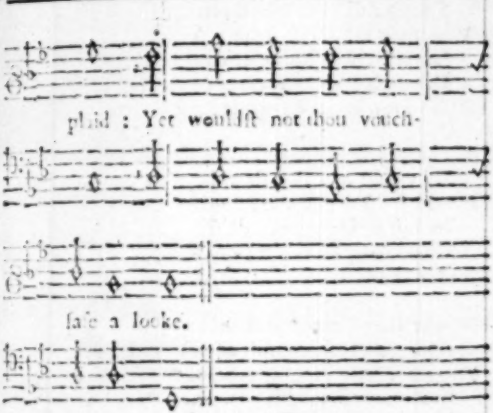


Yet thou art holy, thron'd on high,
The Iſraelites thy Praiſe reſound.
Our Fathers did on thee relye;
Their Faith with wreaths of Conqueſt crown'd:
They fought, and thy Deliverance found;
They truſted, and thy truth did trie.

But I, a worme, no man, am made
The ſcorne of men; deſpis'd by all:
Who ſhake their Heads, make mouths, upbraid.
Let God, ſay they, redeeme from thrall,
On whom thy Hopes ſo vainely call:
Now let him his beloved aid

Thou drew'ſt me from the wombe; by Thee
Confirmed at my Mothers breaſt:
When borne, Thou took'ſt the charge of mee;
Even from my Birth, my God protect.
O ſuccour me with feare diſtreſt!
Thou canſt alone thy Servant free.

Incenſed Bulls about me ſtare;

Strong

Strong Bulls of Baſhan girt me round ;
Who their inflaming mouths prepare,
Like ravenous Lions, to confound.
I'me ſpilt like water on the ground,
And all my Bones diſjoynted are.

My heart Like Wax within me thawes ;
My vigour as a Pot-ſheard dry'd :
My thirſtie Tongue cleaves to my Jawes ;
In duſt of Death thou do'ſt me hide :
Dogs compaſſe me on ev'ry ſide ,
And multitudes, who hate thy Lawes.

My hands and feete transfixed are ;
Bones, to be told, with anguiſh waſte :
This ſcene with joy, my robes they ſhare ;
Lots on my ſeamleſſe garment caſt.
My Strength, to my redemption haſte !
Nor O be deafe to my ſad praire !

Let not thy Sword thy Servant wound ;
My Darling from the Dog protect :
From Lions that in rage abound ;
From Unicornes guard thy Elect.
I then my Brethren will direct ;
Among the Saints thy Praiſe reſound.

Psal. 3. O praiſe him you who feare the Lord ;
You Sons of Jacob, God adore ;
Let Iſraels Seed his praiſe record ;
For from their cryes who helpe implore,
His Face he hides not, nor the Poore
In their Affliction hath abhorr'd.

I in the great Aſſembly ſhall
Declare his works, which words exceed ;
And pay my Vowes before them all.
The Meeke aboundantly ſhall feed ;
The Faithfull praiſe their Helpe at need,
Nor by the ſtroke of Death ſhall fall,

All

All who behold the Suns Vp-rise,
Shall God professe, and serve alone:
And all the Heathen Families
Shall cast themselves before his Throne;
Because the Kingdome is his owne:
For over all his Empire lies.

Who in prosperity abound,
Nor undeserved Honours gaine,
VVho poorely creepe upon the ground,
And scarce their needy lives sustaine;
Shall eat, and to his easie reigne
Submit, with joyes eternall crown'd.

Their sanctifi'd Posteritie
Shall ever celebrate his Name;
Adopted Sons of the most High:
They shall his Righteousnesse proclame,
And Works of everlasting fame,
To their believing Progeny.

PSALME XXIII.

THE Lord my Shepheard, me his Sheepe
Will from consuming Famine keepe. *As the 8.*
He fosters me in fragrant Meads,
By softly-sliding waters leads,
My Soule refresht with pleasant juice:
And lest they should his Name traduce,
Then when I wander in the Maze
Of tempting Sinne, informes my wayes,
No terrour can my courage quaile,
Though shaded in Deaths gloomy vale;
By thy Protection fortiff'd:
Thy Staffe my Stay, thy Rod my Guide!
My Table thou hast furnished;
Powr'd pretious Odors on my head:
My Mazer flowes with pleasant Wine,
While all my Foes with envy pine.

Thy

Thy Mercy and Beneficence
Shall ever joyne in my Defence
Who in thy Houſe will ſacrifice,
Till aged Time cloſe up mine eyes.

PSALME XXIV.

As the 8.

THE round and many people'd Earth,
With what from her wombe extract their birth,
And whom her foodfull breſt ſuſtaines,
Are his, who high in glory raignes
The Land in moving Seas hath plac'd
By ever-toiling Floods imbrac'd,
Who ſhall upon his Mountaine reſt?
Who in his Sanctuary feaſt?
Even he, whoſe hands are innocent;
His heart unſoil'd with foule intent;
Whom ſwoln Ambition, Avarice,
Nor tempting Pleaſures can intice:
Who only their infection feares;
And never fraudulently ſweares:
The Lord his Saviour him ſhall bleſſe
And cloth him with his Righteouſneſſe.
Such are of Jacobs faithfull Race,
Who ſeeke him, and ſhall find his Face.
You lofty Gates, your leaves diſplay;
You everlaſting Doores, give way;
The King of Glory comes. O ſing
His praiſe! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord in Strength, in Power compleat;
The Lord in battaile more then great.
You lofty Gates, your Leaves diſplay;
You everlaſting Doores give way,
The King of Glory comes O ſing
His praiſe! Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of Hoſt, of Victory,
Is King of glory, thron'd on high.

PSALME XXV.

ON Thee with Confidence I call,
To thee my troubled Soule erect:
Lord let not ſhame my looke deject,
Nor Malice triumph in my fall.
Thy Servants ſave, but thoſe confound,
Who innocence with ſlander wound. *As the 2.*

In thy diſcloſed paths direct,
Thy truth, that leading Starre, diſplay:
O my Redeemer! every day
My dangers thy reliefe expect.
Thinke of thy Mercies ſhowne of old;
Thy Mercies more then can be told.

The ſinnes of my unbridled Youth,
Nor fraile tranſgreſſions call to minde:
Let thoſe that ſeeke thy mercie finde,
Even for the honour of thy Truth.
God, ever juſt and good, the way
Of life will ſhew to ſuch as ſtray.

The meeke in righteouſneſſe ſhall guide;
To ſuch his Heavenly Will expreſſe:
Which ſhall with truth and mercie bleſſe
All ſuch as in his Laws abide.
My ſinnes, ſo numerous and great
O for thy honour, Lord, forget!

What's he who feares the ever-Bleſt? *Pſal. 2.*
To him ſhall hee his paths diſcloſe:
His Soule refreſh't with calme repoſe,
The Land by his faire Race poſſeſt:
To him his Counſels ſhall impart,
And ſeale his Covenants in his heart.

On thee with fixed Eyes I wait;

My feet inlarge thou from their ſnares.
O pittie me ſo worne with cares,
Deſpiſed, poore, and deſolate!
The troubles of my mind increaſe;
Lord from their galling yoke releaſe!

Behold thou my affliction,
The toile and ſtraits, wherein I live?
My ſinnes, ſo infinite, forgive.
Behold my Foes, how potent growne!
How are they multiplí'd of late,
Who hate me with a deadly hate!

Deliver, O! from ſhame protect,
Since from my Faith I never ſwerve:
Let Innocence and Truth preſerve,
Who conſtantly thy aid expect.
Redeeme thy choſen Iſrael,
And ſorrow from his breſt expell.

PSALME XXVI.

As the 4.

LOrd, judge my cauſe: thy piercing Eye
Beholds my Soules integritie.
How can I fall,
When I, and all
My hopes on thee relie?

Examine, try my reines and heart;
Thou, Mercies Source, my object art:
Nor from thy Truth
Have I in Youth,
Or will in age depart.

Men ſold to ſinne offend my ſight;
I hate the two-tongu'd Hypocrite:
Thoſe who deviſe
Malitious lies,
And in their crimes delight.

But

But will, with hands immaculate,
And offering, at thy Alter wait:
Thy Praise disperse
In gratfull verse,
Thy Noble Acts relate.

Thy House, in my esteeme, excels;
The Mansion where thy Glory dwels,
My life O close
Not up with those,
Whose sinne thy Grace expels!

Who gul lesse blood with pleasure spill:
Subverting bribes their right hands fill,
Bold in offence.
But Innocence
And Truth shall guard me still.

Redeeme, O with thy Grace sustaine!
My feet now stand upon the plaine.
Thy Justice I
Will magnifie,
With those who feare thy Name.

PSALME XXVII.

GOd is my Saviour my cleare light: As the 10
Who then can my repose affright?
Or what appeare
Worth such a feare,
My life protected by his might?
Vaine hatred, vaine their power,
That would my life devoure.

These fell, when they against me fought:
The wicked suffer'd what they sought:
Though troopes of foes
At once inclose,
Of feare I would not lodge a thought:

Should Armies compaſſe me;
So confident in thee.

One thing I have and ſhall requeſt;
That I may in thy Manſion reſt,
Till Death ſurprize
My cloſing eyes:
That they may on thy beauty feaſt;
That in thy Temple ſtill
I may enquire thy Will.

When ſtormes ariſe on every ſide,
He will in his Pavillion hide:
How ever great,
In that retreat
I ſhall conceal'd and ſafe abide.
He, to reſiſt their ſhocke,
Hath fixt me on a Rocke.

Now is my head advanc'd, renown'd
Above my foes, who girde me round,
That in my Tent
I may preſent
My ſacrifice with Trumpets ſound:
There I thy praiſe will ſing,
Set to a well-tun'd ſtring.

Part 2. O heare thou my afflicted cry,
Extend thy pitty, and reply.
When thus the Lord
In ſweet accord;
Seeke thou my Face with ſearching Eye.
Directed by thy Grace,
Lord I will ſeeke thy Face.

Thy Face O therefore never hide!
Nor in thine anger turne aſide
From him that hath
Serv'd thee with faith:
Forſake me not, my ancient Guide,

So oft in dangers knowne:
O leave me not alone.

Although my Parents ſhould forſake;
Yet, Lord, thou would'ſt to Harbour take.
O Leſt I ſtray
Teach me thy Way,
And in thy Precepts perfect make:
Becauſe my enemies
Watch like ſo many Spies.

Expoſe me not to their deſire;
For lying witneſſes conſpire,
Who in their breath
Beare Wrath and Death.
My Soule had ſunke beneath their ire,
But that I did relye
On thy benignity.

In hope to ſee (within the Land
Of thoſe that live) thy ſaving hand.
He ſhall impart
Strength to thy heart.
Wait on the Lord, undaunted ſtand;
His heavenly Will attend,
Who timely aid will ſend.

PSALME XXVIII.

MY God, my Rocke, regard my Crie;
Leſt I unheard, like thoſe that die,
In ſhades of darke Oblivion lie. *As the 5.*

To my aſcending Griefe give eare,
When I my hands devoutly reare
Before my Mercie-ſeat with feare

With wicked men mix not my Fate,

Nor drag me with the Reprobate,
Who speake of Peace, but foster hate.

Such be their workes, their dire intent,
And practices to circumvent;
Such be their dreadfull punishment.

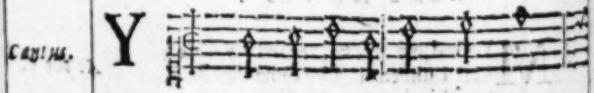
Since they will not thy Choice renown,
But hate whom thou intendst to crown;
O build not up, but pull them down!

He hearet; his Name be magnifi'd!
My Strength, secur'd on every side,
Since all my hope on him rely'd.

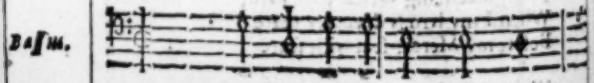
These Seas of Joy my teares devoure.
My Songs shall celebrate thy Power,
O thou that art to thine a Tower.

O thou my strong Deliverance,
Thy People, thine Inheritance,
Bless, feed, preserve, and still advance.

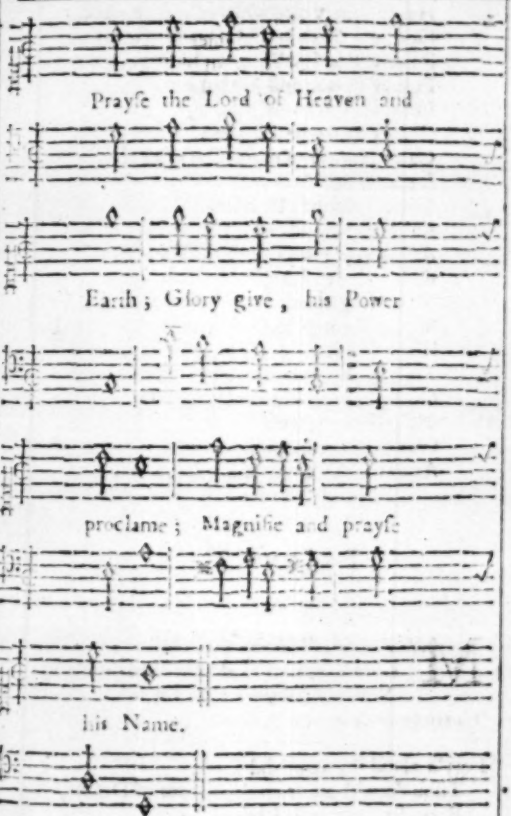
PSALME XXIX.



Ou that are of Princely Byrth,



Praise



Worſhip, in the Beautie bleſſe,
Beautie of his Holineſſe.
From a darke and ſhowring Cloud,
On the floods that roare aloud,

Harke! his Voice with terrour breakes:
God, our God in Thunder speakes.
Powerfull in his Voice on high,
Full of Power and Majestie:
Lofty Cedars overthrowne,
Cedars of steepe Libanon,
Calfe-like skipping on the ground.
Libanon and Sirion bound,
Like a youthfull Unicorne;
Lab'ring Clouds with Lightning torne.
At his Voice the Desert shakes;
Kadish thy vast Desert quakes.
Trembling Hinds then calve for feare;
Shadie Forrests bare appeare:
His renowne by every tongue
Through his holy Temple sung.
He the raging Floods restraines:
He a King for ever reignes.
God his People shall increase,
Arme with Strength, and blesse with Peace.

PSALME XXX.

As the 14

MY Verse shall in thy praises flow:
Lord thou hast rais'd my head on high;
Nor suffered the proud Enemie
To triumph in my overthrow.

I cry'd aloud thy arme did save;
Thou drew'st me from the shades of Death,
Repealing my exiled breath.
When almost swallow'd by the Grave.

You Saints of his, oh sing his praise!
Presents your Vowes unto the Lord;
His perfect Holinesse record,
Whose Wrath but for a moment stayes.

His

His quickning Favour life beſtowes:
Teares may continue for a night;
But Joy ſprings with the Morning Light;
Long-laſting Joyes, ſoone-ending Woes.

In my Proſperitie I ſaid, *Pſal. 2.*
My feet ſhall ever fixt abide:
I, by thy favour fortifi'd,
Am like a ſtedfaſt Mountaine made.

But when thou hid'ſt thy cheerfull Face;
How infinite my Troubles grew!
My cries then with my griefe renew,
Which thus implor'd thy ſaving Grace:

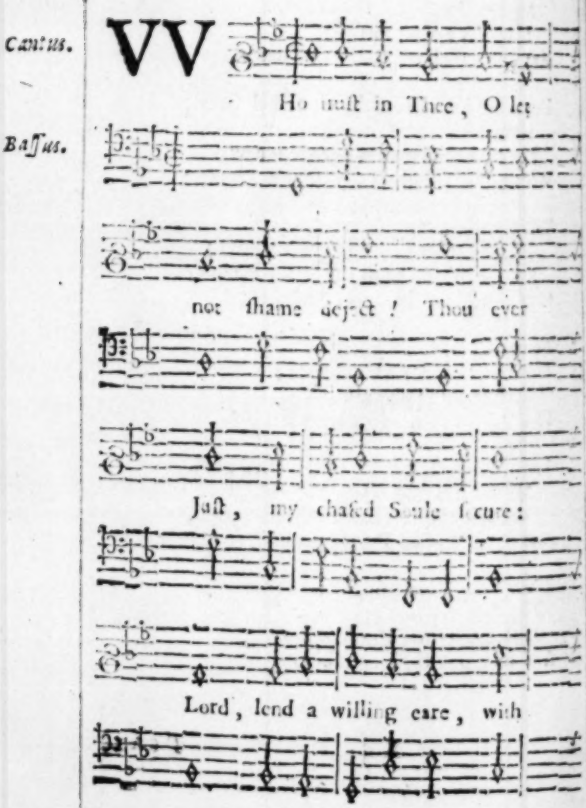
What profit can my bloud afford;
When I ſhall to the Grave deſcend?
Can ſenſeleſſe Duſt thy Praiſe extend?
Can Death thy living Truth record?

To my Complaints attentive be;
Thy mercie in my aid advance:
O perfect my Deliverance,
That have no other Hope but Thee!

Thou, Lord, haſt made th'Afflicted glad;
My Sorrow into Dauncing turn'd:
The Sack-cloth torne wherein I mourn'd,
And me in Tyrian Purple clad:

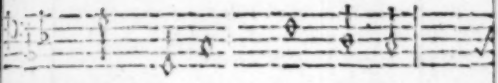
That ſo my Glorie might proclame
Thy Favours in a joyfull Verſe;
Unceſſantly thy Praiſe rehearſe,
And magnifie thy ſacred Name,

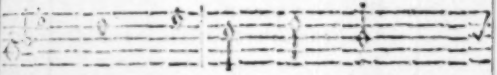
PSAL. XXXI.



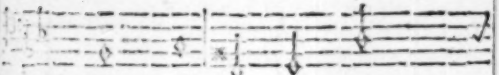
ſpeede

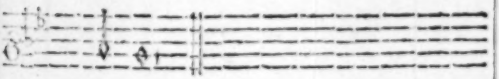
ſpeede protect ; Bee thou my





Rock ; with thy ſtrong Arme





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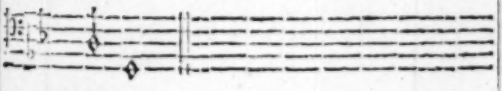


My Rock, my Fortreſſe, for thy Honour aid,
And my ingaged feet from Danger guide:
Pull from their ſubtile Snares in ſecret laid,
O thou my onely Strength ſo often try'd.

To thy ſafe hands my Spirit I commend,
O my Redeemer, O thou God of Truth.
Who lies invent, or unto Idols bend,
I have abhorr'd, but lov'd Thee from my Youth.

I will rejoyce, and in thy Mercie boaſt,
That in his trouble wouldſt thy Servant know:
Deliver, when in expectation loſt;
Nor yeeld him to the Triumph of his Foe.

Part 2.

Now helpe the Comfortleſſe: my Sight decayes,
My Spirits faint, my Fleſh conſumes with care:
My life is ſpent with griefe, in ſighes my Dayes;
My Strength through Sin diſſolves, my Bones impare.

To all my Foes I am a ſcorne;
Nor leaſt to thoſe, who ſeem'd in love moſt neare:
By all my late familiar friends forlorne;
Who when they meet me turne aſide for feare.

Forgot like thoſe who in the grave abide,
And, as a broken veſſell, paſt repaire:
Traduc'd by many, (feare on every ſide)
Who counſell take, and would my life inſnare.

But, Lord, my Hopes are on thee fixt: I ſaid,
Thou art my God; my Dayes are in thy Hand:
Againſt my furious Foes oppoſe thy Aid;
And thoſe, who perſecute my Soule, withſtand.

O let thy Face upon thy Servant ſhine;
Save for thy Mercies ſake, from ſhame defend.
Shame cover thoſe who keepe no Lawes of thine;
And undeplored to the Grave deſcend.

Part 3.

The lying lips in endleſſe ſilence cloſe,
That with deſpite and pride traduce the Juſt.
What Joy haſt thou reſerv'd! what wrought for thoſe,
(In ſight of all) who feare, and in thee truſt!

Thoſe ſhalt thou in thy ſecret Preſence hide
From their Oppreſſors violence and wrongs;
They in thy cloſe Pavillion ſhall abide,
Secured from the ſtrife of envious Tongues.

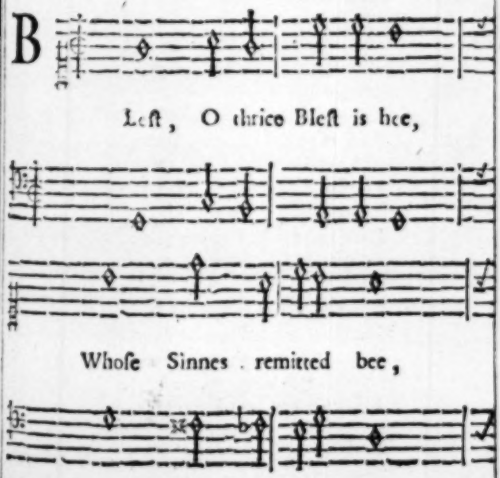
Bleſt

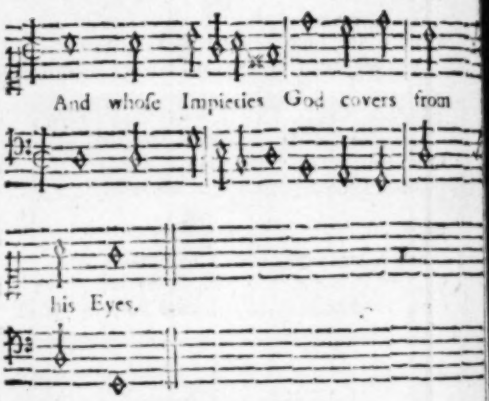
Blest he! who in a walled City hath
To me his wonderfull affection shown.
I rashly said, I am the foode of Wrath;
Cut off, for ever, from his Presence thrown.

Yet Thou, O ever blessed, hearkst my Prayer,
When to thy Mercy I adresse my Cry.
O love the living Lord, all you that are
His chosen Saints, and on his Aid relie:

For he the Faithfull ever will preserve;
And render to the Proud their full deserts.
Courageous bee all you, who hope, and serve
The Lord of life, who will confirm your hearts.

Psalme XXXII.





To whom his Sinnes are not
Imputed, as forgot:
His Soule with guile unſtain'd.
While ſilent I remain'd,
My bones conſum'd away,
I rored all the day:
For on me day and night
Thy Hand did heavie light.
My moiſture dri'd throughout,
Like to a Summers drought.
I then my Sinnes confeſt,
How farre I had tranſgreſt:
When all I had reveal'd,
Thy Hand my Pardon ſeal'd.
For this, who Godly are
Shall ſeeke to Thee by Prayre;
Seeke, when thou mayſt be found,
In Deluges undrown'd.
Thou art my ſafe Retreat,
My Shield when dangers threat,
Shalt my Deliverance
With Songs of Joy advance.

I will

I will instruct, and show
The way which thou should'st go;
The way to Pietie,
And guide thee with mine eye.
Be not like Mule and Horse,
Whose reason is their Force;
Whose mouth the Bit and Reine,
Lest they rebell, restraine.
Innumerable Woes
The Wicked shall inclôse:
But those who God affect,
His Mercy shall protect.
O you who are upright,
In God your God delight:
You Just, his blessed Choice,
In Him with Songs rejoyce.

PSALME XXXIII.

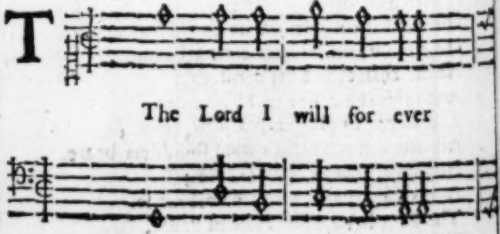
TO God, you Just, your Voices raise,
It you beseemes to sing his Praise.
O celebrate the King of kings
On Instruments strung with ten Strings:
To Harpe and Lute new Ditties sing;
Sing loud with skilfull fingering.
His words are crown'd by their event,
And all his Works are permanent.
Justice and Judgement he affects:
His Bountie upon all reflects.
His word the arched Heav'ns did frame;
His Breath, the Starres eternall Flame.
He the collected Seas confines,
And folds the deepe in Magazines.
The Lord, O all you Nations, feare;
All whom the Earths round shoulders beare.
He spake, 'twas done as said;
At his Commandment stedfast made.
The People counsell take in vaine,
Their Projects no successe obtaine.

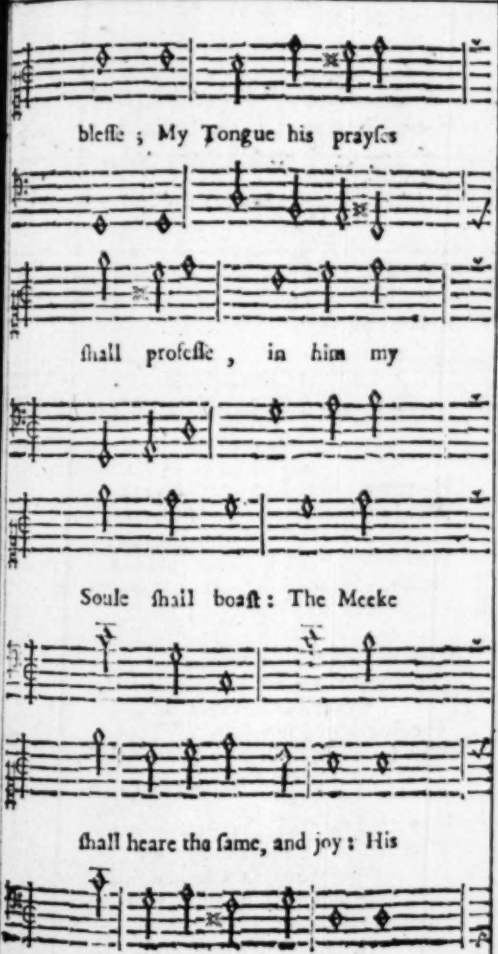
As the 8.

The

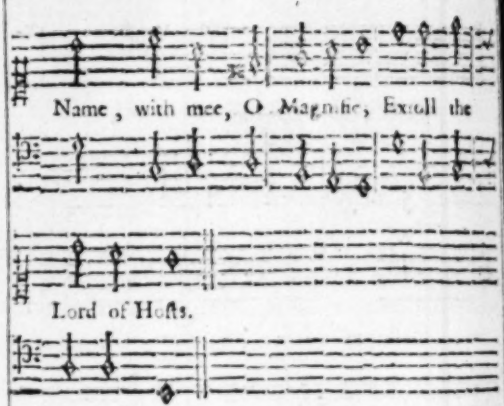
The Councels of the Lord are sure,
His Purposes no Change endure.
Blest they, whose God Jehovah is,
The Nation set apart for his.
The Lord lookes from the lofty Skies;
On carefull Mortals casts his Eyes:
The Lord lookes from his Residence;
The Sonnes of men beholds from thence.
He fashioned their hearts alone:
To him their Thoughts and deeds are knowne.
No King is saved by an Host;
No Giant in his strength should boast:
There rests no Safetie in a Horse;
None are delivered by his force.
Gods eyes are ever on the Just,
Who feare, and in his Mercie trust;
To free their Soules from swallowing Earth,
And keepe alive in time of Dearth.
Our fervent Soules on God attend,
Our helpe, who onely can defend:
In whome our Hearts exult for joy;
Because wee on his Name relie.
Great God to us propitious bee,
As we have fixt our Hopes on thee.

PSALME XXXIV.




bleſſe ; My Tongue his prayſes
ſhall profeſſe , in him my
Soule ſhall boaſt : The Meeke
ſhall heare the ſame, and joy : His

Name



My prayers aſcending pierc't his eare,
Who ſnatcht me from thoſe ſtormes of feare.
The Meeke who God expect,
Who flow to him like living Brookes,
Shame never ſhall diſtaine their lookes,
Nor with foule guilt infect.

This Wretch in his adverſitie
(Then men ſhall ſay) to God did crie,
Whoſe Mercie him ſecur'd.
The Angels of Jehovah thoſe,
Who feare him, with their Tents incloſe,
By ſtrength divine immur'd,

How good our God, O taſte and ſee!
Who truſt in him thrice happie bee;
You Saints, O feare him ſtill;
Such feele no want; the Lions rore
For hunger; but who God implore,
He ſhall with Plentie fill.

Come

Come children, with attention heare,
I will inſtruct you in his feare. *Part 2.*
What man delights in life?
Seekes to live happily and long?
From evill guard thy warie tongue,
Thy lips from fraud and ſtrife.

Doe good and wicked deeds eſchew;
Seeke ſacred Peace, her ſteps purſue.
Gods Eyes are on the Juſt;
Their cries his open Eare attends:
But on the Bad his wrath deſcends,
Their Names reduc'd to duſt.

He heares the righteous, and their crie;
Preſerv'd in their adverſitie:
A broken heart affects,
And Soules contrite which in him truſt.
Great are the afflictions of the Juſt;
But He in all protects.

Keepes every bone of theirs intire:
The Wicked ſwallowes in his Ire,
And who the righteous hate.
The Lord his Servants ſhall redeeme,
Thoſe ever deare in his eſteeme,
Who on his promiſe wait.

PSALME XXXV.

LOrd, plead my cauſe againſt my foes;
With ſuch as fight againſt me, fight: *As the 35*
Ariſe, thy ample Shield oppoſe,
And with thy Sword defend my right.
Addreſſe thy Speare; thoſe in their way
Encounter, who my Soule invade:
To her, O let thy Spirit ſay,
I am thy God and ſaving Aid.

Let those, who my disgrace contrive,
Hang downe their heads for flight design'd:
Who seeke my fall let Angels drive
Like Chaffe before the blustring Wind.
Obscure and slippery be their path;
Let winged Troups pursue their toile;
Since they for me with causelesse wrath
Have dig'd a pit, and pitch't a Toile.
Let sodaine ruine them destroy;
Methit in the Nets themselves had laid:
Then in the Lord my Soule shall joy,
And glory in his timely aide.
My Bones shall say, O who like thee,
That arm'st the Weake against the Strong!
That dost the Poore and Needy free
From outrage; and too powerfull wrong!
False witnesses against me stood,
Who unknowne accusations brought:
That Evill rendered for Good,
And closely my confusion sought.
I in their sicknesse did condole;
Unfainedly in Sack-cloth mourn'd.
With fasting humbled my sad Soule,
And often to my Prayers return'd;
Him visited both Night and Day,
As if an ancient Friend or Brother:
In Blacke upon the Earth I lay,
And wept as for my dying Mother.
Yet these rejoyced in my woe;
False Comforters, about me crowd:
And least I should their cunning know,
They rent their Clothes, and cry'd aloud.
Like Hypocrites at Feasts, they jeere;
Whose gnashing teeth their hate professe:
O Lord, how long wilt thou forbeare,
And onely looke on my distresse?
O save from those who smile, and kill;
My Darling from the Lions jawes:
I in the great Assembly will
Then praise thy Name with full applause,

Let

Let not my cauſeleſſe Enemies
Rejoyce in my afflicted State:
Nor winke at me with ſcornefull eyes,
Who ſwell with undeſerved hate.
Of Peace they ſpeake not; rather they
The peaceable with fraud purſue:
Who wry their mouths at me, and ſay,
Ha, Ha! our eyes thy ruine view.
This ſeene, O ſtand no longer mute;
Nor, Lord, deſert my Innocence.
Awake, ariſe: O proſecute
My Cauſe, and plead in my defence.
With Juſtice Judge: nor let them ſay
In triumph; wee our wiſh poſſeſſe:
Nor in their mirthfull hearts, Ha, Ha!
W'have ſwallow'd him in his diſtreſſe.
Wrath and confuſion ſeaſe on thoſe,
Who in my tribulation joy:
Let them who glory in my woes,
Be cloth'd with ſhame and infamy.
Let thoſe eternally rejoyce,
Who favour and aſſiſt my right:
For ever with exalted voyce
The goodneſſe of our God recite,
And ſay, O magnifie his Name,
Who glories in his ſervants peace.
My tongue his Juſtice ſhall proclaime,
Not ever in his praiſes ceaſe.

Part 3.

Psalme XXXVI.

When I the bold Tranſgreſſor ſee,
My thoughts thus whiſper unto me,
He never feard the Lord:
He ſmooths himſelfe in his owne eyes,
Till his ſecure impieties
Become of all abhorr'd.

Their words are vaine and full of guile;

They Wiſdome from their hearts exile ;
Forſaken Vertue hate :
Who miſchiefe on their beds contrive ;
Through by-wayes to bad ends arrive,
And vices propagate.

Thy Mercy, Lord, is thron'd on high ;
And thy approv'd Fidelity
The loftie Skie tranſcends :
Thy Juſtice like a Mountaine ſteepe,
Thy Judgements an unfathom'd Deepe ;
Who man and beaſt defends.

O Lord, how precious is thy Grace !
The ſonnes of men, their comfort place,
Beneath thy ſhady wings :
They with thy Houſhold dainties ſhall
Be fully ſatisfi'd, and all
Drinke of thy pleaſant Springs.

For O ! from thee the Fountaine flowes,
Which endleſſe Life on thine beſtowes ;
Inlightned with thy Light.
On ſuch as know thee ſhowre thy Grace ;
O let thy Juſtice thoſe embrace,
Who are in heart upright.

Let not the feet of Pride defeat ;
Nor ſuch as are in miſchiefe great
My guiltleſſe Soule ſurprize.
The workers of iniquity
Are falne like Meteors from the skie :
Caſt downe, no more to riſe.

PSALME XXXVII

Act be 1. VEx not thy ſelfe at the impiety
Of wicked men, nor their fraile height enry.

For they ſhall ſoone be mow'd, like Summers Hay,
And as the verdure of the Herbe decay.
Truſt thou in God; doe good, and long in peace
Poſſeſſe the Land; refreſht by her increaſe.
Be He thy ſole delight; He ſhall inſpire
Thy raiſed thoughts, and grant thy hearts deſire
Relye, and to his care thy wayes commend,
Who will produce them to a happy end,
He ſhall thy Juſtice, like the Light diſplay,
And make thy Judgement as the Height of Day,
Reſt on the Lord, and patiently attend
His Heavenly Will: nor let it thee offend,
Becauſe the wicked in their courſes thrive;
And proſprouſly at their deſires arrive.
Abſtaine from anger, deadly wrath eſchew:
Nor fret thou, leſt ill Deeds ill Thoughts purſue.
God will cut off the Bad, the Faithfull bleſſe;
Who ſhall the ever-fruitfull Land poſſeſſe.
After a while th'Unjuſt ſhall ceaſe to be;
Thou ſhalt his place conſider, but not ſee. *Part 2.*
The Meeke in heart ſhall reape the Lands increaſe,
And ſolace in the multitude of peace.
Againſt the Godly, wicked Men conſpire,
Gnaſh their malicious teeth, and ſome with ire;
But God ſhall laugh at their impiety;
Becauſe he knowes their Day of Doome is nigh.
They draw their bloudy Swords, their Bowes are bent,
To kill the needy, Poore, and Innocent:
But their proud hearts ſhall periſh by the ſtroke
Of their owne Steele, their Bowes aſunder broke.
That little which the Righteous hath, excels
Th'abundant wealth, wherein the Wicked ſwels.
For God the Armes of violent Men will breake:
But ſhield the Righteous, and ſupport the Weake.
His eyes behold the ſufferings of the Poore:
Their firme poſſeſſions ever ſhall endure.
They in the time of danger ſhall not dread;
But ſhall in Famin's rage be fil'd with Bread.
When vitious men ſhall ſpeedily decay:
And thoſe who ſlight Jehovah, melt away

As fat of Lambs, which sacred Fires consume;
And forthwith vanish Like the rising fume.
Part 3. The Wicked borrow never to restore;
The Just are gracious and relieve the Poore.
Whom God shall blesse, they shall the Land enjoy:
Whom God shall curse, them vengeance shall destroy.
The steps of Righteous men the Lord directs;
For He, even He their ordered paths affects.
Although they fall; yet fall to rise againe:
For his, His Care and powerfull Hand sustaine.
I have beene young, am old; yet never saw
The Just abandoned; nor those, who draw
From him their birth, with beggery oppresst.
He lends in mercy, and his Seed are blest.
Doe good, shun evill, and remaine unmov'd;
For righteous Soules are of the Lord belov'd:
His undeserted Saints protecting still;
Their Plants up-rooting, who transgresse his Will.
Just men inherit shall the promis'd Land;
And dwell therein, while Mountaines stedfast stand.
Part 4. The Righteous Soule of sacred Judgement speaks,
And from his lips a spring of wisdome breaks.
Gods Law is in his Heart; his Light, his Guide;
Nor shall his Feete in slippery places slide.
Men seeke his blood; but God defends: nor shall
He by the sentence of the Wicked fall.
Wait on the Lord, nor his straight paths transgresse;
And evermore this pregnant Soile possesse.
But those who in iniquity delight,
Shall be cut off, and perish in thy sight.
The wicked I have seene in wealth to flow,
Exceede in power, and like a Laurell grow:
Yet vanish hence, as he had never beene;
I sought him: but he was not to bee seene.
Observe the perfect, and the pure of heart;
They die in peace and happily depart.
But the ungodly are at once cut downe,
And perish without pitty, or renowne.
The Lord is the salvation of the Just;
Their strength in trouble, since in him they trust:

Will thoſe aſſiſt, who on his aide depend ;
Deliver, and from impious Foes defend.

PSALME XXXVIII.

NOt in thy wrath againſt me riſe ; *As the 4.*
Nor in thy fury, Lord chaſtiſe :
Thy Arrowes wound,
Naile to the Ground,
Thy hand upon me lies.

No Limb from paine and anguiſh free ;
Becauſe I have incenſed thee :
Nor reſt can take,
My bones ſo ake ;
Such ſinne abounds in me.

Like Billowes they my head tranſcend ;
Beneath their heavy load I bend :
My Ulcers ſwell,
Corrupt and ſmell ;
Of Folly the ſad end.

Perplext in minde I pine away,
And mourning waſt the tedious day ;
My Fleſh no more
Then all one Sore ;
All parts at once decay.

Much broken; all my ſtrength o'rethrown;
Through anguiſh of my Soule I groane.
Lord, thou doſt ſee
My thoughts and mee ;
My ſighs to thee are knowne.

My ſad Heart pants, my nerves relent,
My Sight growes dim ; and to augment
My miſeries,
All my Allies
And Friends themſelves abſent.

Part. 2.

Who seeke my life, their Snares extend,
Their wicked thoughts on mischiefe bend:
Calumniate,
And lye in wait
To bring me to my end.

But I as deafe to them appeare,
As mute as if I tongueleſſe were:
My passion rul'd,
Like one that could
At all not speake nor heare.

Because my hopes on thee relye:
My God, I said, O heare my cry;
Least they should boast,
Who hate me most,
And in my ruine joy.

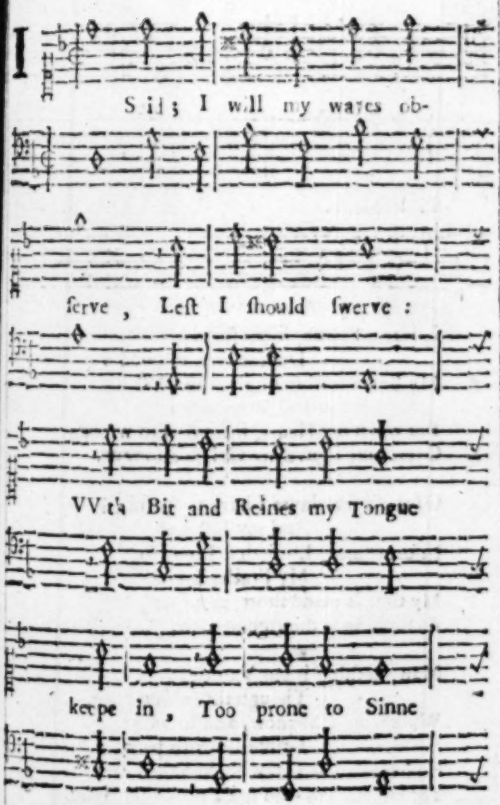
For O! I droop, with strugling spent:
My thoughts are on my sorrowes bent.
My sinnes excesse
I will confesse;
In showres of teares repent.

My foes are full of strength and pride;
Who causeleſſe hate are multipli'd:
Who good with ill
Repay, would kill,
Because I Just abide.

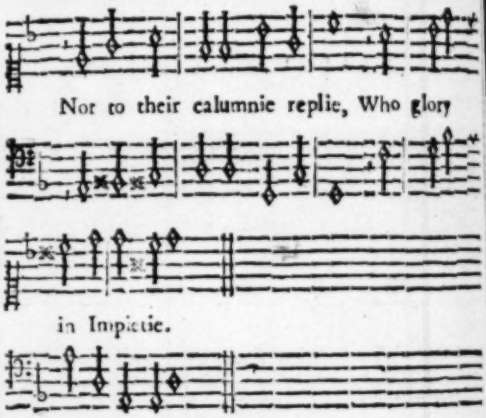
Depart not, Lord; O pitty take!
Nor me in my extreames forsake!
Salvation
Is thine alone;
Haste to my succour make.

PSAL.

PSALME XXXIX



Nor



I, like a Statue, ſilent ſtood,
Dumbe even to good :
My Sorrowes boyling in my breſt
Exil'd my reſt :
But when my Heart, incenſt with wrong,
Grew hot, I gave my Griefe a tongue.

Of thoſe few dayes I have to ſpend,
And my laſt end,
Informe mee, Lord, that I may ſo
My Frailty know.
My time is made ſhort, as a ſpan,
As nothing is the Age of man.

Man, nothing is but Vanitie,
Though thron'd on high,
Walks like a Shadow, and in vaine
Turmoiles with paine :
He heaps up wealth with wretched care,
Yet knowes not who ſhall prove his Heire.

Lord

Lord! what expect I? thou the Scope
Of all my Hope: *Part* 1.
Him for his loath'd Tranſgreſſions free,
Who truſts in Thee:
Nor O ſubject mee to the Rule,
And proud deriſion of a Foole!

With ſilence, ſince thy Will was ſuch,
I ſuffered much:
O now forbeare! leſt inſtant Death
Force my faint breath.
When thou doſt with thy Rod chaſtiſe
Offending man, his courage dies.

His Beauty waſted, like a cloth
Gnawne by the Moth:
Himſelfe a ſhort-lit'd vanitie,
And borne to die.
Lord, to my Prayers incline thine Eare;
And thy afflicted Servant heare.

Nor theſe ſalt rivers of mine Eyes,
My God, deſpiſe,
A Stranger, as my Fathers were,
I ſojourne here.
O let me gather ſtrength, before
I paſſe away, and bee no more.

PSALME XL.

FOR God I patiently did looke;
He to my cries enclin'd his Eare: *All be* 2.
And when invironed with feare,
From that Abyſſe of horror tooke:
Drew from the Mud, and on a Rock
Eſtabliſht, to endure the ſhock.

Then did into my mouth convey
Songs of his Praiſe, unſung before.

Many

Many ſhall ſee, with feare adore,
And truſting in th'Almighty, ſay:
Who on the Lord depend, are bleſt,
Who Liers, and the proud deteſt.

Many, and full of wonder, are
The Works, O Lord, which thou haſt wraught:
What Thou to raiſe our joyes haſt thought.
O who in order can declare!
'Twere loſt endeavour to expreſſe
Their number, that are numberleſſe.

Thou Gifts, nor Offering doſt deſire,
But pierced haſt thy Servants eare:
To thee Oblations are not deare,
Nor Sacrifice conſum'd with fire.
Then ſaid I; Lo, I come: thus it
Is of me in Thy Volume writ.

Thy Lawes are written in my Heart:
My Joy thy Pleaſure to fulfill.
I in the great Aſſembly ſtill
Thy Righteouſneſſe to all impart:
My lips are unreſtrein'd by me,
Which, Lord, is onely knowne to thee,

Thy Juſtice I have not conceal'd
Within the cloſure of my breſt,
But thy Fidelity profeſt,
And ſaving health at large reveal'd:
Amidſt the Congregation
Thy conſtant Truth and Mercy ſhowne.

Part 2. Withdraw not, Lord, thy long'd for Aide;
With Truth and Mercy ſtill incloſe:
For O! innumerable woes
On every ſide my Soule invade:
So changed with Iniquities,
That they even blind my fearefull eyes.

In

In number they my haires exceede;
My fainting heart pants in my breſt:
Be pleas'd to ſuccour the Diſtreſt:
And Lord deliver me with ſpeed.
Let Shame at once confound them all,
That ſeeke my Soule, and plot my fall.

Be they repulſt with Infamy,
Who perſecute with deadly hate:
Deſervedly left deſolate,
Who Ha, Ha! in deriſion cry.
Let all who ſeeke thy help rejoyce,
And praiſe thee with a cheerfull Voice.

Let them, who thy Salvation love,
Still ſay; The Lord be magnifi'd!
Though I bee poore, and caſt aſide;
Yet he regards me from above.
My ſafety, my Deliverer,
No longer they reliefe deferre.

PSALME XLI.

WHO duly ſhall the Poore regard, *As the 1.*
Hath his Reward:
The Lord in time of Trouble, ſhall
Prevent his fall:
He ſhall among the Living reſt,
And with the Earths increaſe be bleſt.

Lord, render him not up to thoſe,
Who are his Foes:
When he in ſorrow languiſheth,
Neere unto Death;
Let him by thee be comforted,
And in his Sickneſſe make his bed.

I ſaid, O Lord, thy Mercy ſhow,
And Health beſtow:

For

For O! my Soule the lothsome staines
Of Sin retaines.
My Foes have said, When shall he die,
And yet out-live his Memory?

If any visit, they devise
Deceitfull Lies:
Their hollow Hearts with Mischiefe load,
Divulg'd abroad:
Who hate me, whisper, and contrive,
How they may swallow me alive.

Behold, say they, this Punishment
From Heaven is sent:
He, from the bed whereon hee lies,
Shall never rise.
Yea, even my Friend, my Confident,
My Guest, his heele against me bent.

But, Lord, thy Mercy I implore;
My Health restore:
O raise mee! that forthwith I may
Their Hate repay.
In this thy Love thou dost expresse,
That none triumph in my distresse.

For thou, art of my Innocence
The strong Defence.
I shall, inlightned by thy Grace,
Behold thy Face:
Jhovah, Israels God, bee blest;
While Day and Night the World invest.

Amen, Amen.

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE SECOND BOOK OF THE *Pſalmes of DAVID.*

PSALME XLII.

LORD! as the Hart, imboſt with heat,
Braies after the coole Rivulet:
So ſighs my Soule for thee.
My Soule thirſts for the living God:
When ſhall I enter his Abode,
And there his Beautie ſee!

Teares are my Food both night and day;
While, Where's thy God; they daily ſay.
My Soule in plaints I ſhed;
VVhen I remember, how in throngs
VVee fill'd thy Houſe with Praiſe and Songs;
How I their Dances led.

My Soule why art thou ſo depreſt!
VVhy O thus troubled in my breſt!
VVith Griefe ſo overthrowne!
VVith conſtant Hope on God await:

As the 34.

I yet

I yet his Name ſhall celebrate,
For Mercy timely ſhowne.

My fainting Heart with'in me pants:
My God, conſider my Complaints;
My Songs ſhall praiſe thee ſtill:
Even from the Vale where Jordan flowes;
VVhere Hermon his high Fore-head ſhowes,
From Miſars humble Hill.

Part 2. Deepes unto Deeps inraged call,
VVhen thy darke ſpouts of waters fall,
And dreadfull Tempeſt raves:
For all thy Flouds upon me burſt,
And billowes after billowes thruſt
To ſwallow in their Graves.

But yet by Day the Lord will charge
His ready Mercie to inlarge
My Soule, ſurpris'd with cares:
He gives my Songs their Argument;
God of my life, I will preſent
By night to thee my prayers.

And ſay; my God, my Rocke, O why
Am I forgot, and mourning die,
By Foes reduc'd to Duſt!
Their words like weapons pierce my bones;
VVhile ſtill they Echo to my Grones,
VVhere is the Lord thy Truſt?

My Soule, why art thou ſo depreſt!
O why ſo troubled in my breſt!
Sunke underneath thy Load!
VVith conſtant Hope on God await:
For I his Name ſhall celebrate;
My Saviour, and my God.

PSALME XLIII.

MY God, thy Servant vindicate:
O plead my Cauſe againſt their hate,
Who ſeeke my utter ſpoile!
Deliver from the *Mercileſſe*,
Who with bold injuries oppreſſe,
And proſper in their guile. *As the 34.*

For of my Strength thou art the Lord.
Why like to one by thee abhorr'd
Doſt thou my Soule expoſe!
Why wander I in blacke arraid!
My body worne, my mind diſmaid!
Purſu'd by cruell Foes!

Thy Favour and thy Truth extend,
Let them into my Soule deſcend,
Conducted by their light;
Conducted to thy holy Hill,
And Houſe bleſt with thy Preſence ſtill,
There to enjoy thy ſight.

Then will I to thy Altar bring
An acceptable Offering,
That doſt ſuch Joyes afford:
There on a tuneſull Inſtrument,
With Songs that joyne in ſweet conſent,
Thy ſacred praiſe record.

My Soule, why art thou ſo dejected!
VVhy O thus troubled in my breſt!
Sunke underneath thy load?
VVith conſtant hope on God await,
For I his Name ſhall celebrate,
My Saviour and my God.

PSAL.

Psalme XLIV.

Lord ! wee have heard our Fathers tell
The Wonders wrought by thee of old,
To them by their great Granſires told,
How by thy Hand the Heathen fell ;

Of fruitfull Canaan diſpoſſeſt,
And Iſrael planted in their roome ;
They periſh by a fearefull Doome,
While ours in growth and ſtrength increaſt.

Not their owne Swords that pleaſant Land
Did conquer and their Foes eject,
Nor did their armes their lives protect :
It was thy Arme and powerfull Hand ;

It was the Splendor of thy Face,
And by thy Favour they o'recame.
My King, my God, O ſtill the ſame !
Salvation ſend to Jacobs Race.

For by thy aid our Enemies
Lay bleeding on the ſtained ground,
And in thy Name wee did confound
Who ever durſt againſt us riſe.

Our Sword's unable to defend ;
We will not truſt in our weake Bowes.
Thou, Lord, haſt ſav'd us from our Foes,
And brought them to a ſhamefull end.

For this with praiſes wee adore,
And ever celebrate thy Name :
But Now Thou caſts us off to ſhame,
Nor lea'dſt our Armies as before.

Our faces from our Foe verſt,

A Spoile to such as hunt for blood:
Thou giv'st us up as Sheepe for food,
Among th'uncircumcis'd dispersst.

For nought thou dost thy People sell,
Nor art inriched by their price;
Our Neighbours in our fall rejoyce,
A Scorne to all that neare us dwell.

A By-word to the Heathen growne,
Who shake their heads in our disgrace:
My shame is still before my face;
My eyes to Earth with blushes throwne.

Sprung from the bold blasphemers taunts,
And proud avengers threatning looke:
Yet, Lord, wee have not thee forsooke,
Nor falsify'd thy Covenants.

Our hearts have not their Faith dissolv'd. *Part 3.*
Our Steps the Path prescribed keepe:
Though Thou hast crush't us in the Deepe,
And with the shades of Death involv'd.

For should wee from the Lord depart,
Or to strange Gods our hearts upreare;
O would not this to him appeare,
Who knowes the Secrets of our Heart?

Yet for thy sake are daily slaine;
For slaughter mark'd like butcher'd Sheep;
Awake, O Lord, why dost thou sleep?
Rise, nor for ever Us disdaine.

O to thy Owne at length returne!
Why dost Thou hide thy cherefull face?
With-drawing thy accustom'd Grace
From such as in Affliction mourne?

For lo! our Soules, are wrapt in dust;

Our bellies to the Centre cleave:
O, for thy Mercies sake receive,
And succour those who in Thee trust!

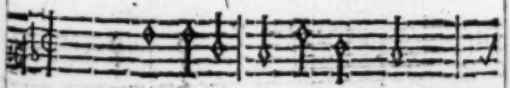
PSALME XLV.

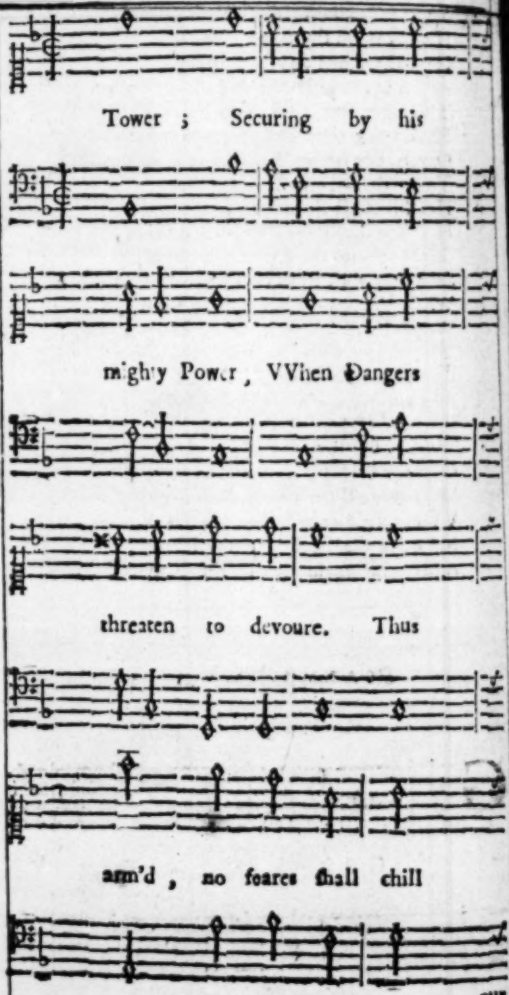
As the 8. With heat divine inspir'd, I sing
A Panegyrick to the King:
High Raptures in a numerous stile
I with a ready Pen compile.
Much fairer then our Humane Race;
Whose lips like Fountaines flow with Grace:
For this the Lord thy Soule shall blesse
With everlasting Happinesse.
Gird, O most Mighty, on thy thigh
Thy Sword of Awe and Majesty:
In triumph, arm'd with Truth, ride on;
By Clemencie and Justice drawne
No mortall vigour shall withstand
The fury of thy dreadfull Hand.
Thy piercing Arrowes in the Kings
Opposers hearts shall dye their wings.
Thy Throne no waste of Time decayes;
Thy Scepter sacred Justice swayes.
Thou Vertue lov'st, but hast abhorr'd
Deformed Vice: for this, the Lord
Hath thee alone preferr'd, and shed
The Oyle of Joy upon thy head.
Thy Garments which in Grace excell,
Of Aloes, Myrrhe, and Cassia smell;
Brought from the Ivory Palaces:
Which more then other Odors please.
Kings Daughters to augment thy State,
Among thy noble Damsels wait.
The Queene inthron'd on thy Right hand,
Adorn'd with Ophyrs golden Sand.
Part 2. Harke Daughter, and by me be taught;
Thy Countrey banish from thy thought,
Thy House and Family forget,

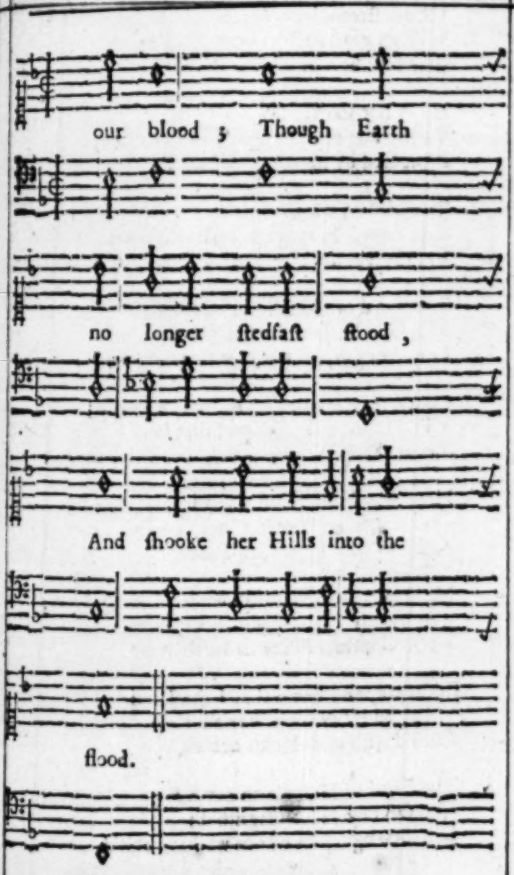
His Joy upon thy Beauty ſet.
He is thy Lord ; O bow before,
And him eternally adore !
The Daughters of Sea-circled Tyre
Shall bring their Purple, and deſire
(Even they whom Wealth and Honor grace)
To ſee the ſweetneſſe of thy Face.
Her Mind all Beauties doth infold ;
Her faire limbs clad in purfled Gold,
She ſhal unto the King be brought,
In Robes with Phrygian Needle wrought :
While Virgins on her Traine attend,
Whoſe Faith and Friendſhip know no end :
Whom they with Joy ſhall lead along ;
Eterniz'd in a Nuptiall Song :
And with renew'd Applauſes bring
Vnto the Palace of the King.
Thou in thy Royall Fathers place,
Of Sons ſhalt ſee a numerous Race ;
Who over all the Earth ſhall ſway,
VVhile the cleere Sunne directs the Day.
My Song ſhall celebrate thy Name,
And to the world divulge thy Fame.

PSALME XLVI.

God is our Refuge, our ſtrong




Tower ; Securing by his
mighty Power, VVhen Dangers
threaten to devoure. Thus
arm'd, no feares ſhall chill
our



Although the troubled Ocean riſe
In foaming billowes to the Skies;
And Mountaines ſhake with horrid noiſe.

Cleare ſtreames purle from a Cryſtall Spring,
VVhich gladneſſe to Gods City bring,
The Manſion of th'eternall King.

He in her Centre takes his place:
VVhat Foe can her faire Tower deface,
Protected by his earely Grace?

Tumultuary Nations roſe,
And armed Troops our walls incloſe;
But his fear'd Voice unnerv'd our Foes.

The Lord of Hoſts is on our ſide;
The God by Jacob magnifi'd;
Our ſtrength, on whom we have reli'd.

Come, ſee the wonders he hath wrought;
VVho hath to deſolation brought
Thoſe Kingdomes, which our ruine ſought:

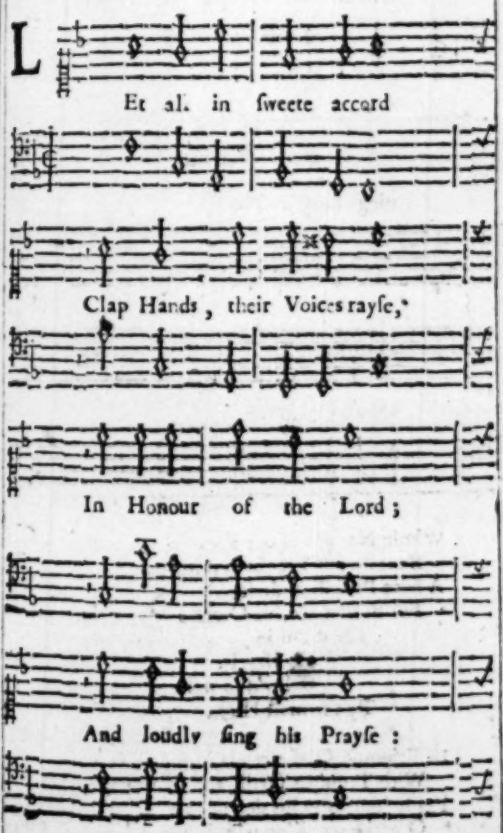
He makes deſtructive VVarre ſurceaſe;
The Earth, deflowr'd of her increaſe,
Reſtores with univerſall Peace.

He breaks their Bowes, unarmes their Quivers,
The bloody Speare in pieces ſhivers,
Their Chariots to the flame delivers.

Forbeare, and know that *I* the Lord
VVill by all Nations bee ador'd;
Prais'd with unanimous accord.

The Lord of Hoſts is on our ſide;
The God by Jacob magnifi'd;
Our Strength, on whom we have reli'd.

PSALME XLVII.



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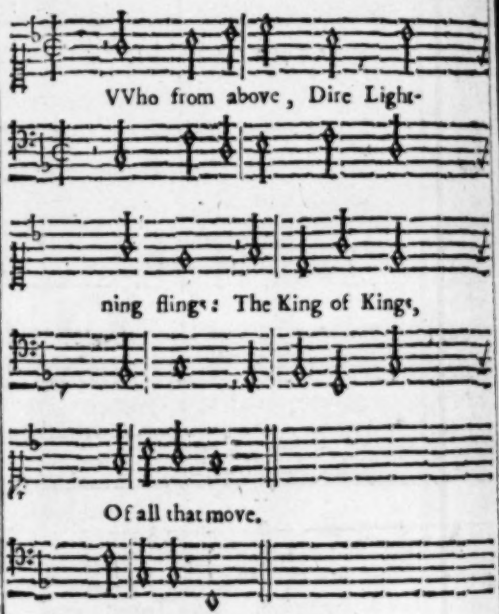


Whole Nations of our Foes
Beneath our Feet hath throwne:
A faire Poſſeſſion choſe,
For us that are his Owne:
The dignitie
Of Iſrael;
Belov'd ſo well
By the moſt High.

In Triumph God aſcends,
With Trumpet ſhrill, and Shalmes;
Praiſe him, who his defends;
O praiſe our King with Pſalmes!

For

For God is King
Of all the Earth;
With ſacred Mirth
His Praiſes ſing.

God o're the Heathen reignes;
Sits on his holy Throne:
All whom the Earth ſuſtaines,
Shall worſhip him alone.
His Shield extends
In their Defence,
His Excellence
All height tranſcends.

PSALME XLVIII.

THe Lord is moſt Majeſticall; *As the 8.*
Moſt highly to be prais'd by all
Within the Citie of our God,
And Manſion bleſt by his abode.
Faire Sion hath a pleaſant Site,
Of Earth the Beautie and Delight:
Upon the North-ſide bordering,
She Citie of the Mightie King.
God dwels within her loftie Towers,
Secur'd from all aſſailing Powers.
Conſpiring Kings her ruine ſought,
Who armed Troupes before her brought.
At once they ſaw, admir'd, and fled,
Their hearts ſurpriz'd with ſudden Dread. *Part 2.*
Such feare, ſuch pangs poſſeſt our foes,
As women ſuffer in their Throwes.
At thy command blacke Eurus rores,
And ſpreads his wracks on Tharſian ſhores.
We, what we heard our Fathers tell,
Have ſeene, who in this Citie dwell,
The Citie of our God, which Hee
Shall ever from deſtruction free.

Thy

Thy Favours, Lord, with Thankfullneſſe
We in thy Temple ſtill profeſſe.
As is thy Name, thou God of Might,
So are thy Praiſes infinite;
And ſtretch to Earths remoteſt Bound:
Thy Hand for Juſtice farre renown'd.
O Sion, Judah's Diadem,
You Daughters of Jeruſalem,
Unite your Joyes, and glory in
His Judgement, which your eyes have ſeene.
Goe walke the Round of Sion; tell
Her Towers; obſerve her Bulwarks well:
On her faire Buildings caſt thine eye;
Declare it to Poſteritie.
For God will ſtill our God remaine,
And us unto our Laſt ſuſtaine.

PSALME XLIX.

As the 1. ALL you who dwell upon the foodfull Earth;
Both Rich and Poore; of baſe and Noble Birth:
Attend: my Tongue deepe wiſdome ſhall impart;
And knownledge from the fountaine of my heart.
I unto light darke Parables will bring,
And to my ſolemne Harpe Ænigmaes ſing.
In Miſery and Age why ſhould I feare,
When Sin purſues my ſteps, and Death draws neare?
O you, who Riches as your God adore,
And glory in your ſcarce poſſeſſed Store:
Who can redeeme his Brother for one Day.
Or to the Lord his high-priz'd Ranſome pay?
(For O, not all the Gold, which Streames conceale,
Or Hils incloſe, can baniſht life repeale)
That he might live unto Eternity,
Nor in the Earths corrupting Entrailes lye.
They ſee the Wiſe, and Fooles, to Death deſcend,
While others their congeſted treaſures ſpend:
Yet hoping to perpetuate their fame,
Proud Structures raiſe, and call them by their Name.

But

But Man in honour is a Vanitie, *Part 2.*
That fleets away; and as a beaſt muſt die.
In this vaine courſe, they circularly move,
And their Poſterity their words approve.
Death ſhall as Sheepe devoure them in the Duſt,
Till that great Day ſubject them to the Juſt.
Their ſtrength and Beauty ſhall to nothing waſt:
All naked, from their ſumptuous Houſes caſt.
But God ſhall from the greedy Sepulchre
My Soule redeeme, and to his Joyes preferre.
Deſpaire not when a man growes Opulent,
And that the Glories of his Houſe augment:
For with his thread of Life his Riches end,
Nor ſhall his honours with his Soule deſcend.
Though here he live in luxury and eaſe,
And thoſe are prais'd, who their owne Genious pleaſe;
Yet as his Fathers, he ſhall ſet in Night,
Nor ever riſe to ſee the cheerfull Light.
Man high in honour, whoſe ignoble breſt
No knowledge holds, ſhall periſh like a beaſt.

PSALME L.

THE God of Gods, Jehovah, ſhall convent *As the 1.*
All from the Orient to the Suns deſcent.
From Sions Towers (of Beauty the Divine
And full perfection) ſhall his glory ſhine.
Not ſilent comes: devouring flames before,
And round about him horrid Tempeſts rore.
The righteous Judge, to Judge his People ſhall
High Heaven and conſcious Earth to witneſſe call.
Aſſemble all my Saints, who with one mind
My Teſtaments with Sacrifice have ſign'd.
Then thundring Skies ſhall make his Juſtice knowne;
When hee our God aſcends his Judgements Throne.
My People, heare; Thy God, O Iſrael.
Will thee convince, and thy Tranſgreſſions tell.
I blame not thy unfrequent Sacrifice,
Nor fumes which rarely from thy Altars riſe;

I from thy Stall will take no well-fed Steere,
Nor from thy Folds a *Male*-goat of that yeare:
For all are mine, that Woods or Deſerts breed,
And Herds which on a thouſand *Mountaines* feed,
I know all Fowle, which Hills or Vallie yield,
And number all the Cattell of the Field.
Part. 2. Will I, if hungry, unto thee complaine,
When all is Mine which Sea and Land containe?
Will I eat fleſh of Bulls? Or canſt thou thinke,
That I the blood of ſhaggy Goats will drinke?
A thankfull heart upon my Altar lay;
And righteous Vowes to high Jehovah pay.
Then call on me in trouble; I will raiſe
Thy Soule from Death, and thou my Name ſhalt praiſe.
But O thou Hypocrite! Dar'ſt thou explaine
My Law? My Covenants with thy lips prophane?
That ſcorn'ſt inſtruction; doſt my Word deſpiſe;
Conſent'ſt with Theeves, and haſt adulterous eyes?
Deceit, and ſlander tip thy impious tongue:
Thy brother wound'ſt with Infamy and wrong.
Thus didſt thou; this did I with ſilence ſee;
So as thou thought'ſt that I was like to thee.
But I will thy Hypocriſie uncaſe;
And lay thy ugly crimes before thy face.
Conſider this, O you, who God neglect:
Leſt I deſtroy you, when none can protect:
Who praiſe for Incenſe offer, honour Me;
And upright Soules ſhall my Salvation ſee.

PSALME LI.

As the 3 LORD, to a ſinner Mercy ſhow;
Which ſince in Thee ſo infinite;
Let all thy ſtreames of Mercy flow,
And purifie me in thy ſight.
O waſh thou my polluted Soule!
O cleanſe me from my bloudy Deed!
That to my Selfe appeare ſo foule,
And now in true Contrition bleed.

My

My ſinnes, unmask't, before thee lye,
Who have deſerv'd thy wrath alone:
Which I confeſſe to teſtifie
Thy Truth and make thy Juſtice knowne.
In ſinne conceiv'd, brought forth in ſin,
Sin ſuck't I from my mothers breſt:
Thou lov'ſt a heart ſincere within,
Where Wiſdome is a conſtant gueſt.
With Hyſope purge, from blemiſh cleare,
O waſh then falling Snow more white!
Lord, let me thy remiſſion heare:
The Bones, which thou haſt broke unite.
Blot out my crimes O ſeparate
My trembling Guilt farre from thy view!
A cleane heart in my breſt create,
A Minde, to Thee confirm'd renew. *Part 2.*
Nor caſt me from thy Preſence, Lord,
Nor O thy holy Spirit withdraw!
But thy life-quickning Grace afford,
Inlarge my Will t'imbrace thy Law.
Then Sinners I with heavenly Food
Will feede, directed in thy Wayes:
O my Redeemer, cleanſe from blood
The Soule that will thy Mercie praiſe.
Give thou my Verſe an argument,
And they thy goodneſſe ſhall reſound.
No Sacrifice will thee content,
Nor Altars with Oblations crown'd
Elſe, I would Hecatombs impart:
True Sorrow is Thy Sacrifice.
A broken and a contrite Heart,
My God, Thou never wilt deſpiſe.
Thy Sion with accuſtom'd Grace
(Leſt my foule crimes her ſhame procure)
In thy protecting Armes imbrace;
And faire Jeruſalem immure.
Then wee, with due Solemnity,
To Thee our gratefull Vowes will pay;
And Bulls, which never Yoke did try,
Upon thy flaming Altar lay.

PSAL-

PSALME LII.

As the 32.

O Thou in Mischiefe great,
Why boasts thou in deceit?
Gods greater Mercy will
Protect his Servants still.
Thy Tongue with fraud abounds,
And like a Rasor wounds;
All evill dost affect;
All that is good neglect.
Lies are thy low delight;
To Vertue opposite:
Thy words with treachery
The innocent destroy.
God shall repay thy hate,
Thy Structures ruinate;
And make thee curse thy birth:
Then teare thee from the Earth.
The Just thy fall shall see,
Feare Him, and laugh at thee.
Lo he, who God forsooke;
Nor for his refuge tooke;
Selfe-strengthning with excesse
Of Wealth, and Wickednesse.
But I shall planted be,
Like a greene Olive-tree,
In Gods owne House; and will
Trust in His Mercies still.
For this, I evermore
Shall thy great Name adore:
Thy promises expect;
The joy of thy Elect

PSALME LIII.

FOoles flattering their owne vices, say
Within their hearts; God is a Name

Devis'd

Devis'd to make the Strong obey,
To fetter Nature; quench her flame:
When all this Univerſall Frame
The hands of potent Fortune ſway.

Secure and proſperous in ill,
The feare and thought of God exile,
To follow their rebellious will,
Thinke nothing that delights them vile:
Their Soules with wicked thoughts defile,
And all their foule Deſires fulfill.

God from the Tower of Heaven his eies
On men, and their endeavours, threw:
Not one beheld beneath the Skies,
That ſought him, or his Statutes knew:
All Vice with winged Feet purſue,
But none forſaken Vertue priſe.

O deafe to good! in knowledge blind!
By Sinne through clouds of errour led!
Dull ſenſuall Formes, without a mind!
Nor ſlow though certain, vengeance dread!
The Righteous they devoure like bread,
All piety at once declin'd.

Theſe, idle terrors ſhall affright,
Their ſleeps diſturb'd by guilty feare.
God ſhall their bones aſunder ſmite,
Who impious armies againſt him beare;
Nor they their infamy out-weare;
Since deſpiſeable in his ſight.

O that unto thy Iſrael
The Day-ſtarre might from Sion ſpring!
And all the ſhades of Night expell!
When thou ſhalt us from bondage bring!
How would wee Lord thy Praiſes ſing!
No joy ſhould Jacobs joy excell.

PSALME LIV.

As the 4.

LOrd, for thy Promiſe ſake defend,
And Thy All-ſaving Shield extend:
O heare my cries
Which with wet Eyes
And ſighs to Thee aſcend!

For cruell men my life purſue,
And who thy Statutes never knew.
Suppreſſe my Foes:
O ſide with thoſe,
Who to my Soule are true!

With vengeance recompenſe their hate;
And in an inſtant ruinate.
Then will I bring
My Offering,
And Thy great Acts relate.

Thy Name for ever praiſed bee,
Who from thoſe ſnares haſt ſet me free:
For loe, theſe eyes
My Enemies
Deſir'd ſubverſion ſee.

PSALME LV.

As the 39

LOrd, to my Prayers incline thine Eare,
Th'afflicted heare:
Nor be thou Deafe to my complaint;
For O I faint!
Regard the ſighes, the grones, the cries,
Which from my penſive Soule ariſe.

Rais'd by the threatnings of my Foe,
Which ſtorme-like grow;

And by blood-thirſtie Violence ;
Truth my offence :
Who ſlander with their wounding tongues,
And preſſe me unto Death with wrongs.

My heart a ſtranger unto reſt,
Throbs in my breſt :
The terrours of approaching Death
Exhauſt my breath.
My ſinewes trembling Feare diſſolves.
And Horror all my Powers involves.

O that with Dove-like wing I might,
Take my ſwift flight,
To calme retreats of reſt, where I
Conceal'd might lie ?
Then would I finde ſome Wildernesſe,
Removed farre from mans acceſſe.

Then all theſe Tempeſts which ariſe
With hideous noiſe ;
And dreadfull Tumult make
My Heart to quake ;
I would farre ſwifter then the winde,
Or winged Lightnings leave behinde.

Lord, ſwallow thoſe, who ſwell with pride ; *Part 2.*
Their Tongues divide :
For Striſe, and Violence, bent to kill,
The City fill :
Both Day and Night they walke the round ;
Rape, Miſchiefe, Teares, within abound.

Wild Outrages her ſtreets profane
And boldly Reigne :
Fraud lurking in her Palaces,
Conſpires with theſe.
For I, had he his hate profeſt,
Had ſhund'd, or ſhould his wrongs digeſt.

But thou, my Friend, even of my Heart
The better Part;
To so intire a union growne,
As if but one:
Gods House wee daily visited,
Both sweetly by one Counsell led.

Let Death devoure them, let them dive
To Hell alive.
With mischiefe their proud roofes abound
Their hearts unsound:
But God my Soule shall dis-enthrall;
For I upon his Name will call.

Part 3. My prayers shall with the Suns uprise,
Ascend the Skies;
Renew'd, when he at Noone displayes
His fervent Rayes,
When he behinde the Earth descends,
And Day, out-worne with labour, ends,

My Cries shall penetrate the Spheares,
And pierce his Eares.
He shall my captive Soule release,
And crowne with Peace.
For in the Fervour of the Fight,
His Angels shall protect my Right.

Th'Eternall Judge, Jehovah, shall
Confound them all,
Who onely change from bad to worse,
Nor feare his Curse.
Sweet Peace he violated hath,
And broken his obliged Faith.

His Words then Butter smoother farre;
His thoughts of Warre:
Words softer then the fluent Oile;
Yet bent to spoile.

But thou, my Soule, thy cares impoſe
On God, who will redreſſe thy woes.

The Juſt he ſhall confirme with Joy ;
Th'Unjuſt deſtroy.
Thoſe who in blood and fraud delight,
Shall ſet in Night,
Before their Noone of Life be paſt.
But I on God my hopes have plac'd.

PSALME LVI.

As the 4.

O Lord, protect me by thy Power
From ſuch as would my Life devoure;
Who mercileſſe
Strive to oppreſſe,
Nor grant me Truce one houre.

That would devoure me every Day,
And make my chaſed Life their prey :
Yet, Lord, will I
On thee relie,
When Dangers moſt diſmay.

Thy Promiſe I will celebrate ;
In conſtant hope thy Pleaſure waite ;
With patience beare
Thy Stay ; nor feare
Fraile man, or his vaine hate.

My words and deeds they daily wreſt,
And in their thoughts my fall digeſt ;
Unite in ill,
And lurke to kill :
My Feet can finde no reſt.

M

O ſhall they with impunity
Eſcape, and thus their ſins enjoy !
Let Death thy rage

Alone allwage ;
Them in their guilt destroy.

My Wanderings thou hast numbered,
Even every Teare mine Eyes have shed
Thy Viall holds :
All in the Folds
Of thy large Volume read.

Assur'd, that when on God I call,
My Foes shall by his fury fall.
His Promise I
Will magnifie ;
His Truth divulge to All.

To him my ready Vowes will pay ;
My Vowes of Thanks, both night and day:
In whom I trust :
Nor shall th'Unjust
My stedfast Hopes dismay.

For he hath snatcht me from the Night
Of Death, and kept my foot upright.
That I may still
Observe his Will,
And see the cheerefull Light.

Psal. LI.

Is the 10

O Thou, from whom all Mercy springs,
Compassionate my Sufferings,
And pity me,
That trust in thee!
O shelter with thy shady Wings,
Untill these stormes of Woe
Cleare-up, or over-blow!
Thee I invoke, O thou most High,

Thou All-performer! from the Skie
Thy Angels ſend;
Let them defend
My Soule from him that would deſtroy:
O ſend thy Mercy downe,
With Truth thy Promiſe crowne!

For Salvage Lions girt me round,
And they whoſe Malice knowes no bound,
Their cruell Words
More ſharp then Swords;
Their teeth like Speares & arrowes wound.
To Heaven thy Glory raiſe;
Let Earth reſound thy Praiſe.

They ſubtill ſnares prepared have,
And bow'd my Soule even to the Grave:
With wicked wit
Have digg'd a pit,
From which themſelves they could not ſave;
But juſtly fell therein,
Intrapt by their owne Sin.

My raviſht Heart flames with deſire,
I to the Muſick of my Lyre,
Eternall King,
Thy Praiſe will ſing.
Awake my Glory! Zeale inſpire!
Awake my Harpe and Lute,
Nor in his Praiſe be mute!

To thee, before the Morning riſe,
My lips their Calves ſhall ſacrifice:
Thy Mercy farre
The higheſt Starre,
Thy Truth tranſcends the loftie Skies.
To Heaven thy Glory raiſe;
Let Earth reſound thy Praiſe.

PSAL. LVIII.

As the 4

PErnicious Councellors! Give you
Sincere advice? to Juſtice true?
Or Vertue but in ſhew purſue?

Your Hearts are ſtil on Miſchief bent,
Your hand impure and violent,
Nor favour Truth, nor Wrong prevent.

Even from the womb they blindly ſtray,
Borne, and perverted in one day,
Lie, ſlander, flatter and betray.

Like Serpents, with black-poyſon ſwell;
And charme th'Inchanter ne're ſo well,
More deafe then Aſps, his Charms repell.

Lord ſlit their Tongues, before they ſpeake,
Strike out their Teeth which teare the weake
And the young Lions grinders breake.

As Sun-beat Snow, ſo let them thaw;
And when their weakned Bowes they draw,
Let their crackt Arrows flie like ſtraw.

Let them like Snailes conſume away;
And as untimely Births decay,
Which never ſaw the cheerefull Day.

Before their pots can feele the brier,
God in the Whirle-winde of his Ire
Shall blaſt alive, and burne with fire.

Sinne with Revenge at length ſhall meete,
The Godly ſhall rejoyce to ſee't,
And in their blood ſhall waſh their feet.

Then ev'ry Mortals ſhall confeſſe,
There are rewards for Righteouſneſſe,
And Plagues for ſuch as doe tranſgreſſe.

PSALME LIX.

LORD, ſave me from mine Enemies ; *As the 34*
From thoſe, who thus againſt me riſe,
Like an incenſed Floud :
From thoſe, who in Impietie
Place their delight, and long to die
Their hands in guiltleſſe blood.

Lo ! for my Soule they lie in wait :
The Mightie joyne their power and hate
Without my blame or crime
Without my crime they weapons take;
And perſecute my Soule. Awake
My God ! aſſiſt in time.

Great God of Hoſts, of Iſreal,
Theſe all-oppreſſing Tyrants quell;
Nor be to Mercy won:
At night their miſchiefe they begin ;
Incenſt like ſnarling Dogs they grin
And through the Cittie run.

Behold ! they vomit bitter words ;
Betweene their lips they brandiſh ſwords;
Yet ſay ; Can theſe be knowne ?
But, Lord, thou ſhalt their threats deride ;
The empty terrour of their pride
And malice, vainly ſhowne:

I and my ſtrength are in thy Power. *Part 2.*
In Thee I truſt, my Shield ! my Tower !
Thy Mercie, Lord, how great !
My Foes ſubjected to my will :
Subdue,

Subdue and ſcatter, but not kill,
Leſt we thy Truth forget.

O bee they in their Pride ſurpriz'd!
Even for the Lies they have devis'd,
Their curſes, and cloſe Arts.
Conſume them, from the Land expell:
To ſhew, God reignes in Iſrael,
To Earths remoteſt parts.

Hopeleſſe let them returne with Night,
Like grinning Dogs bark, but not bite,
About the City rome!
Pale, meager, and halfe famiſhed,
Like vagabonds howle they for bread,
Without or foode or home.

But I, before the Day-ſtar ſpring,
Will of thy Power and Mercy ſing,
My ſafety in diſtreſſe.
Thou art my Rock, my ſtrong Defence:
My living Verſe thy Excellence
And Bounty ſhall expreſſe

PSALME LX.

At the 2

CAST off, and ſcattered in thine Ire:
Lord on our woes with pity look
The Lands inforc'd Foundations ſhook
Whoſe yawning ruptures Sighs expire.
O cure the Breaches Thou haſt rent,
And make Her firmely permanent!

Our Soules thou haſt with ſorrow fed;
And mad'ſt us drink of deadly Wine:
Yet now thy Enſignes giv'ſt to Thine,
Even when beſet with trembling dread;
That we thy Banner may diſplay,
Whil'ſt Truth to Conqueſt makes our way,

O heare us who thy Aide implore,
Lord, with thy own Right Hand defend:
To thy Beloved ſuccour ſend.
God by his Sanctity thus ſwore;
I Succoths Valley will divide;
In Shechems Spoiles bee magnifi'd.

Mine Gilead is, Mannaſſeth mine;
Ephraim my ſtrength, in battell bold;
Thou Judah ſhalt my Scepter hold:
I will triumph on Paleſtine.
Baſe Servitude ſhall Moab waſte;
O'r Edom I my Shooe will caſt.

Who will our forward Troops direct,
To Rabbath ſtrongly fortifi'd?
Or into ſandy Edom guide?
Lord wilt not thou that did'ſt reject,
Nor wouldſt before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Hoſt againſt the Foe?

O then when dangers moſt affright,
Doe thou our troubled Soules ſuſtaine!
For loe! the helpe of Man is vaine.
Through Thee we valiantly ſhall fight:
Our flying Foes thou ſhalt tread downe;
And Thine with wreaths of Conqueſt crowne.

PSALME LXI.

MY God, thy Servant heare;
O lend a willing eare!
In exile my ſad heart,
From Earths remoteſt part,
O'rewhelm'd with Miſeries,
To Thee for ſuccour cries.
To that High Rock O lead,
So farre above my head!

As the 13.

That

That wert, and art my Tower,
Againſt oppreſſing Power,
For to thy ſacred Court
I ever ſhall reſort;
Secure beneath thy wings,
From all their menacings:
Even Thou my ſuit haſt ſign'd;
A King by Thee deſign'd;
To governe ſuch as will.
Thy holy Law fulfill.
Whom Thou long life wilt give,
He Ages ſhall out-live;
His Throne ſhall ſtand before
Thy Face for evermore.
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend,
Him for thy Truth defend.
Then I in chearfull Layes
Will celebrate thy praiſe;
And to Thee every day
My Vowes devoutly pay.

PSALME LXII.

At the 15

LORD, thou art the only Scope
Of my never fainting Hope;
My Salvation, my Defence,
Refuge of my Innocence:
Thou the Rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o'rethrown.
How long will you machinate!
Perſecute with cauſleſſe hate!
You ſhall like a tott'ring wall,
Like a batter'd Bullwarke, fall.
All conſpire to caſt mee downe,
From my browes to teare my Crowne:
Full of fraud, they bleſſe in ſhow,
When their Thoughts with curſes flow.
Yet my Soule on God attends;
All my Hope on him depends,

He

He the Rocke I built upon,
Not by man to bee o'rethrown.
Hee my Glory, hee my Tower,
Guards me by his saving Power.
You, who are sincere and Just,
In the Lord for ever trust:
Powre your hearts before his Throne;
His, who can protect alone.
All that are of high Descent,
To the poore and indigent,
Nothing are but Vanitie;
Nothing but deceive and lye:
Balanc'd altogether they
Lighter then a Vapour weigh.
In Oppression trust thou not;
Nor in Wealth by Rapine got:
If thy Riches multiply,
See thou prize them not too high.
God said once; twice have I heard;
Power is his, by Him conferr'd:
His is Mercy; He rewards,
And, as we deserve, regards.

PSALME LXIII.

TO Thee, O God, my God, I pray; *As the* 34
Before the dawning of the Day.
My Soule and wasting flesh,
With thirsty Ardor Thee desire,
In Soiles scorcht with æthereall Fire,
Whose drought no showres refresh:

That in thy Sanctuary I
May see thy Power and Majesty
Once more with ravish't eyes:
My Lips shall celebrate thy Praise;
Thy Goodnesse more then length of daies,
Or life it selfe, I prise.

Extoll'd

Extoll'd while I have utterance:
To thee will I my Palmes advance;
That wilt with marrow feast.
My Verse thy Wonders shall recite;
Remembred in the silent Night,
As on my bed I rest.

Secur'd beneath thy shady Wing,
I will in sacred Raptures sing,
And to my Promise cleave.
Thy Hand upholds, but who with hate
My Soule seeke to precipitate
Hels entrailes shall receive.

The raging Sword shall shed their blood;
A prey for Wolves; for Foxes, food.
Yet God his King shall blesse;
And such as sweare by his great Name:
But those whose Tongues the just defame,
Confusion shall suppresse.

PSALME LXIV.

As the 10

THou great Protector heare my Cry;
Save from my dreadfull Enemy:
O vindicate
From their close hate,
Who for my Soule in ambush lye.
From their blinde Rage protect,
Who Truth and thee reject.

Who whet their Tongues more sharp then Swords,
Their Arrowes draw, even bitter words,
To wound th'Upright,
With fierce delight,
When time to their desire accords:
Then on a sudden shoot;
Nor feare divine pursuit.

Confirm'd

Confirm'd in ſkilfull Malice, they
Conſpire, their Nets in ſecret lay:
And ſay; what eye
Can this deſery?
Firſt counſell take; and then betray:
On miſcheſe ſet their hearts,
Purſu'd by wicked Arts.

But God ſhall let his Arrowes flie;
Wound in the twinkling of an Eye:
Each deadly ſtung
By his owne Tongue,
Shall with that fatall Poyſon die.
Who this behold, or heare,
Shall tremble with cold feare.

Men ſhall their Eyes with wonder raiſe,
Rehearſe his Deeds and ſing his Praiſe.
Eternity
Shall crowne their Joy,
Who walke in his preſcribed wayes.
Hee to the Pure of Heart
His Glorie ſhall impart.

PSALME LXV.

DUe Honours, Lord, on thee attend,
Where Sions ſacred Towers aſcend:
There thy devoted Iſraelites
Shall pay their Vowes, with ſolemne Rites.
To Thee ſhall all Man-kind repaire:
Since thou vouchſaf'ſt to heare our Prayer.
Our Sinnes thy Mercies expiate,
When burthen'd with their loathed waight.
Thrice happy hee, of whome thou mak'ſt
Thy Choice, and to thy ſervice tak'ſt;
That may within thy Courts reſide;
There with thy Goodneſſe ſatisfi'd;

And

And taste of that sincere Delight,
Which never cloyes the Appetite.
From thee, O God, our safety springs;
Thy Judgement threatens dreadfull things.
Their Hope, whom Soiles remote sustaine,
Who slope upon the toyling Maine.
Great is thy Power: prope by thy Hand,
Cloud-touching-Mountaines stedfast stand.
Thou with thy Sceptre doſt appeaſe
The roaring of the high-wrought Seas:
And the tumultuarie jarres
Of People breathing Blood and Warres.
Part 2. Who dwell upon the Earth's Confines,
They tremble at thy fearefull Signes.
Where first the Sun his beame displaies;
And where he sets his golden Raies,
They triumph in the fruits of Peace;
Inriched by the Earths increase;
He raine upon her Bosome powres;
His swelling Clouds abound with Showres:
And so prepares the lusty Soile
To recompense the Reapers toile.
Mellowes the Glebe with fatning Juyce,
Whose furrowes hopefull blades produce:
With plenty crownes the smiling Yeares,
Shed from the influence of the Spheares:
The Desert with sweet Claver fils,
And richly shades the joyfull Hils.
Flocks cover all the higher Plaine:
The ranker Valleyes cloth'd with Graine.
These in Abundance solacing,
Without a tongue thy Praises sing.

PSALME LXVI.

As the 29. HAppy Sons of Israel,
Who in pleasant Canaan dwell,
Fill the Aire with shouts of Joy;
Shouts redoubled from the Skie.

Sing

Sing the great Jehovah's Praise;
Trophees to his Glory raise:
Say; How wonderfull thy Deeds!
Lord, thy Power all power exceeds!
Conquest on thy Sword doth sit;
Trembling Foes through feare submit.
Let the many-peopled Earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Worship our eternall King;
Hymnes unto his honour sing.
Come, and see what God hath wrought;
Terrible to humane thought.
He the Billowes did divide;
Wall'd with waves on either side,
While we passed safe and dry:
Then our Soules were rapt with joy.
Endlesse his Dominion;
All beholding from his Throne.
Let not those, who hate us most;
Let not the Rebellious boast.
Blesse the Lord; his Praise be sung,
While an Eare can heare a tongue.
He our feet establisheth;
He our Souls redeem's from Death, Part 2.
Lord, as Silver purifi'd,
Thou hast with affliction tri'd:
Thou hast driv'n into the net;
Burthens on our shoulders set:
Trod on by their Horses hooves;
Theirs, whome Pity never moves.
We through fire, with flames imbrac'd;
We through raging floods have pass'd:
Yet by Thy conducting hand,
Brought into a wealthy Land.
I will to thy House repaire;
Worship, and thy Power declare:
Offerings on thy Alter lay;
All my vowes devoutly pay,
Uttered with my heart and tongue,
When oppress with powerfull Wrong.

Farlings I will sacrifice;
Incense in perfumes shall rise,
Bullocks, shaggy Goats, and Rams
Offered up in sacred flames.
You who great Jehovah feare,
Come, O come you blest, and heare
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then, when neer to mine brought.
Fervently to him I cry'd;
I his Goodnesse magnifi'd.
All Vices should affect,
Would not Hee my Prayers reject:
But the Lord my Prayers hath heard:
Which my tongue with teares preferr'd.
Source of Mercy, be thou blest,
That hast granted my Request.

PSALME LXVII.

LORD, Showre on us my Grace,
In Ev'n Swan Gifts divine:
Let thy illustrious Face
Upon thy Servants shine:
That all below
The arched Skie,
May Thee, and thy
Salvation know.

Let all thy Praise rehearse,
With one unite'd Voyce:
Sing in melodious Verse,
Eternally rejoyce.
Thy Power they,
Whose justice shall
Dispose of All,
All Scepters stay.

Let all extoll thy Worth:
Then shall the fruiting Earth

Her pleaſant fruits bring forth ;
Nor ever mourne in Dearth.
We who implore,
Thy Bleſſings find ;
And all Mankinde
With feare adore.

PSALME LXVIII.

LET God, the God of Battaile, riſe,
And ſcatter his proud Enemies. *As the 8.*
O let them flee before his face,
Like ſmoake, which driving tempeſts chace,
As Wax diſſolves with ſcorching Fire ;
So periſh in his burning Ire.
But let the Juſt with joy abound :
In joyfull Songs his Praiſe reſound :
Who riding on the rowling Spheares,
The Name of great Jehovah beares.
Before his Face your joyes expreſſe ;
A Father to the fatherleſſe.
He wipes the teares from Widowes eyes,
The ſingle plants in Families ;
Inlarged thoſe who late were bound :
While Rebels ſtarve on thirſty Ground.
When he our numerous Army led,
And march't through Deſerts, full of dread,
Heaven melted, and Earths Centre ſhooke,
With his majeſtick Preſence ſtrooke.
When Iſraels God in Clouds came downe,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling Crowne.
He in th'approach of meager Dearth, *Part 2.*
With ſhowers refreſh't the fainting Earth ;
Where his owne flock in ſafety fed ;
The Needy unto plenty led.
By Him wee conquer : Virgins ſing
Our Victories, and Timbrels ring
The Kings with their vaſt Armies foiles ;
While weomen ſhare their wealthy ſpoiles.

Fatlings I will ſacrifice;
Incenſe in perfumes ſhall riſe,
Bullocks, ſhaggy Goats, and Rams
Offered up in ſacred flames.
You who great Jehovah feare,
Come, O come you bleſt, and heare
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then, when neer to ruine brought.
Fervently to him I cry'd;
His Goodneſſe magnifi'd.
If I Vices ſhould affect,
Would not He my Prayers reject:
But the Lord my Prayers hath heard:
Which my tongue with teares preferr'd.
Sourſe of Mercy, be thou bleſt,
That haſt granted my Requeſt.

PSALME LXVII.

As the 74

LORD, Showre on us thy Grace,
In rich with Gifts divine:
Let thy illuſtrious Face
Upon thy Servants ſhine:
That all below
The arched Skie,
May Thee, and thy
Salvation know.

Let all thy Praiſe rehearſe,
With one united Voyce:
Sing in melodious Verſe,
Eternally rejoyce.
Thy Power obey,
Whoſe Juſtice ſhall
Diſpoſe of All;
All Scepters ſway.

Let all extoll thy Worth:
Then ſhall the ſmiling Earth

Her

Her pleasant fruits bring forth;
Nor ever mourne in Dearth.
We who implore,
Thy Blessings find;
And all Mankinde
With feare adore.

PSALME LXVIII.

LET God, the God of Battaile, rise,
And scatter his proud Enemies. *As the 8.*
O let them flee before his face,
Like smoake, which driving tempests chace,
As Wax dissolves with scorching Fire;
So perish in his burning Ire.
But let the Just with joy abound:
In joyfull Songs his Praise resound:
Who riding on the rowling Spheares,
The Name of great Jehovah beares.
Before his Face your joyes expresse:
A Father to the fatherlesse.
He wipes the teares from Widowes eyes,
The single plants in Families;
Inlarged those who late were bound:
While Rebels starve on thirsty Ground.
When he our numerous Army led,
And march't through Deserts, full of dread,
Heaven melted, and Earths Centre shooke,
With his majesticke Presence strooke.
When Israels God in Clouds came downe,
High Sinai bow'd his trembling Crowne.
He in th'approach of meager Dearth, *Part 2.*
With showers refresh't the fainting Earth;
Where his owne flock in safety fed;
The Needy unto plenty led.
By Him wee conquer: Virgins sing
Our Victories, and Timbrels ring
He Kings with their vast Armies foiles;
While women share their wealthy spoiles.

You who among the Pots have laine
In Soot and Smoke, ſhall ſhine againe;
Bright, as the ſilver-feather'd Dove,
Whoſe wings with golden Splendor move.
When he the Kings had overthrowne,
Our Land like ſnowy Salmon ſhone.
Gods Mountaine Baſhans Mount tranſcends;
Though he his many Heads extends.
Why boaſt you ſo, ye meaner Hils?
God with his Glory Sions fils:
This his beloved reſidence;
Nor ever will depart from hence.
Part 3. His Chariots twenty thouſand were,
Which Myriads of Angels beare;
He in the midſt, as when he crown'd
High Sinai's ſanctified ground.
Lord, thou thy ſelfe haſt rais'd on high;
Thou captivat'ſt Captivitie.
Deckt with the trophees of his Foes,
The gifts receiv'd on his beſtowes:
Reducing thoſe who did rebell;
That both might in his Sion dwell.
O praiſed be the God of gods,
Who his with daily bleſſings loads:
The God of our Salvation,
On whome our hopes depend alone.
The Controverſe of Life and Death
Is arbitrated by his Breath.
He on their heads his Foes ſhall wound;
Their hairy ſcalps, whoſe ſins abound,
And in their treſpaſſes proceede.
Thus ſpake Jehovah; Jacobs Seede
I will from Baſhan bring againe,
And through the bottome of the Maine:
That Dogs may lap their enemies blood;
And they wade through a crimſon Flood.
Part 4. We in thy Sanctuary late,
My God, my King, beheld thy State.
The ſacred Singers marcht before;
Who inſtruments of Muſick bore,

In order followed : every Maid
Upon her pleaſant Timbrell plaid.
His Praiſe in your Aſſemblies ſing,
You who from Iſraels Fountaine ſpring.
Nor little Benjamin alone,
But Judah from his Mountaine-throne ;
The farre removed Zebulun ;
And Nephtalie which borders on
Old Jordan, where his ſtreames dilates,
Joyn'd all their Powers and Potentates.
For us his winged Souldiers fought :
Lord ſtrengthen, what thy hand hath wrought.
He that ſupports a Diadem,
To Thee divine Jeruſalem,
Shall in Devotion treaſure bring,
To build the Temple of his King.
Breake through their Pikes ; the multitude *Part* 5.
Of Buls, with ſavage ſtrength indu'd ;
Till they with gifts ſweet Peace invite :
But ſcatter thoſe, whom Wars delight.
Farre off from Sun-burnt Meroe,
From falling Nilus ; from the Sea
Which beats on the Ægyptian ſhore,
Shall Princes come and here adore.
You Kingdomes, through the World renown'd,
Sing to the Lord, his praiſe reſound :
He who Heavens upper Heaven beſtrides,
And on her aged ſhoulders rides :
Whoſe voyce the Clouds aſunder rends,
In thunder terrible deſcends.
O praiſe his ſtrength whoſe Majeſty
In Iſrael ſhines, his Power on high.
He from his Sanctuary throwes
A trembling horror on his Foes :
While us his Power and Strength inveſt.
O Iſrael, praiſe the Ever-bleſt.

Psalme LXIX.

As the 22

LORD, snatch me from the raging Flood;
Now in deepe Eddies almost drown'd:
That struggle in the yeelding mud.
There, where no bottome can be found:
The rising waves my head surround.
And with their terrours chill my Blood.

Tir'd with complaining; hoarse, and sore;
Sight failes my long expecting Eyes:
My Haires are not in number more,
Then my uninjur'd Enemies.
The great in wrong against me rise;
I, what I never tooke, restore.

My God, thou know'st my Innocence:
Let not the faithfull blush for me,
Traduc'd by slanderous Impudence:
Nor O! let those that call on Thee,
Their shame in my Confusion see;
Since thou art our profest Defence.

For thee I suffer Calumnies;
To Men become a generall scorne;
Deserted by my neare Allies;
By children of my Mother borne:
Through zeale unto thy Honour worne,
While thy reproach upon me lies.

I fasted, wept, in Sack-cloth mourn'd;
My anguish in my lookes expreſt:
Yet this to my derision turn'd;
By Drunkards sung at every Feast:
Even Judges at my sorrow jest;
My Innocence by slandes spurn'd.

Yet

Yet ſhall my Prayers and Sighes aſcend
Even in an acceptable houre. *Part* 2.
Thy Mercy, gracious Lord, extend;
And ſave by thy Almighty Power.
Let not the ſwallowing mud devoure:
Preſerve from ſuch a ſhameful end.

Deliver from th'inſulting Foe,
My ſtrugling Feet from ſinking keepe:
Let not the Billowes overflowe,
Nor Whirle-pits ſuck into their Deepe.
O pitie Thou the Eies that weepe:
And thy tranſcendent Mercy ſhow.

Heare, and redeeme without delay,
Nor in my trouble hide thy Face:
Leſt I become a wretched prey
To ſuch as have my Soule in chace.
My ſhame, indignities, diſgrace
And all their crimes before Thee lay.

Reproach my bleeding heart hath pierc't:
Was ever Sorrow halfe ſo great!
Compaſſion hath her Eyes averſt;
My Griefe no comfort could intreat:
They gave me bitter Gall to eate;
And Vinegar to quench my Thirſt.

O be their board a ſnare to thoſe!
Proſperitie it ſelfe a Bait!
Their Eyes in clouds of darkeneſſe cloſe;
And let them fall by their owne weight:
Powre on them thy Eternall hate;
With vengeance multiply their woes.

In Ruines let their Houſes lie; *Part* 3.
None in their ſilent Tents be found;
That would, whom thou haſt ſmit, deſtroy;
And wounded ſouls with ſlander wound.
Let their iniquities abound,
Nor ever in thy Mercie joy.

Their names out of thy Volume blot;
Nor with the Juſt inthrone their Dayes.
Though poore; to miſery begot;
Yet Thou ſhalt my dejection raiſe;
Then will I celebrate thy praiſe:
My thankfull Heart no time ſhall ſpot.

This will Jehovah more delight,
Then Buls prepar'd for Sacrifice:
Their guilded Hornes with Garlands dight.
This ſhall the Meeke with pleaſed Eyes
Behold, and centuple their joyes:
Their Day ſhall never ſet in Night.

For God the Poore regards, and thoſe,
Who for his ſake affliction trie.
Round Earth, deepe Seas, what Seas incloſe
You Orbs, that move ſo orderly;
Our great Jehovah magnifie,
Who crownes his Saints with ſweet Repoſe.

For God his Sion ſhall immure,
And Judah's Cittie build againe:
Where they ſhall ever live ſecure;
A faire inheritance obtaine:
There ſhall their bleſſed Seed remaine;
And ſafely that rich Soile manure,

PSALME LXX.

As the 5.

HASTE, Lord; from ſuch as would devoure,
Defend by thy almightie Power:
Delay not in ſo fear'd an Houre.

But let confuſion ſeaze on thoſe,
Who ſeeke my Soule; to ſhame expoſe;
Be ſudden in their overthrowes.

Let thoſe with infamie returne;

dejected

Dejected, and unpittied, mourne;
Who laugh, and blaſt me with their ſcorne.

Who love thy Name, with joy inveſt:
Let them in ſhades of Safetie feaſt;
And ever ſay, The Lord be bleſt.

But I am poore, and full of need:
Haſte, Lord, deliver me with ſpeed;
Our Strength, our Helpe, from Thee proceed.

PSALME LXXI.

IN Thy Wing for refuge flie;
Protect me from foule Infamy; *As the 34*
Lord, in thy Juſtice ſave.
Deliver from their treacherous Snares:
O favourably heare my Prayers;
Snatch from the yawning Graves

Be thou my Fortreſſe of Defence;
There let me fix my Reſidence.
O Thou my Rocke! my Tower!
Who haſt thy Angels given in charge,
That they thy Servants ſhould inlarge
From circumventing Power.

Deliver from their cruell might,
Whoſe wicked hands in blood delight:
Leſt I their prey become.
Thou art my hope; even from my Youth
Have I reli'd upon thy Truth;
By Thee kept in the wombe?

From thence extracted by thy Care.
Though, as a Prodigie they ſtare
On me with wondring eyes;
Yet Thee, my ſtrength, my Song ſhall praiſe,
And to the Starres thy glory raiſe,
While Sunnes ſhall ſet and riſe.

Part 2.

O caſt not off, when full of dayes,
Forſake not when my ſtrength decaves:
Watcht by conſpiring Foes:
God hath abandon'd him, ſay they,
Now let us make his life our prey:
Who ſhall our power oppoſe?

My God, cloſſe to thy ſervant ſtand,
And helpe him with a ſpeedy hand:
Thoſe in their pride confound
Who perſecute my wretched Soule;
Let Death their impious rage controule,
And with diſhonour wound.

But I will ever hope, and raiſe
My Voice to multiply thy Praiſe;
Thy righteouſneſſe diſplay,
Thy manifold Deliveries:
Which O! no number can compriſe;
Thus ſpend the harmles Day.

I, in thy ſtrength, though old and weake,
Will walke, and of thy Juſtice ſpeake;
Of thine, even thine alone:
Thou haſt inform'd mee from my Youth:
I, to this houre, with ſingle Truth, (ſhown.
Thy wondrous works have

Part 3.

Now in the Winter of my yeares;
When time hath ſnow'd upon my haires,
Abandon not, O Lord,
Till I unto this Age proclame
Thy mighty Power; in Songs the ſame
Unto the next record.

Thy Counſels depth our ſearch exceeds:
How admirable are thy Deeds?
O who is like to Thee?
Thou haſt afflictions on mee laine;

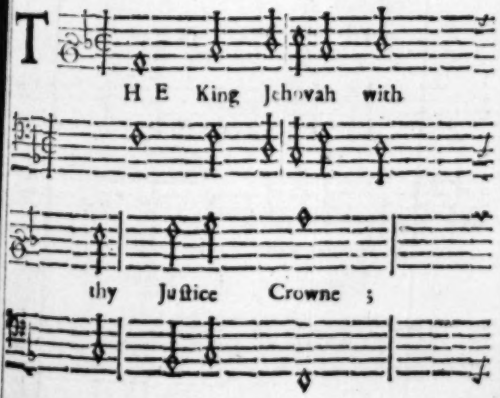
Yet

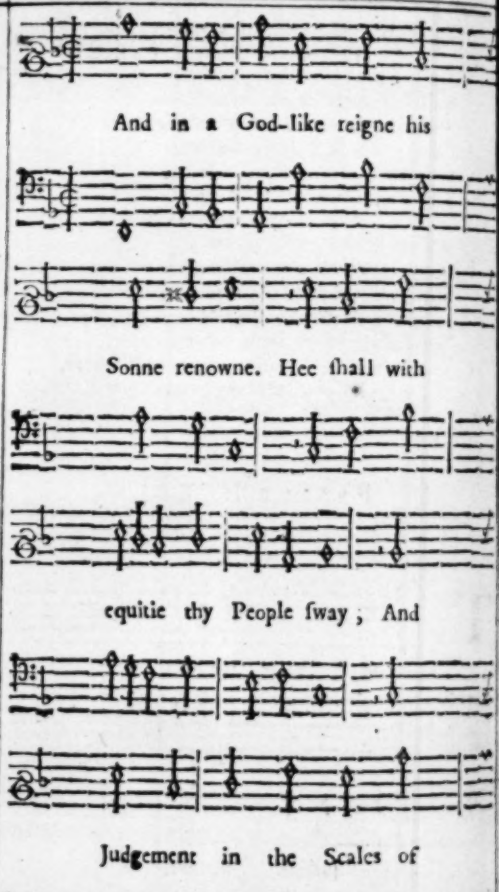
Yet ſhalt thou quicken mee againe,
And from Earths entrailes free.

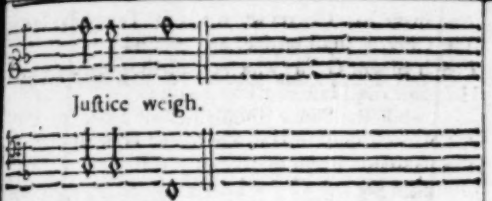
Still thou my glory wilt increaſe,
And comfort with the joyes of Peace.
I, in a living Verſe,
Unto my warbling Harp will ſing
Thy praiſes, O eternall King;
Thy noble Acts rehearſe.

Unto my Voice, and Inſtrument
Shall my exalted Soule conſent;
By Thee redeem'd from Death:
Thy Juſtice every day preclame;
That now haſt cloth'd my Foes with ſhame,
Diſperſed by thy breath.

PSALME LXXII.




And in a God-like reigne his
Sonne renowne. Hee ſhall with
equitie thy People ſway; And
Judgement in the Scales of



Then little Hils ſhall riot with increaſe;
And Mountains flouriſh in the fruits of Peace.
Hee ſhall the Poore from Violence protect;
Exalt the humble, and the Proud deject;
They, while the reſtleſſe Sunne directs the Yeare;
While Moones increaſe and Waine, thy Name ſhall feare.
He ſhall deſcend like plenty-dropping Showres,
Which cloath the Earth, and fill her Lap with flowres.
The Juſt ſhall flouriſh in his happy Dayes,
And Peace abound, while Stars extend their Raies.
He ſhall from Sea to Sea inlarge his Reigne;
From ſwift Euphrates to the farthеſt Maine.
The wilde Inhabitants, that live by prey
In ſcortched Deſerts, ſhall his Rule obey.
His Foes ſhall licke the Duſt, rich with their Spoyles.
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-graſped Iles,
Shall orient Pearle, and ſparkling Stones preſent;
Gold from the Sun-burnt Æthiophians ſent.
The ſwart Sabæans, and Panchaia's King,
Shall Caſſia, Myrrhe, and ſacred Incenſe bring:
All Kings ſhall homage to this King afford, *Part. 2.*
All Nations ſhall receive him for their Lord.
He ſhall th'Oppreſſed heare, the Poore defend;
The Needie ſave and ſuch as have no friend:
Redeeme their Soules from fraud, and Violence;
And ſhall with Blood revenge their Bloods expenſe.
For this, be long and happily ſhall live:
To him they ſhall the Gold of Sheba give.
The People for their King ſhall hourely pray,
His Praiſes ſing, and bleſſe him Day by Day.
Ranke crops of Corne ſhall on high Mountaines grow,

And

And shake like Cedars when rough Tempests blow.
The Citizens shall prosper and abound;
Like blades of Grass, which cloath the pregnant ground
His name shall last to all Eternitie:
Even while the Sunne illuminates the Skie.
All Nations shall in Him bee blest: Him all
The habitable Earth shall blessed call.
O praised bee our God! That King of Kings,
Who only can accomplish wondrous things!
For ever celebrate his glorious Name,
And fill the World with his illustrious Fame.

Amen, Amen.

Here end the Prayers of David *the Sonne of* Jesse.

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE THIRD BOOKE OF THE *Pſalmes of DAVID.*

PSALME LXXIII.

THat Power of powers, who Iſrael protects,
The pure of heart eternally affects.
Yet I began to ſtagger in my Faith
My Feete almoſt had ſwerved from his Path,
Whom I the Foole beheld with envious eyes;
Saw proſperous Vice to Wealth and Honour riſe.
Their Thread of Life is cloſſe and firmly ſpun;
When feeble Age, and pale Diſeaſes ſhun.
They, while wee ſuffer, ſurfeit in content;
As if alone exempt from puniſhment. (necks;
Pride hangs like precious chaines about their
And Violence in robes of Purple decks.
Their ſwolne eyes ſhine with un-control'd exceſſe;
Who more, then what their hearts can wiſh, poſſeſſe
Even glory in their foule Impietie;
And ſpeak like Thunder from the troubled Skie.
Dire Blaſphemies againſt high Heav'n they caſt;
The ſuffering Earth their Pride and Slander blaſt.

As the

The

The Good not ſeldome through their Scandall ſtray,
And preſt with Miſeries in Paſſion ſay;
O how can wee the Lord All-ſeeing call!
Or thinke he cares what unto men befall!
When lo! the Wicked with ſucceſſe are crown'd,
And in the pleaſures of this world abound.
I to no end have purg'd my heart of ſtaine;
In Innocence have cleans'd my hands in vaine;
That thus with daily puniſhments am worne,
And ſtill chaſtiſed with the riſing Morne.

Part:. If I gave words unto ſuch thoughts as theſe,
I ſhould th'aſſemblies of thy Saints diſpleaſe:
For then, what were it to be juſt, or good?
My Soule this ſecret never underſtood;
Till I into thy Sanctuarie came,
And their beheld their honour end in Shame.
Thou haſt on ſlippery heights their greatneſſe plac'd;
Downe Head long from their Noone of glory caſt.
How are they unto deſolation brought!
Conſumed in the moment of a thought!
Such as a pleaſant dreame when Sleepe forſakes
Our flattered ſenſe: ſo, when thy Wrath awakes,
Thou in thy dreadfull fury ſhalt deſtroy
Their empty and Imaginary joy.
Theſe former thoughts did my weake Soule moleſt;
So Ignorant, ſo Vaine, ſo like a Beaſt.
Yet I by thy Divine ſupportance ſtand:
Thou heldſt me up by thy Almightie hand.
Thou by thy counſell ſhalt direct my waies;
And after to eternall Glory raiſe.
For whom have I but Thee in Heaven above?
Or what on Earth can my Affections move?
My thought and fleſh are fraile: yet Lord, thou art
My Portion, and the Vigour of my Heart.
Who Thee abandon, ſhall to Death deſcend;
And they whoſe knees to curſed Idols bend.
I as my dutie, will to God repaire;
On him relie, and his great Acts declare.

PSAL.

PSALME LXXIV.

LORD; Why hast thou abandoned! *As the 14.*
O why for ever! shall thine Ire
Consume, like a devouring Fire,
The Sheepe which in thy pastures fed!

O thinke of those, who were thy owne;
By thee of old from bondage brought;
Th'Inheritance which thou hast bought,
And Sion thy affected Throne.

Come, O come quickly, and survey
What spoile the barbarous Foe hath made.
Lo! all in heaps of ruines laid;
Thy Temple their accursed prey.

Like Lions, with sharpe Famine whet,
They in thy Sanctuarie roare,
All purple in thy Peoples gore;
And there their conquering Ensignes set.

It was esteem'd a great renowne
With Axe to square the Mountaine Okes:
Now they demolish with their strokes,
And hew the carved Fabricke downe.

Who lo! with all-infolding flame,
The beautie of the Earth devoure:
Profanely prostrate on the floore
That Temple sacred to thy Name.

Now (said they) with a sudden hand,
Give wee a generall End to all.
By Fire the holy structures fall,
Through this depopulated Land.

No Miracles amaze our Foes; *Part 2.*

There are no Prophets to divine,
That might our miſeries decline;
None know the period of our woes.

Ah! how long ſhall our Enemies
Exult and glory in our ſhame!
How long ſhall they blaſpheme thy Name,
Great God, and thy ſlow wrath deſpiſe!

Thy Hand out of thy Boſome draw;
Nor longer thy Revenge with-hold:
My God, thou waſt our King: The old
Amazed World thy Wonders ſaw.

Thou ſtruck'ſt the Erythræan waves,
When Seas from Seas in tumult fled;
Brak'ſt the Ægyptian Dragons head,
And mad'ſt the joyning Floods their Graves.

That great Leviathan of Nile,
To Beaſts and Serpents, which poſſeſſe
The drie and foodleſſe Wilderneſſe,
By Thee delivered for a Spoile.

Thou clav'ſt the Rock, from whoſe green wound
The thirſt expelling Fountaine brake:
Thou mad'ſt the heady ſtreames forſake
Their Chanels and become dry ground.

Part 3.

The cheerefull Day, Night cloth'd in ſhade;
The Moone and radiant Sun are Thine:
Thy Bounds the ſwelling Seas confine;
Summer and Winter by thee made.

Great God of gods, forget not thoſe
Who Thee reproachfully deſpiſe.
Remember, Lord, the Blaſphemies,
Caſt on thee by our frantick Foes.

O! to the wicked multitude

Surrender

Surrender not thy Turtle-dove:
Nor from thy tender care remove
The Poore, by powerfull Wrong purſu'd.

Thy Cov'nant, bound by Oath, maintain: *Part* 3.
For Darkeneſſe over-ſpreads the Face
Of all the Land; in every place
Deſtruction, Rape, and Slaughter reign.

Let not th'oppreſt returne with ſhame;
But crown thee with deſerv'd applauſe:
O patronize thy proper Cauſe:
Remember, Fooles revile thy Name.

O let their Sorrowes never ceaſe,
Who blaſt Thee with their Calumnies,
The tumults of their Pride, who riſe
Againſt Thee, every day increaſe.

PSALME LXXV.

THY Praiſes, O eternall King, *As the* 8
Our Soules in ſacred Verſe will ſing.
The wonders of thy Workes declare;
Thy Preſence in thy Power and Care.
When I ſhall weare the Hebrew Crown,
High Juſtice ſhall my Reign renown.
The Land with weakning Diſcord rent,
The People without Government,
Faint and diſſolve. Her Pillars I
Support, her Breaches fortifie.
Proud Man, I ſaid, renounce thy Pride;
Thou Foole, thy Folly caſt aſide.
Doe not ſo high your Hornes erect;
Nor bellow, as with yoke uncheckt.
Preferment from the Orient,
Nor from the Evening-Suns Deſcent,
Nor Deſert comes: God guides our Fates;
He raiſeth, and He ruinates.

A cup of red and mingled wine
He poureth out to me and mine:
But every Rebell in the Land
Shall drinke the Dregs, ſqueez'd by his Hand.
His noble acts I will relate,
The God of Jacob celebrate,
Suppreſſe the Wicked and their wayes;
The juſt to Wealth and Honour raiſe.

PSALME LXXVI.

As the 29

GOD in Judah is renown'd;
Salem with his Temple crown'd:
He in ſacred Sion dwels;
Iſrael his wonders tels.
He their flying Enſignes teares,
Shivers the Aſſyrian Speares.
He their Swords, Shields, Arrowes, breke;
Kill'd, ſubdu'd, without a ſtroke.
Thou more excellent then they,
That on Juries Mountaines prey:
Who the Great in battell toil'd,
Of their Lives and honours ſpoild.
Not the Mighty could with-ſtand,
Nor ſo much as finde a hand.
Princes by thy onely breath,
With the Vulgar ſleep in Death.
Terrible unto thy Foes:
O, who can thy wrath oppoſe!
When as they thy Thunder heare,
Mortals ſtand amaz'd, and feare,
When from thy eternall reſt
Thou deſcend'ſt, to ſave th'Oppreſt.
Malice but it ſelfe betraies,
And converts into thy praiſe.
Future rage thou ſhalt reſtraine,
Making their indeavour vaine.
Jacobs ſeede, with one accord,
Pay your Vowes unto the Lord,

Holy

Holy Levites, Offerings bring,
Of his glorious Conqueſt ſing.
He, who Princes overthrowes,
O, how fearefull, to his Foes!

PSALME LXXVII.

TO God I cri'd; He heard my cries: *As the 5.*
Againe when plung'd in miſeries,
Renew'd with raiſed hands and eyes.

My feſtred wounds ran all the Night,
No comfort could my Soule invite
To reliſh long out-worne delight.

I call'd upon the ever-bleſt:
And yet my troubles ſtill increaſt;
Almoſt to Death by ſorrow preſt.

Thou keepſt my galled eyes awake:
Words faile my griefe; ſighs onely ſpake
Which from my panting boſome brake.

Then did my memory unfold
The wonders which thou wrought'ſt of old,
By our admiring Fathers told.

The Songs, which in the Night I ſung;
When deepely by affliction ſtung:
Theſe thoughts thus mov'd my deſperate tongue,

Wilt thou for ever, Lord, forſake?
Nor pity on th'afflicted take!
O ſhall thy mercy never wake?

Wilt thou thy promiſe falſifie?
Muſt I in thy diſpleaſure die?
Shall grace before thy Fury flie?

This said, I thus my Passions check't:
His changes on their ends reflect,
To punish and restore th'Elect.

Part. 2.

His great Deliverance shall dwell
In my Remembrance I will tell
What in our Fathers daies befell.

His counsells from our reach are set;
Hid in his sacred Cabinet.
What God like ours! so Good! so Great!

Who wonders can effect alone;
His Peoples great Redemption;
To Jacobs seed, and Josephs knowne.

The yielding Floods confesse thy Might;
The Deeps were troubled at thy Sight;
And Seas recoil'd in their affright.

The Clouds in storms of raine descend;
The Aire thy hideous Fragors rend;
Thy Arrowes dreadfull flames extend.

Thy thunders roarings rake the Skies;
Thy fatall Lightning swiftly flies;
Earth trembles in her agonies.

Thy VVayes even through the Billowes lie:
The Floods then left their Chanels dry,
No Mortall can thy steps descry.

Like Flocks through Wilderneſſe of Sand,
Thou lead'ſt us to this pleasant Land,
By Moſes and by Aarons hand.

PSAL-

Psalme LXXVIII.

MY People, heare my words, I will unfold
Darke Oracles, and wonders done of old, *As the 42.*
by our great Anceſtors both heard and knowne,
Succeſſively unto their Children ſhowne,
VVhich wee will to Poſterity relate;
That People yet unknowne, may celebrate
Gods Power, his Praiſe, and glorious Acts: ſince Hee
Will's this Tradition by divine Decree;
Untill one Day ſhall give the VVorld an end:
That all their hopes might on his Help depend.
Nor ever let his noble Actions ſleepe
In darke oblivion, but his Statutes keepe.
Unlike their rebell Sires, a ſtubborne Race;
VVho fell from God, not fought his ſlighted Grace.
The Ephraimites, though Expert in their Bowes,
Though arm'd, ignobly fled before their Foes:
Who vainly brake the Cov'nant of their God;
Nor in the wayes of his preſcription trod,
Forgot his famous Acts, his Wonders ſhown
In Zoan, and the Plaines by Nile o'reflown,
He brought them through the bowels of the Flood;
The parted Waves like ſolid Mountaines ſtood.
By day with leading Cloud affords a ſhade;
By night a flaming Pyramis diſplaid.
Hard Rocks, He in the thirſty Deſarts, clave,
And drinke out of their ſtony Entrailes gave:
Even from their barren ſides the waters guſh'r,
And down in Rivers through the Vallies ruſh'r,
Yet ſtill they ſinn'd, and meat to ſatisfie
Their luſt demand, provoking the moſt High. *Part 2.*
Blaſpheming thus; Can God our wants redreſſe?
A Table furniſh in the Wilderneſſe?
Though from the cloven Rocks freſh Currents drill,
Can he give bread? with fleſh the hungry fill?
Thus tempted by their hourely murmurings,
He to his long retarded Wrath gives wings:

Their infidelity inrag'd the Juſt,
That would not to his ſure Protection truſt.
Who all the Curtaines of the Skies withdrew,
And made the clouds reſolve into a dew.
With Manna, Food of Angels fed,
And fill'd with plenty of cœleſtiall Bread.
Then cauſ'd the early Eaſterne winds to riſe,
And bad the dropping South obſcure the Skies:
Whence ſhowres of Quailes deſcend, as thick as ſand
On Sea-waſh't ſhores, or duſt on Sun-dri'd Land;
Which fell among their Tents: They their delights
Injoy, and feaſt their deadly appetites.
For lo! while they thoſe fatall Dainties chew,
And their inordinate Deſires purſue;
The Wrath of God ſurpriz'd them, and cut downe
The choice of all; even thoſe of moſt renowne.
Nor, by their owne miſ haps admoniſhed,
Would they his Workes believe, or Judgements dread.
So he their ſpirits quencht with daily teares;
In Vanity and Toile conſum'd their yeares.
Part 3. But when by Slaughter waſted, the forlorn
Return'd, and ſought him in the early Morn:
They then confeſt, and ſaid; Thou art our Tower,
Our ſtrength, alone protecteſt by thy Power.
Yet their ſlie Tongues did but their Soules diſguiſe,
Full of deluding flatteries, and lies.
Their faithleſſe hearts revolted from his Will,
Nor ever would his juſt Commands fulfill.
How oft would he, whoſe Mercy hath no bound,
Their pardon ſigne! nor in their Sins confound!
How oft did hee his burning wrath aſſwage!
How oft divert the furie of his Rage!
Conſider'd them as fleſh in frailetie borne,
A paſſing Winde, that never can returne.
Yet ſtill would they his ſacred Lawes tranſgreſſe;
Provok'd him in th'unpeopled Wilderneſſe:
Confin'd the holy One of Iſrael;
Againſt their Saviour frantickly rebell:
Forgetfull of his Power, nor ever thought
Of that Great Day, when from long Bondage brought.

His

His dreadfull Miracles to Ægypt knowne,
And Wonders in the Field of Zoan thowne.
The River chang'd into a Sea of blood;
Men faint for thirſt, t'avoid th'infected Flood.
Hoge ſwarmes of unknowne Flies diſplay their wings.
Which wound to death with their invenom'd ſtings.
Death'd Frogs even in their Palaces abound;
And with their filthy ſlime pollute the ground.
Their early fruits the Caterpillars ſpoyle: *Part* 4.
And Grashoppers devoure the Plow-mans toile.
Long Vines with ſtormes their dangling burdens loſt:
The broad leav'd Sycamores deſtroy'd with froſt.
Their Flocks beat down with Hail-ſtones, breatheles lie:
Their Cattell by the ſtroke of Thunder die.
The Vengeance of his Wrath all formes of woes,
More Plagues, then could be fear'd, upon them throwes
Whom evill Angels to their ſinnes betray.
He to the Torrent of his Wrath gave way;
Nor would with man or ſinleſſe beaſts diſpenſe;
Shot by the Arrowes of his Peſtilence.
Slew all the flower of Youth; their First-borne Sons;
Those where old Nilus in ſeven Chanels runs.
But like a flocke of Sheepe his People led;
Safe and ſecure through Deſerts full of dread:
Even through unfathom'd Deeps, which part: and cloſe
Their tumbling waves to ſwallow their proud Foes:
Then brought them to his conſecrated Land;
Even to his Mountaine purchas'd by his Hand,
Caſt out the Giant-like Inhabitants;
And in their roomes the Tribes of Iſrael plants.
Yet they (O moſt ingratefull!) falſifie
Their vowes, and ſtill exaſperate the moſt High:
Who in their faithleſſe Fathers traces goe;
And ſtart aſide; like a deceitfull Bow.
Their Altars on the tops of Mountaines blaze,
While they their hands to curſed Idols raiſe.
Theſe objects fuell to his wrath affoord: *Part* 5.
Whoſe Soule revolted Iſrael abhor'd.
The ancient Seat of Shiloh then forſooke;
Nor longer would that hated Manſion brooke.

His

His Arke even to Captivity declin'd;
His Strength and Glory to the Foe reſign'd:
And yeelded up his People to the Rage
Of barbarous ſwords; nor would his wrath aſſwage.
Devouring flames their able Youth confound,
Nor are their Maids with nuptial-Garlands crown'd
Their Mitred Prieſts in heat of Battell fall;
No Widows weeping at their Funerall.
Then as a Giant, folded in the Charmes
Of Wine and Sleepe, ſtarts up, and cries, to armes:
So rous'd, his Foes behinde, Jehovah wounds.
And with eternall Infamy confounds:
Yet would in Joſephs Tents no longer dwell,
Nor Ephraim choſe, who from his Cov'nant fell:
But Judahs Mountain for his Seat elects,
And ſacred Sion which hee moſt affects.
There our great God his glorious Temple plac'd,
Firm as the Centre, never to bee ras'd.
And from the bleating Flocks his David choſe,
When hee attended on the yeaning Ewes;
And rais'd him to a Throne, that he might feed
His people, Iſraels ſelected Seed.
Who fed them faithfully, and all the Land
Directed with a juſt and equall hand.

PSALME LXXIX.

As the 39

THe Gentiles waſte thy Canaan, Lord
With Fire and Sword.
Thy holy Temple they prophane;
With Slaughter ſtaine.
Beneath her ruines Salem grones,
Now nothing but a heape of Stones.

The dead no Funerall pomp attends,
Nor weeping friends;
Their carkaſes our barbarous Foes
To Beaſts expoſe:

The

The ravenous Wolves become their tombe
Or elſe the greedie Vultures wombe.

With blood of Saints, the Streames grow red,
Like Water ſhed:
Thy People now a generall
Reproach to all.
The Syrian, and baſe Edomite
Deride, and in our woes delight.

How long, Lord ſhall thy jealous ire
Devour like Fire!
Thy anger, in a dreadfull ſhowre
Of vengeance, powre
On thoſe, who know not thy great Name:
And thinke thy Worſhip but a ſhame.

Part 2.

For they have laid our Countrey waſte:
Our Cities ras't.
Lord, O remember not the crimes
Of former times!
But for thy tender mercy ſave
Our ſoules; now humbled to the grave.

Lord for the glory of thy Name,
Redeeme from ſhame.
O purge us, and propitious bee!
From thraldome free.
Why ſhould the Heathen thus blaſpheme,
And ſay: Your God is but a Dreame!

Againſt them let thy Vengeance riſe;
Before our eyes:
And for our blood, ſhed by their guilt,
Let theirs be ſpilt.
O heare the ſighing Priſoners cry!
And ſave, whom they have doom'd to die.

Our ſpightfull Neighbours, Lord, deride
Thee, in their pride.

With ſeven-fold vengeance recompenſe
Their inſolence:
So we, thy flocke, our God will praiſe;
And to the Stars thy Glory raiſe.

PSALME LXXX.

As the 3

THou Shephard of thy Iſrael,
That, Flock-like, leadeſt Joſephs Race;
Who twixt the Cherubims doſt dwell,
O heare! ſhew thy inlightning Face.
Exalt thy ſaving power before
Mannaſſeth, Ephraim, Benjamin:
O from Captivity reſtore!
And let thy beames upon us ſhine.
Great God of Battaile wilt thou ſtill
Be angry, and our prayers deſpiſe?
Bread, ſteept in teares, our ſtomacks fill;
We drinke the rivers of our eyes.
Our ſcoffing Neighbours fall at ſtriſe
Among themſelves, to ſhare our right:
Great God reſtore the dead to life,
And comfort by the quickning light.

Part 2.

This Vine, from Ægypt brought, (the foe
Expel'd) was planted by thy hand:
Thou gav'ſt it roome and ſtrenght to grow,
Untill her branches fill'd the Land.
The Mountaines tooke a ſhade from theſe,
Which like a grove of Cedars ſtood:
Extending to the Tyrian Seas,
And to Euphrates rowling Flood.
O why haſt thou her fences rav't?
Whilſt every Stragler puls her fruit:
The browſing Heard Her branches waſte;
And Salvage Boores Plough-up her root.
Great God, returne; this trampled Vine
From Heaven behold with mild aſpect:
Once planted by that Hand of thine;
The branches of thy owne Elect.

Which

Which now cut down, wild Flames devoure,
Through thy fierce wrath to ruine brought:
Protect thy People by thy Power;
And perfect what thy ſelfe hath wrought,
Reviv'd, we will thy Name adore;
Nor ever from thy Pleaſure ſwerve.
O from Captivity reſtore,
And by thy powerfull grace preſerve:

PSALME LXXXI.

TO God our ſtrength your voices raiſe; *As the 9*
In ſacred numbers ſing his praiſe.
The warbling Lute, ſweet Violl bring,
And ſolemne Harpe: loud Timbrels ring.
The new Moon ſeen, ſhrill Trumpets ſound:
Your ſacred Feaſts with Triumph crown'd.
Theſe Rites our God eſtabliſhed,
When Iſrael He from Ægypt led:
Their necks with Yokes of bondage wrung;
Inured to an unknowne tongue.
Your burdens I have caſt away,
Said he, and cleans'd your hands from clay:
Then ſav'd, when in your feares you cri'd,
And from the thundring Cloud repli'd.
I tri'd you, heard your murmurings,
At Meribahs admired Springs,
You Sons of Iſrael give eare,
I will inſtruct you, would you heare.
Beware, no forraigne gods adore,
Nor their adulterate Powers implore.
I Thee alone brought from the Land *Part 2*
Of Bondage, with a mighty Hand.
I know and will ſupply thy neede,
When naked, clothe, when hungry, feede.
Yet would not they my Counſell brooke,
But deſperately their God forſooke:
Whom I unto their luſts reſign'd,
And errours of their wandring Mind.

O that they had my voice obey'd,
Nor from the paths of Vertue ſtray'd!
Then Victory their browes had crown'd:
Their ſlaughter'd Foes had ſpread the ground
Then had I made their enemy
Submit, and at their mercy lie,
Themſelves bleſt with eternall Peace;
Inriched with the Earths increaſe:
With floure of Wheat, and Honey fill'd,
From breaches of the Rock diſtill'd.

PSALME LXXXII.

As the 4

GOD ſits upon the Throne of Kings,
And Judges unto Judgement brings:
Why then ſo long
Maintaine you wrong.
And favour Lawleſſe things?

Defend the Poore the Fatherleſſe;
Their crying injuries redreſſe:
And vindicate
The Deſolate,
Whom wicked men oppreſſe.

For they of knowledge have no Light,
Nor will to know; but walke in Night
Earths Baſes faile;
No Lawes prevaile;
Scarce one in heart upright.

Though Gods, and Sons of the moſt High;
Yet you, like common men, ſhall die;
Like Princes fall.
Great God, judge all
The Earth thy Monarchy.

Psalme LXXXIII.

LORD, ſit not ſtill, as deaſe unto our cries:
For lo! our Enemies in tumults riſe. *At the 1.*
Even thoſe, who thy Omnipotence deny,
And hate thy Name, advance their Creſts on high:
Darke counſels take, and ſecretly contrive
Their ſlaughter, whom thy Mercy keeps alive.
Come, ſay they, let us with inceſſant ſtrokes
Hew down this Nation, like a grove of Okes
Till they no longer bee; and Iſrael die
Both in his Race, and ruin'd Memory.
They all, in one Confederacy, have made
A ſolemn League, ſuppli'd with foraigne aide.
Fierce Idumæans, who in Nomades ſtray,
And ſhaggy Iſmaelites, that live by prey:
Th'inceſtuous Race, that border on the Lake
Of ſalt Aſphaltbis: Savage Theeves who take
Their name from ſervile Hagar, they, who dwell
In Geball; Ammonites, who Peace expell:
Sterne Palæſtines, and wild Amalekites,
Falſe Tyrians, Aſſur with Lots Sons unites.
Let them like Midian fall, by mutuall wounds, *Part 2.*
Like Siſera, fall like Jabin, on the bounds
Of Endor, where ſwift Kiſon takes his byrth;
Who lay like Dung upon the fatned Earth:
Like Zeb, and Orebs Princes, made a prey
For Wolves: like Zeba and proud Zalmuna!
Who ſaid, let us theſe Iſraelites deſtroy,
And all the Cities of their God enjoy.
O let them, like a wheele be hurried round;
Like chaffe, wch whirl winds raviſh fron the ground
As Woods grown dry with age, imbrac'd with fire,
Whoſe flames above the ſinged Hils aſpire:
So in the Tempeſt of thy Wrath purſue,
And with thy Stormes thy trembling Foes ſubdue.
O fill their hearts with grief; their looks with ſhame
Till they invoke thy late blaſphemed Name.

Confound

Confound them with eternall Infamie;
That they, through anguith of their Soules, my die
That men Jehovah's Wonders may reherſe;
The gread Commander of this Univerſe.

Psalme LXXXIV.

As the 29

O How amiable are
Thy Aboads, great God of warre!
How I languith through reſtraint!
How my longing Spirits faint!
Lord, for thee I daily crie;
In thy abſence heurely die.
Sparrowes there their young ones reare;
And the Summers Harbringer
But thy Alter builds her neſt,
Where they take their envi'd reſt.
O my King! O thou moſt High!
Arbiter of Victorie!
Happie men! who ſpend their Dayes;
In thy Courts, there ſing thy Praiſe!
Happy! who on Thee depend!
Thine their Way, and thou their End.
Who through Baca travelling.
Make that thirſty Vale a ſpring,
Or ſoft Showers from Clouds diſtill
And their emptie Ciſterns fill:
Freſh in ſtrength, their courſe purſue,
Till they thee in Sion view.
Lord of Hoſts, incline thine Eare.
O thou God of Jacob heare!
Thou our Rocke, extend thy Grace;
Looke on thy Anointed's Face.
One Day in thy Courts alone.
Farre exceeds a Million
Let me be contemn'd and poore,
In thy Temple keepe a Doore:
Then with wicked men poſſeſſe
All that they call Happineſſe,

O thou Shield of our Defence !
O thou Sun, whoſe influence
Sweetly glides into our Hearts !
Thou who all to thine imparts !
Happy ! O thrice happy hee,
Who alone depends on thee !

PSALME LXXXV.

AT length thou haſt thy Mercie ſhown;
Drawne from the Babylonian yoke, *As the 2*
Our Sinnes remov'd which did provoke
Thy Wrath, even that now overblowne.
Great God, our ruin'd State reſtore,
And let thy Anger flame no more.

O ſhall it like a Commet raigne !
Extending to the yet unborne !
Wilt thou not quicken the forlorne,
That thine in Thee may joy again !
O ſhowre thy Mercie from above,
Preſerve, and fix us in thy love !

I will the Voice of God attend,
VVho to his People ſpeaks of Peace,
Such as in Sanctity increaſe;
Nor to their Sinnes againe deſcend :
Theſe ſoone with Freedom ſhall be bleſt,
That Glory may our Land inveſt.

Thoſe Dayes ſhall conſumate our Bliſſe :
Sweet Clemency with truth ſhall meet;
High Juſtice gentle Peace ſhall greet,
Saluting with a holy Kiſſe :
For truth ſhall from the Earth ariſe,
And Righteouſneſſe look from the Skies.

Then ſhall Jehovah diſtribute
His bleſſings with a liberall Hand;

The rich and ever gratefull Land
Abundantly produce her fruit.
For Juſtice ſhall before him goe,
And her faire ſteps to Mortals ſhow.

PSALME LXXXVI.

As the 13

MY God, thy Suppliant heare;
Afford a gentle Eare:
For I am comfortleſſe,
And labour in diſtreſſe.
My righteous Soule relieve,
So readie to forgive.
Thy Servant, Lord, defend.
Whoſe hopes on Thee depend.
Me from the Grave reſtore,
Who daily thee implore:
From waſting Sorrow free
The Heart long vow'd to thee.
For thou art God alone,
To tender pity prone,
Propitious unto all,
Who on thy Mercy call.
O heare my fervent prayer,
And take me to thy care;
Then ready to be found,
When troubles moſt abound.
What God, like thee, O Lord,
Of all by men ador'd!
Or underneath the Sun,
Such miracles hath done.

Part. 2.

Zeale ſhall all hearts inflame
T'adore and praiſe thy Name.
For thou art God alone;
Thy Power in Wonders ſhowne,
Direct me in thy Way;
So ſhall I never ſtray.
My thoughts from Tempeſt cleare;
United in thy Feare.

My

My Soule ſhall celebrate
Thy Praiſe; thy Power relate.
That haſt advanc'd my head,
And rais'd me from the Dead.
The proud againſt me riſe,
And pow'rfull Enemies
(All Rebels to thy Will)
My guiltleſſe blood would ſpill.
But, O thou King of kings,
From thee ſweet Mercy ſprings;
Still gracious, ſlow to wrath;
True to thy Servants Faith.
Lord, for thy Mercies ſake,
Into thy boſome take:
Thy Hand-maids Son O ſave
From the devouring Grave!
Some happy Signe expoſe
To my aſhamed Foes,
That they thy Hate may ſee
To them; thy Love to me.

PSALME LXXXVII.

THe Lord hath with his Temple crown'd Moriah, by his Choice renown'd. *As the 8*
Not all the Tents of Iſrael,
Or Mountaines which in height excell,
He ſo affects, or celebrates,
As lofty Sions ſtately Gates.
Jeruſalem, thou Throne of Kings,
Of thee they utter glorious things.
Not by Judea's narrow bounds
Preſcrib'd; the Land which Nile ſurrounds,
Great Babylon, proud Palæſtine,
Rich Tyre, which circling Seas confine;
And black-brow'd Æthiopians,
Shall yield thee Citizens and Sons.
All ſorts of People, foraign-bred,
As Natives there indenized;

In Sion, built by immortall Hands:
Firme as the Mountaine where it ſtands.
The Lord in his eternall Scroll,
Shall theſe, as Citizens, inroll.
Their Muſick ſhall th'Affections raiſe,
And Songs ſung in Jehovah's praiſe;
Whoſe bleſſings on this City ſhall,
Like Streames from Heavenly Fountaines fall

PSALME LXXXVIII.

As the 39

MY Saviour! both by night and day
To Thee I pray.
O let my Cries tranſcend the Spheares,
And pierce thy Eares!
Leſt Sorrow ſtop my fainting breath;
Now neare the Jawes of greedy Death.

My light extinguiſht, numbered
Among the Dead:
Like men in battaile ſlaine; the wombe
Of Earth their Tombe:
Forgotten as if never knowne;
By thy tempeſtuous Wrath o'rethrowne.

By Thee lodg'd in the lower Deeps,
Where Horrour keeps;
In Dungeons, where no Sun diſplaies
His cheerfull Raies.
Cruſh't by thy Wrath; on me thy Waves
Ruſh, like ſo many rolling Graves.

My old Familiers, now my Foes,
Deride my Woes.
My Houſe becomes my Gaole, where I
In Fetters lie.
Blind with my teares; with crying hoarſe;
Hands rais'd in vaine; a walking Coarſe,

Wilt

VVilt thou to thoſe thy VVonders ſhow,
VVho ſleepe below ?
The Dead from their cold Manſions raiſe,
To ſing thy Praiſe ?
Shall Mercy find us in the Grave ?
Or wilt thou in Deſtruction ſave ?

Part 2

VVilt thou thy VVonders bring to light,
In Deaths long Night ?
Or ſhall thy Juſtice there be ſhowne,
Where none are knowne ?
I have, and ſtill to thee will pray,
Before the Sun reſtore the Day.

O, why haſt thou withdrawne thy Grace,
And hide thy Face,
From me, who from my Infancy
But daily die ;
Whil'ſt I thy Terrours undergoe ;
Diſtracted by theſe ſtormes of woe.

Thy Anger, like a Gulph, devoures
My trembling Powers :
With troups of Terrours circled round ;
In Sorrow drown'd ;
Depriv'd of thoſe, that lov'd me moſt ;
To all in darke oblivion loſt.

PSALME LXXXIX.

As the 72

OUr greatfull Songs, O thou eternall King,
Shall ever of thy boundleſſe Mercies ſing :
And thy unalterable Truth rehearſe
To after Ages, in a living verſe.
For what is by thy Clemency decreed,
Shall orderly, and faithfully ſucceed :
Even like thoſe never reſting Orbs above,
Which on firme hinges circularly move.

Thus God unto his Servant David swore;
This Cov'nant made: I will for evermore
Thy Seede establish, and thy Throne sustaine,
Whil'st Seas shall flow, or Moones increase, and waine.
The heavenly Hierarchy thy Truth shall praise;
The Saints below thy glorious Wonders blaze.
For who is like our God a'ove the Clouds!
Or who so great, whom humane frailty shrowds!
He to his Angels terrible appeares;
And daunts the Tyrants of the Earth with feares.
Great God! how great, when dreadfull Armies joyne!
What God so strong? what Faith so firme as thine!
Part 2. Thy Bounds the Billowes of the Sea restraine;
Thou calm'st the tumults of th'incenst Maine.
Proud Rahab, like a Coarse, with blood imbru'd;
Hewn downe: the strong with greater strength subdu'd.
Thine are the heavens; those Lamps which guild the skies;
Round Earth; broad Seas, and all which they comprise.
Thou mad'st the Southern and the Northern Pole,
Whereon the Orbs cœlestiall swiftly rowle.
Hermon invested with the Morning Raies,
And Tabor with the Evenings, sing thy praise.
Thy Arme excels in Strength: thy hands sustaine
The World they made, and guide it with a reine.
Justice with Judgment joyn'd, thy Throne uphold:
Mercy and Truth thy sacred browes infold.
Thrice happy they, who when the Trumpet cals
Throng to thy celebrated Festivals!
They of thy Beauty shall injoy the sight,
And guide their Feete by that informing light:
Thy Name shale daily in their mouthes bee found;
And in thy Justice shall their Joyes abound.
Part 3. Our Ornament in Peace, our strength in Wars;
Thy Favour shall exalt us to the Stars.
Thou, Holy One of Israel, our King;
Thou our defence; secure beneath thy Wing.
Thus spake Jehovah by his Prophets voice;
Or strenuous David have I made my choice,
(On Heroe powr'd my Sacred Oyle)
To guide my People, and preserve from spoile.

I will

I will ſupport him with my powerfull Arme ;
No Foe ſhall Tribute force, nor Treaſon harme :
His Enemies before his Face ſhall flie,
And thoſe, who hate his Soule, by ſlaughter die.
Our Truth and Clemencie ſhall crowne his Daies,
And to the Firmament his Glory raiſe.
He, from the Billowes of the Tyrian Maine,
To ſwift Euphrates ſhall extend his Reignes
Who in his oft renew'd Devotions ſhall,
Me Father, God, and great Protector call.
My Favorite he ſhall be, and my Firſt birth ;
Rais'd abave all the Princes of the Earth.
My Mercy him for ever ſhall preſerve :
And from my Promiſe I will never ſwerve.
His Seede ſhall alwaies reigne ; His Throne ſhall I
While Daies have light, and Nights their ſhadows caſt.
If they my Judgements ſlight, forſake my Law, *Part* 4.
My Rites neglect, and from my Rule withdraw ;
Then I with whips will their offences ſcourge,
With labour, miſery, and ſorowes urge :
Yet will not utterly my King forſake,
My Vow infringe, or alter what I ſpake.
I by my Sanctity to David ſware,
That he, and his ſhould never want an Heire,
To ſway the Hebrew Scepter, while the Sun
His uſuall Race ſhould through the Zodiack run ;
While Men the Moone and radiant Stars ſhould ſee,
The faithfull witneſſes of my Decree.
But thou art angry with thy owne Elect,
And doſt thy late affected King reject,
Infringe the Cov'nant to thy Servant ſworne ;
Thou from his Browes his Diadem haſt tome,
Caſt downe the Rampier, which his ſtrength renown'd,
And all his Bulwarks level'd with the ground :
Whom now his Neighbours ſcorne ; a common prey,
And ſpoile to all that travell by the way.
Thou addeſt ſtrength and courage to his Foes, *Part* 5.
Who now rejoyce and triumph in his woes ;
Rebateſt his ſharpe Sword, unnerv'ſt his might,
And mak'ſt him ſhrinke in fervour of the fight :

His ſplendor haſt Eclipſed, his renowne
In ruines buried, and his Throne caſt downe:
His Youth conſumed with untimely Age;
Mark't out for ſhame, the object of thy Rage.
How long ſhall he in thy diſpleaſure mourne!
Still ſhall thy Anger like a Furnace burne!
O call to minde the ſhortneſſe of my daies;
That dreame of Man, which like a Flower decaies.
Who lives, that can the ſtroake of Death defend;
Or ſhall not to the ſilent Grave deſcend?
Where is thy ancient Love! thy plighted Troth,
Confirm'd to David by a ſolemne Oath!
Remember the reproches I have borne,
Thoſe of the Mighty, and their bitter ſcorne:
Traduced, by thy enemies abhorr'd.
Yet, O my penſive Soule, praiſe thou the Lord.

Amen, Amen.

A

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE *Pſalmes of DAVID.*

PSALME XC.

O Thou the Father of us all,
Our refuge from th'Originall,
That were our God, before
The Aerie Mountaines had their birth,
Or Fabrick of the peopled Earth;
And art for evermore.

As the 34

But fraile man, daily dying, muſt
At thy Command returne to Duſt:
Or ſhould hee Ages laſt;
Ten thouſand yeeres are in thy ſight
But like a quadrant of the Night,
Or as a Day that's paſt.

Hee by thy Torrent ſwept from hence,
An empty Dreame, which mocks the Senſe,
And from the Phanſie flies:
Such as the beauty of the Roſe,

Which

Which in the dewy Morning blowes,
Then hangs the head and dies.

Through daily anguiſh we expire:
Thy anger a conſuming Fire,
To our offences due.
Our ſinnes (although by Night conceal'd,
By ſhame, and feare) are all reveal'd,
And naked to thy view.

Thus in thy wrath our yeares we ſpend;
And like a ſad diſcourſe they end,
Nor but to ſeventy laſt:
Or if to eighty they arrive
We then with Age, and Sickneſſe ſtrive,
Cut off with winged haſte.

Part 2. Who knowes the terror of thy wrath,
Or to thy dreadfull anger hath
Proportion'd his due feare?
Teach us to number our fraile Daies,
That we our hearts to Thee may raiſe,
And wiſely ſinne forbeare.

Lord, O how long! at length relent!
And of our miſeries repent;
Thy Early Mercy ſhew:
That we may unknowne comfort taſte:
For thoſe long daies in ſorrow paſt,
As long of joy beſtow.

The works of thy accuſtom'd Grace
Shew to thy Servants: on their Race
Thy chearefull beames reflect,
O let on us thy Beauty ſhine!
Bleſſe our attemps with aid divine,
And by thy Hand direct.

PSAL-

PSALME XCI.

WHo makes th'Almighty his retreat, *At the 9.*
Shall reſt beneath his ſhady Wings.
Free From th'oppreſſion of the Great,
The rage of Warre, or wrath of Kings.
Free from the cunning Fowlers traine,
The tainted aires infectious breath:
His Truth in perils ſhall ſuſteine,
And ſhield thee from the ſtroke of Death.
No terrors ſhall thy ſleeps affright,
Nor deadly flying Arrowes ſlay:
Nor Peſtilence devoure by Night,
Or Slaughter maſſacre by Day.
A thouſand, and ten thouſand ſhall
Sinke on thy Right hand and thy Left:
Yet thou ſecure, ſhalt ſee their fall;
By vengeance, of their lives bereft.
Since God thou haſt thy Refuge made,
And do'ſt to him thy Vows direct;
No evill ſhall thy ſtrength invade,
Nor waſting plagues thy roofe infect.
Thee ſhall his Angels ſafely guide,
Upheld by winged Legions,
Leſt thou at any time ſhouldſt ſlide.
And daſh thy foote againſt the Stones.
Thou on the Baſiliske ſhalt tread;
The Mountaine-Lion boldly meete,
And trample on the Dragons Head,
The Leopard proſtrate at thy Feet.
Since he hath fixt his love on me,
Saith God, and walked in my wayes;
I will his Soule from danger free,
And from the reach of envie raiſe.
To him I his deſires will give;
From danger guard, in honour place:
Hee long, long happily ſhall live,
And flouriſh in my ſaving Grace.

PSAL-

PSALME XCII.

As the 29

THou who art inthron'd above,
Thou, by whom we live and move;
O how ſweet, how excellent.
Is't with tongue and hearts conſent,
Thankefull hearts and joyfull tongues,
To renowne thy Name in Songs!
When the Morning paints the Skies,
When the ſparkling Starres ariſe;
Thy high favours to rehearſe,
Thy firme faith, in gratefull Verſe.
Take the Lute, and Violin;
Let the ſolemne Harpe begin;
Inſtruments ſtrung with ten ſtrings;
While the Silver Cimbal rings.
From thy Workes my joy proceeds:
How I triumph in thy Deedes!
Who thy wonders can expreſſe!
All thy Thoughts are fathomleſſe;
Hid from Men in Knowledge blinde;
Hid from Fooles to Vice inclin'd.
Who that Tyrant Sin obey,
Though they ſpring like Flowers in May;
Parch'd with Heat, and nipt with Froſt,
Soone ſhall fade, for ever loſt.
Lord, thou art moſt Great, moſt High,
Part 2. Such from all Eternitie,
Periſh ſhall thy Enemies,
Rebels that againſt thee riſe.
All, who, in their Sins delight,
Shall be ſcatter'd by thy Might.
But thou ſhalt exalt my Horne,
Like a youthfull Vnicorn;
Freſh and fragrant Odors ſhed
On thy crowned Prophets head.
I ſhall ſee my Foes defeat,
Shortly heare of their retreat:

But the Juſt like Palmes ſhall flouriſh,
Which the Plains of Judah nouriſh:
Like tall Cedars mounted on
Cloud-aſcending Lebanon.
Plants ſet in thy Court, below
Spread their rootes, and upwards grow,
Fruit in their Old-age ſhall bring,
Ever fat and flouriſhing.
This God's Juſtice celebrates;
He, my Rock, Injuſtice hates.

PSALME XCIII.

NOw great Jehovah reignes,
With Majeſty aray'd;
His Power all Powers reſtraines,
By men and gods obey'd.
The round Earth hung
In liquid Aire,
Eſtabliſht there
But by his Tongue.

Thy Throne more old then time,
And after, as before
The Floods in billowes clime,
And foming loudly rore.
With horrid Noiſe
The Ocean raves,
And breaks his Waves
Againſt the Skies.

But thou more to bee fear'd,
More terrible then theſe:
Thy voice in Thunder heard,
Thy Nod rebukes the Seas.
Thee Truth renowns;
Pure Sanctitie
Eternally
Thy Temple crownes.

At the 47

PSAL-

PSALME XCIV.

As the 10

GRear God of Hosts revenge our Wrong
On those who are in Mischiefe strong.
Upon thy Foes
Inflict our Woes:
For Vengeance doth to thee belong.
Judge of the VVorld, prevent
The Proud and Insolent.

How long shall they the Just oppresse
And triumph in their Wickednesse!
How long supplant!
Ah! how long vaunt,
And glory in their dire successe!
Thy Saints asunder break,
Insulting o're the Weak!

Who Strangers, and poore Widdowes kill;
The blood of wretched Orphans spill:
And say, Can he
Or heare or see?
Doth God regard what's good or ill?
Brute Beasts, without a mind!
O Fooles in knowledge blind!

Shall not th'Almighty see and heare,
Who form'd the Eye, and fram'd the Eare?
Who Nations slew,
Not punish you?
Who taught, not know? to him appeare
Darke Counsels, secret Fires,
Vaine Hopes, and vast Desires.

Part 2.

But O! thrice blessed he, whom God
Chastiseth with his gentle Rod;
Informes, and awes
By sacred Lawes.

In

In ſtormes brought to a ſafe aboad:
While the Unrighteous ſhall
By winged Vengeance fall,

For he will not forſake th'Elect;
Nor who adore his Name reject:
But Judgement then
Shall turne agen
To Juſtice, and her Throne Erect:
Who are in Heart upright
Shall follow that cleare Light.

What mortall will th'Afflicted aid?
Depend when impious Foes invade?
Lord, hadſt not thou,
My Soule ere now
In ſilent ſhades of Death had laid:
For he my Out-cries heard;
And from the Centre rear'd.

When Griefe my labouring Soule confounds;
Thou powreſt Balme into her wounds.
Shall Tyrannie
With thee complie?
Who Miſchiefe for a Law propounds?
Who ſwarme to circumvent,
And doome the Innocent.

But thou, O Lord, art my Defence,
My Refuge, and my Recompence.
The Vicious ſhall
By Vices fall;
By their owne Sinnes be ſwept from hence.
God ſhall cut off their breath,
And give them up to Death.

PSAL.

PSALME XCV.

As the 34

COme Sing the great Jehovah's Praiſe,
Whoſe Mercies have prolong'd our Dayes;
Sing with a joyfull voyce.
With bending knees, and raiſed Eyes
Adore your God: O ſacrifice;
In ſacred Hymnes rejoyce.

Great is the God of our Defence,
Tranſcending all in eminence:
His Hand the Earth ſuſtaines,
The Depths, the loftie Mountaines made;
The Land and liquid Plaines diſplaid,
And curbs them with his Reines.

O come, before his Foorſtoole fall,
Our only God, who form'd us all;
Through Stormes of danger led.
He is our Shepheard, wee his Sheepe;
His Hands from Wolves and Rapine keepe,
In pleaſant Paſtures fed.

The Voice of God thus ſpake this Day;
Repine not as at Meribah,
As in the Wilderneſſe:
Where your Fore-fathers tempted me;
Who did my Workes of wonder ſee,
And to their ſhame confeſſe.

When vex't for fortie yeares, I ſaid;
This People in their hearts have ſtrai'd,
Rebellious to command:
To whome I in my Anger ſwore,
That Death ſhould ſeiſe on them, before
They knew this pleaſant Land.

PSALME XCVI.

NEw compoſed Ditties ſing — *As the 29*
To our everlaſting King
You all you of Humane birth,
Fed and nouriſh't by the Earth,
Celebrate Jehovahs Praiſe,
Daily his Deliveries blaſe.
His glory let the Gentiles know;
To the World his wonders ſhow.
O how gracious! O how great!
Earth his Foot-ſtoole, Heaven his Seat.
To be fear'd and honour'd more
Then thoſe gods, whom Fooles adore;
Idols by their Servants made:
But our God the Heavens diſplay'd,
Honour, Beautie, Power Divine,
In his Sanctuarie ſhine.
All, who by his Favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give.
Glory due unto his Name,
And his Mightie Deeds proclame.
Offerings on his Altar lay;
There your Vowes devoutly pay.
In his beauteous Holineſſe
To the Lord your Prayer addreſſe. — *Part 2.*
All, whom Earths round ſhoulders beare,
Serve the Lord with Joy and Feare.
Tell Mankinde, Jehovah raignes:
He ſhall bind the world in Chaines,
So as it ſhall never ſlide;
And with ſacred Juſtice guide.
Let the ſmiling Heavens rejoyce;
Joyfull Earth exalt her Voice:
Let the dancing Billowes rore,
Eccheos anſwer from the Shore:
Fields their flowrie Mantles ſhake;
All ſhall in their Joy partake:

While the Woods Musitions sing
To the ever-youthfull Spring.
Fill his Courts with sacred Mirth;
He, He comes to Judge the Earth.
Justly He the World shall sway,
And his Truth to men display.

PSALME XCVII.

As the 8

O Earth joy in Jehovahs Raigne;
You numerous Iles claspt by the Maine.
Him rolling Clouds and Shades infold.
Judgement and Truth his Throne uphold.
Who fierie Darts before him throwes;
With winged flames consumes his Foes
His Lightning made a Day of Night;
Earth trembled at so fear'd a sight.
The Mountaines at his Presence sweat,
Like pliant Wax dissolv'd with Heat;
At his Descention from the Skie,
Who rules the Worlds great Monarchie?
The Heavens declare his Righteousnesse;
His Glorie wondering men confesse;
Let those with shame to Hell descend,
Whose Knees to cursed Idols bend;
Whose rocks for Deities implore:
O all you gods, our God adore.
Rejoycing Sion heard her King;
Her Daughters of his Judgement sing.
Thou art exalted above all
Mankinde, and Pow'rs Angelicall.
Those Saints thy shady Wings protect,
Who Sin abhorre, and thee affect.
For thou hast sown the Seeds of Light,
And joy, which shall inveſt th'Upright,
You Just, your joyfull Hearts elate,
His blest Memoriall celebrate,

PSALME XCVIII.

At the 47

SING to the King of kings,
Sing in unuſuall Laies;
That hath wrought wondrous things,
His Conqueſt crown with Praiſe:
Whoſe Armes alone,
And ſacred Hands,
Their impious Bands,
Have overthrowne.

He Juſtice brings to light;
His ſaving Truth extends,
Even in the Gentiles ſight,
To Earths remoteſt Ends.
His Heavenly Grace
At full diſplay'd,
And promiſe made
To Jacobs Race.

Let all that dwell on Earth
Their high affections raiſe,
With univerſall Mirth,
And loudly ſing his Praiſe:
To Muſick joyne
The warbling Voice,
Let all rejoyce
With Joy divine.

The ſprightly Trumpet ſound;
The ſhrill-voic'd Cornet bring;
Let all with Joy abound
Before the Lord our King.
Rore out you Seas,
You ſpangled Skies,
All you compriſe,
Rejoyce with theſe.

Flouds clap your thronging waves;
You Hils exalt your mirrhe:
He, who his People saves,
Now comes to judge the Earth:
The round World shall
With Justice trie,
His Equitie
Dispenst to all.

PSALME XCIX.

As the 29

LEt our Foes with terrour quake;
Let the Earths Foundation shake:
Now the Lord his Raigne begins,
Thron'd betweene the Cherubins.
O how great in Sions Towers!
High above all Mortall Powers.
Great and Terrible his Name:
Since so holy, praise the same.
Judgement his great Power affects;
Yet by Equitie directs.
These celestial Twins imbrace;
These reflect on Jacobs Race.
O how holy! above all
Honour; at his Foot-stoole fall,
Moses: Aaron heretofore
Among those who Miters wore:
Samuel by Vow desir'd,
Among those who were inspir'd.
These to him their Praiers preferr'd,
These by him as soone were heard.
These his Statutes rarely brake:
Unto these th'Almighty spake,
In the Pillar of a Cloud:
To his Service ever vow'd.
He did their Petitions heare;
Mercifull, and yet severe.
The Holy, on his holy Hill
Glorifie, and Worship still.

PSAL

Psalme C.

ALL from the Suns upriſe,
Unto his Setting Raies,
Reſound in Jubilees
The great Jehovahs Praiſe.
Him ſerve alone;
In triumph bring
Your Gifts, and ſing
Before his Throne. *As the 47*

Man drew from Man his Birth,
But God his noble Frame
Built of the ruddy Earth,
Fill'd with cœleſtiall Flame.
His Sons we are,
Sheepe by him led,
Preſerv'd and fed
With tender care.

O, to his Portals preſſe
In your divine reſorts:
With thanks his Power profeſſe,
And praiſe him in his Courts,
How good! how pure!
His mercies laſt:
His promiſe paſt
For ever ſure.

Psal. CI.

OF Juſtice I and Mercie ſing,
Which, Lord, from thee, their Fountaine ſpring;
The Graces that adorn a King. *As the 46*

Grave Wiſdome ſhall my ſteps direct,
No Vice my heart nor Roofe infect.

When'wilt thou viſit thine Elect!

No pleaſure ſhall mine eyes miſguide:
Who from the Tract of Vertue ſlide,
Juſt Hate ſhall from my Soule divide.

Who miſchiefs in their Hearts contrive,
Delight in Wrong, in Factions ſtrive,
I from my Peacefull Court will drive.

Who hath his Friend with Slander ſtrooke,
I will cut off; nor never brooke
A proud Heart and a haughty Looke.

Mine Eyes the Faithfull ſhall obſerve;
Thoſe in my Family ſhall ſerve,
Who never from pure Vertue ſwerve,

But who are exercis'd in Guile,
Whoſe Tongues malicious Lies defile,
I from my Preſence will exile.

And all the Wicked in the Land
Will cut off with a timely Hand;
Nor ſhall they in Gods Citie ſtand.

PSALME CII.

Vide 22

ACcept my Prayers, nor to the Cry
Of my Affliction ſtop thine Eare:
Lord, in the time of Miſery
And ſad reſtraint ſerene appeare:
The Sighings of my Spirit heare;
And when I call, with ſpeed reply.

As Smoke, ſo fleets my Soule away;
My marrow dry'd, as Harths with heat:
My heart ſtruck down, like withered Hay;
Through Sorrow I forſake my meat,

While

While meager cares my Livers eate:
The clinging Skin my Bones diſplay.

Like Deſert-haunting Pelicans;
In Cities not leſſe deſolate: (ſtraines
Like Screech-Owles, who with ominous
Diſturbe the Night and Day-light hate:
A Sparrowe which hath loſt his Mate,
And on a Pinacle complaines.

Reviling Foes my Honour blaſt,
And frantick men my ruine ſweare.
For Bread, I roll'd-on aſhes taſt;
Each drop I drinke mixt with a teare.
For, Lord, O who thy Wrath can beare
Thou raiſeſt, and doſt head-long caſt.

My Daies ſhort, as the Evening ſhade;
As morning Dew conſume away:
As Graſſe cut downe with Sithes, I fade,
Or like a flower crop: yeſterday
But, Lord thou ſuffer'ſt no decay:
Thy promiſes ſhall never vade.

For thou ſhalt from thy reſt ariſe,
(Since now th'appointed time draws neare)
And looke on Sions miſeries,
Her Walls and batter'd Buildings reare;
Whoſe ruins to thy Sains are deare;
For they her Duſt as ſacred priſe.

Thy Name then ſhall the Gentile praiſe; *Part 2.*
All Kings thy Honour celebrate:
For when the Lord ſhall Sion raiſe,
His Glory ſhall aſcend in State:
So prone to heare the Deſolate,
And ſuccour them in all affaies.

Unto eternall memory
Our Hiſtories ſhall this record;

And all that are created by
His pow'rfull Hand, ſhall feare the Lord,
Who doth ſuch Grace to his afford,
And on the Earth looks from on high.

To heare the penſive Captives grone;
The Sons of Death by him unbound:
His Name againe in Sion know,
That Salem may his Praiſe reſound:
When in his ſervice all the Round
Of Earth ſhall there be joyn'd in one.

Yet, Lord, amidſt theſe Hopes thou haſt
Conſum'd my ſtrength abrid'g'd my yeares:
Before my Noone of Life be paſt
Let me not die thus drown'd in teares.
Time waſts not thee; which all out-weares,
Thy happy Daies for ever laſt.

Thou mad'ſt the Earth, thou did'ſt diſplay
The Heavens in various motion roll'd:
Theſe and their Glories ſhall decay;
But thou ſhalt thy exiſtence hold:
They like a Garment ſhall grow old,
And in their changes paſſe away.

But thou art ſtill the ſame: before
The World and after ſhalt remaine.
You bleſſed Soules, who God adore,
With Patient hope your harmes ſuſtaine:
For you ſhall proſper in his Reigne
And yours, ſubſiſt for evermore.

PSALME CIII.

Attribe.

MY Soule, and all my Faculties
Jehovah praiſe; ſing till the Skies
Re-eccho his aſcending Fame:
My Soule, O celebrate his Name!

No

Nor ever les the memory
Of his ſurpaſſing Favours die.
He gently pardons our miſdeeds,
And cures the wound which inward bleeds.
Hath from the Chaines of Death unbound;
With Clemency and Mercy crown'd.
With Food our Hunger he ſubdues.
And Eagle-like our Youth renues:
His Juſtice he extends to all,
Oppreſſors by his Vengeance fall,
His ſacred Paths to Moſes ſhown,
His Miracles to Iſrael known:
From him the ſprings of Mercy flow;
Swift to forgive, to anger ſlow.
For he will not for ever chide,
Nor conſtant to his Wrath abide:
But mildly for his rage relents,
And ſhortens our due puniſhments.
For as the Heavens in amplitude
Exceede the Centre they include:
So ample is his Clemencie
To all who on his grace relie.
As farre as the bright Orient *Part 2.*
Is diſtant from the Suns Deſcent;
So farre he ſets from his aſpect
Their Guilt, who him with feare affect.
And as a Father to his Child,
So ſoft, ſo quickly reconcil'd.
He knowes the Fabrick of us all;
That duſt is our Originall.
Man flouriſheth like Graſſe, a Flower
That blowes and withers in an houre:
By ſcorching heat, by blaſting wind
Deflower'd and leaves no print behind.
But his firme Mercy ſhall imbrace
His Saints for ever, and their Race:
Thoſe who his equall Lawes fulfill,
Remember, and performe his Will.
In Heaven the great Jehovah reignes,
And governs all that Earth containes:

You

You Angels, who in ſtrength exceede,
Who him obey with winged ſpeed;
You ordered Hoſts of radiant Starres;
O you his flaming Miniſters,
All, whom his Wiſdome did create,
Through his large Empire celebrate
His glorious Name with ſweet accord:
Joyne thou, my Soule, to praiſe the Lord.

PSALME CIV.

As the 72

MY raviſht Soule, grat God, thy praiſes ſings;
Whom Glory circles with her radiant wings,
And Majeſty inveſts, then Day more bright,
Cloth'd with the beames of new-created Light.
Hee, like an all-infolding Canopie,
Fram'd the vaſt concave of the ſpangled Skie:
And in the Aire-embraced waters ſet
The Baſis of his hanging Cabinet.
Who on the Clouds, as on a Chariot, rides;
And with a reyne the flying Tempeſt guides.
Bright Angels his attendant Spirits made;
By flame-diſperſing Seraphims obey'd:
The ever-fixed Earth cloth'd with the Flood;
In whoſe calme boſom unſeenee Mountaines ſtood;
At his rebuke it ſhrunke with ſudden dread,
And from his voices Thunder ſwiftly fled.
Then Hils their late concealed Heads extend,
And ſinking Vallies to their feet deſcend.
The trembling Waters through their bottoms wind
Till they the Sea, their Nurſe and Mother finde.
He, to the ſwelling waves, preſcribes a bound;
Leſt Earth againe ſhould by their rage be drown'd
Springs through the pleaſant Medows powre their drils,
Which Snake-like glide between the bordering Hils;
Till they to Rivers grow, where beaſts of prey
Part. 2 Their thirſt aſſwage, and ſuch as man obey.
In neighbouring Groves the Air's Muſicians ſing,
And with their Muſick entertaine the Spring.

He

Hee from cœleſtiall Caſements ſhowres diſtills,
And with renew'd increaſe his Creatures fills.
Hee makes the food full Earth her fruit produce,
For Cattel graſſe, and Herbs for humane uſe.
The ſpreading Vine long purple cluſters beares,
Whoſe juyce the hearts of penſive Mortals cheares,
Fat Olives ſmoothe our browes with ſupling Oyle;
And ſtrengthning Corne rewards the Reapers toile.
His Fruit affording trees with ſap abound.
The Lord hath Lebanon with Cedars crown'd:
They to the warbling Birds a ſhelter yeeld,
And wandring Storkes in lofty Fir-trees build,
Wild Goats to craggy Cliffs for refuge flie,
And Conies in the Rocks darke entrailes lie.
Hee guides the changing Moones alternate face:
The Suns diurnall and his annuall Race.
'Twas hee that made the all-informing light,
And with darke ſhadowes clothes the aged Night.
Then Beaſts of prey breake from their Mountain caves;
The roaring Lion pinch't with hunger craves
Food from his hand. But when Heavens greateſt Fire.
Obſcures the Stars, they to their dens retire,
Men with the Morning riſe, to labour preſt;
Toile all the Day, at Night returne to reſt.
Great God! how manifold, how infinite *Part* 3.
Are all thy works! with what a cleere foreſight
Didſt thou create and multiply their birth!
Thy riches fill the farre extended Earth.
The ample Sea, in whoſe unfathom'd Deep
Innumerable ſorts of Creatures creep:
Bright-ſcaled Fiſhes in her Entrailes glide.
And high-built Ships upon her boſome ride:
About whoſe ſides the crooked Dolphin playes,
And monſtrous Whales huge ſpouts of water raiſe.
All on the Land, or in the Ocean bred,
On thee depend; in their due ſeaſon fed.
They gather what thy bounteous Hands beſtow,
And in the Summer of thy Favour grow.
When thou contract'ſt thy clouded Brows, they mourn;
And dying, to their former duſt return.

Againe

Againe created by thy quickning breath,
To reſupply the Maſſacres of Death.
No tract of Time his Glory ſhall deſtroy:
Hee in th'obedience of his Works ſhall joy:
But when their wilde revolts his Wrath provoke,
Earth trembles, and the aery Mountaines ſmoke.
I all my life will my Crearor prayſe;
And to his Service dedicate my Daies.
May he accept the Muſicke of my Voice,
While I with ſacred Harmony rejoyce.
Hence you profane, who in your Sins delight;
God ſhall extirp, and caſt you from his Sight.
My Soule, bleſſe thou this all-commanding King
You Saints and Angels, Hallelu-jah ſing.

PSALME CV.

As the 72

TO God O pay your vowes; invoke his Name,
And to the World his noble Acts proclame!
O ſing his praiſes in immortall Verſe,
And his ſtupendious Miracles rehearſe!
You Saints, rejoyce, and glory in his Grace;
His power adore; for ever ſeeke his Face.
Old Abrahams Seed, you Sons of the Elect;
You Iſraelites; O you, who God affect,
Report the Wonders by his finger wrought,
When in your cauſe th'inferiour creatures fought
Jehovah rules the many-peopled Earth;
His Judgement knowne to all of humane birth.
He never will forget his Promiſe paſt;
His Covenants inviolable laſt
Which he to faithfull Abraham made before,
And after to the holy Iſaac ſwore:
To Jacob ſign'd, confirm'd to Iſrael;
That their large Off-ſpring ſhould in Canaan dwell.
When they, but few in number, wandered
In unknowne Regions, and their Cattell fed:
He did their lives from violence protect,
And for their ſakes even mighty Princes checkt.
Touch not, ſaid he, my Anointed: feare to wrong

Thoſe

Those sacred Prophets, who to Me belong.
When raging Famine in these Climats reign'd, Part 2.
He broke the Staffe of Bread, which life sustain'd:
But Joseph sent before them; sold to save
His Brethren, by whose envy made a slave.
There for th'Accusers guilt in prison throwne;
With galling fetters bound, for crimes unknowne;
Tri'd with affliction, at the time decree'd,
At once by Pharaoh both advanc'd and freed.
He of his household gave him the command,
And made him Ruler over all his Land:
His Princes to his government Subjects.
The prudent Youth grave Senators directs.
Then aged Jacob into Ægypt came,
And sojourn'd in the fruitfull fields of Ham.
God in that Land his people multipli'd,
Their Foes, which now their greater strength envi'd
Hate what they feare: he alienates their hearts;
To seeke their ruine by deceitfull Arts.
Then Moses on a sacred Embassie Part 3.
And Aaron sent, th'Elect of the most High.
There wrought his dreadfull Wonders, from the Ile
Of Sea-girt Pharoh's to the Fals of Nile.
He bad Cimmerian darknesse dim the Day:
Th'assembled Vapours his commands obey.
He their seven chanel'd Waters turn'd to Blood;
The Fishes strangled in their native Flood,
Frogs from the slimy Earth in Millions spring;
And skip about the Chambers of the King.
All parts with swarms of noysome flies abound:
And Lice, like quickned dust, crawle on the ground.
He stormes of killing Haile, for Showers, bestowes;
And from the breaking clouds his lightning throwes;
Blasts all the Vines and Fig-trees in the Land;
The Woods with Tempests torne, or naked stand.
Innumerable Locusts these succeede;
And Caterpillers on their leavings feede:
They bite the tender Herbe, the bud, and flower,
And all the virdure of the Earth devoure. (eares
Their Strength (the First-born) slew; which fill'd their
With

VVith female screeches, and their hearts with feares.
Part 4. Then hee the Hebrews out of Gothenbrought,
In able health, with Gold and Silver fraught.
Th'Inhabitants, whose teares augment the Nile,
At their departure joy, and feare exile.
A Cloud to shade them from the Sun was spread,
And Nightly by a flaming Pillar led.
At their request he sends them showres of Quailes;
And Bread from Heaven, like Coriander, hailes.
Cleaves the hard Rocks from whence a Fountain flowes
And unknown Rivers to those Deserts showes:
For hee his sacred Promise call'd to minde,
To Abraham his friend and servant sign'd.
Thus hee his People brought from servitude,
VVhose long-felt miseries in joy conclude.
From hence the Heathen by our VVeapons chac'd;
And thus his sonnes in their possession plac'd:
That from his Statutes wee might never swerve.
O praise the Lord, and him devoutly serve!

PSAL. CVII.

As the 72 VVIth grateful hearts Jehovah's praise resound
In goodnesse great, whose mercy hath no bound.
What language can expresse his mighty deeds? (bound.
Or utter his due praise, which words exceeds?
Thrice blessed they, who his commands observe,
Nor ever from the tract of Justice swerve.
Great God, O with benevolent aspect
(Even with the love thou bear'st to thine Elect)
Behold and succour; That my ravisht Eyes
May see a period of their miseries,
VVho Thee adore: that I may give a voice
To thy great Acts, and in their joy rejoyce.
VVe as our Fathers, have thy Grace exil'd;
Revolted, and our Soules with Sin defil'd.
They, of thy miracles in Ægypt wrought,
So full of Feare and VVonder, never thought;
Thy mercies, then their haires in number, more:
But murmur'd on the Erythræan Shore.

Yet

Yet for his Honour ſav'd them from the Foe,
That all the World his wondrous Power might know,
There the commanded Sea aſunder rent.
While Iſrael through his duſty Chanel went:
Whom He from Pharaoh and his Army ſaves;
The ſwift-returning Flouds their fatall Graves.
Then they his Word beleiv'd, and ſung his Praiſe;
Yet ſoone forgot: and wandred from his Waies. *Part* 2
Who long for fleſh to pamper their exceſſe;
And tempt him in the barren Wilderneſſe.
He grants their wiſh, and with a Flight of Fowles
Sent meager Death into their hungry Soules.
They, Moſes gentle Goverment, oppoſe;
And envy Aaron, whom the Lord had choſe.
The yawning Earth then in her ſilent womb
Did Dathan and Abirams Troups intomb.
A ſwiftly-ſpreading Fire among them burnes,
And thoſe Conſpirators to Aſhes turnes.
Yet they, the ſlaves of Sin in Horeb made
A Calfe of Gold, and to an Idol prai'd.
The Lord, their Glory, thus exchanged they
For th'Image of a Beaſt that feeds on Hay:
Forgot their Saviour, all his wonders ſhown
In Zoan, and the Plaines by Nile o'reflown;
The VVonders acted by his pow'rfull Hand;
VVhere the Red-Sea obey'd his ſtern Command.
God had pronounc'd their ruine: Moſes then,
His ſervant Moſes, and the beſt of men,
Stood in the Breach, which their Rebellion made,
And by his Prayer the hand of Vengeance ſtaid.
Yea they this fruitfull Paradiſe deſpis'd,
Nor his ſo-oft-confirmed Promiſe priz'd; *Part* 3
But mutined againſt their faithfull Guide,
And baſely wiſht they had in Ægypt dy'd.
For this, the Lord, advanc'd his dreadfull Hand,
To overthrow them on th'Arabian Sand;
To ſcatter their Rebellious ſeed among
Their Foes, expos'd to Poverty and VVrong.
Beſides, Baal-Peor they ador'd, and fed
On Sacrifices offer'd to the Dead.

Thus

Thus their Impieties the Lord incenſe,
Who ſmote them with devouring Peſtilence.
But when with noble anger Phinees ſlew
The bold Offenders, He his plagues with-drew.
This was reputed for a righteous Deed.
Which ſhould for ever conſecrate his Seed.
So they at Meribah his Anger mov'd,
The ſacred Prophet for their ſakes reprov'd:
Their Cries his Saint-like ſufferance provoke,
Who raſhly in his Soules diſtemper ſpoke,
Nor ever entred the affected Land.
They, ſtill rebellious to divine Command,
Preſerv'd thoſe Nations by his Wrath ſubdu'd,
Mixt with the Heathen, and their ſins purſu'd.
Their curſed Idols ſerve with Rites prophane,
(Snares to their Soule) and from no crime abſtain.
Part 4. Their Sons and Virgin-daughters ſacrifice
To Devils, and looke on with teareleſſe eyes.
Defil'd the Land with Innocent blood, which ſprung
From their owne loines, on flaming Altars flung.
Unto adulterate deities they pray'd,
And worſhipped thoſe gods their hands had made.
Theſe crying Sins exaſperat the Lord,
Who now his own inheritance abhorr'd:
Given up unto the Heathen for a prey,
Slaves to their Foes, who hate them moſt, obey.
Deliver'd oft, as oft his Wrath provoke,
And with increaſing Sins renew their Yoke.
Yet hee compaſſionates their miſeries,
And with ſoft pitty heares their mournfull Cries;
His former promiſe calls to minde, relents;
And in his Mercy of his Wrath repents.
In ſalvage Hearts unknown Compaſſion bred,
By whom but lately into thraldome led.
Great God of gods thy Votaries protect,
And from among the Barbarous recollect:
That wee to Thee may dedicate our Daies,
And jovntly triumph in thy glorious Praiſe,
Bleſt, O for ever bleſt, be Iſraels King:
All you his People, Halelu-jah ſing.

Amen, Amen.

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE FIFTH BOOKE OF THE *Psalmes of DAVID.*

PSALME CVII.

EXtoll, and our good God adore,
Whose Sea of Mercy hath no Shore.
O you by Tyrants Lute oppreſt,
Now from your ſervile Yokes releaſt;
Praiſe him, who your Redemption wrought,
And home from barbarous Nations brought.
From where the Morn her Wings diſplaies;
From where the Evening crownes the Daies;
Beneath the burning Zone, and neare
The Influence of the freezing Beare.
They in unpeopled Deſerts ſtraid;
The Heavens their roof, the Clouds their ſhade:
Their Soules with thirſt and hunger faint;
None by, to pitty their Complaint:
When to the Lord their God they cry'd,
His Mercy their extreames ſupply'd.
He led them through the Wilderneſſe,
And gave them Cities to poſſeſſe.

As the 8

O you his Goodneſſe celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
For he in foodleſſe Deſerts fed
The hungry with cœleſtiall Bread.
From wondring Rocks new Currents roule,
To ſatisfie the thirſty Soule.

Part 2.

Thoſe Rebels, who his Counſell ſlight,
Impriſon'd in the ſhades of Night;
Horrours of Guilt their Soules ſurpriſe:
When humbled with their miſeries,
They to the Lord addreſt their Praiers;
His Mercy comforts their Deſpaires,
From Darkneſſe draws, diſſolves their Gieves;
And from Deaths Jawes preſerves their lives.
O you his Goodneſſe celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate?
Hee breaks Steel-barres, and Gates of Braſſe,
To force a way for His to paſſe.
Thoſe Fooles, whom pleaſing Sins intice,
Are puniſh't by their darling Vice.
Their Souls all ſorts of Food diſtaſte:
Whom Troops of pale Diſeaſes waſte.
When they to God direct their Praiers,
His Mercy comforts their Deſpaires.
His Word reſtores them from their Graves,
And from a dreadfull ruine ſaves.
O you his Goodneſſe celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate?
Due Praiſes to his Altar bring,
And of your great Redemption ſing.

Part 3.

Who ſaile upon the toiling Maine,
And traffick in purſuit of Gaine,
To ſuch his Power is not unknowne,
Nor wonders in the Ocean ſhowne.
At his Command black Tempeſts riſe;
Then mount they to the troubled Skies,
Thence ſinking to the Depths below.
The Ship Hulls as the Billowes flow;
And all Aboord at every ſeele,
Like Drunkards on the Hatches reele;

When they to God direct their Prayers,
His Mercy comforts their Deſpaires.
Forthwith the bitter Storms aſſwage,
And foming Seas ſuppreſſe their Rage:
Then, ſinging, with a proſprous gale
To their deſired Harbour ſaile.
O you his Goodneſſe celebrate!
His Acts to all the World relate!
His Fame in your Aſſemblies raiſe,
And in the ſacred Senate praiſe.
He Rivers turnes t'a VVilderneſſe;
Springs dri'd up by the Suns acceſſe. Part 4.
To ſcourge their Sins, he makes the Soile
Ungreatfull to the Owners toile:
Turnes ſandy Defers into Pooles:
And parched Earth with Fountaines cooles:
There plants his hungry Colonies,
VVhere ſtrongly-fenced Cities riſe:
The Fields their yellow Mantles weare,
And ſpreading Vines full cluſters beare.
They infinitely multiply:
Their Heards of no diſeaſes die.
But when their Sins his VVrath incenſe,
Then Famine, VVarre, and Peſtilence,
Their miſerable Lives devoure:
Their Princes he deprives of Power,
VVho in the Path-leſſe VVilderneſſe
Conceal'd themſelves from Mans acceſſe.
The Poore he raiſeth from the ground;
Their Families like flocks abound.
The Juſt ſhall this with joy behold;
Th'Unjuſt with feare and ſhame controll'd,
The VViſe theſe Changes will record,
That they may know and ſerve the Lord.

PSALME CVIII.

MY Thoughts the Lord their Object make; As the 2
Before the ruddy Morning ſpring,

My Glory or his Praiſe ſhall ſing:
Awake, my Lute, my Harpe, awake;
While I to all the World rehearſe
His praiſes in a living Verſe.

Thy Mercy (O how great!) extends
Above the Starry Firmament;
Still unto tender pity bent:
Thy Truth the ſoaring clouds tranſcends.
Thy Head above the Heavens erect;
Thy Glory on the Earth reflect.

O heare us, who thy aid implore;
And with thy own Right hand defend:
To thy Beloved Succour ſend.
God by his Sanctity thus ſwore;
I Succoths Valley will divide:
In Sichems Spoiles be magnifi'd.

Manaſſeth, Gilead, both are mine:
Ephraim my Strength, in Battaile bold.
Thou Judah, ſhalt my Scepter hold.
I will triumph o're Palæſtine.
Baſe Servitude ſhall Moab waſte.
O're Edom I my Shooe will caſt.

Who will our forward Troups direct
To Rabbath ſtrongly fortifi'd?
Or into ſandy Edom guide?
Lord, wilt not thou, that didſt reject,
Nor would'ſt before our Armies goe,
Now lead our Hoſt againſt the Foe?

When Death and Horrour moſt affright,
Doe thou our troubled Souls ſuſtaine.
For O, the helpe of Man is vaine!
Lead; and we valiantly ſhall fight.
Thy Feet our Foes ſhall trample down;
Thy hand our browes with Conqueſt crown.

PSALME CIX.

MY God, my Glory, leave not in Diſtreſſe,
Nor let prevailing Fraud the Truth oppreſſe.
They who delight in Subtilties and Wrongs,
Afflict me with the Poiſon of their Tongues.
With Slander and Detraction gird me round,
And would without a Cauſe, my life confound.
Good turnes with evill proudly recompenſe,
And Love with hate; my Merrit, my offence.
But I in theſe Extreames to thee repaire,
And poure out my perplexed Soule in Praire.
Subject him to a Tyrants ſterne command
Subverting Satan place at his right hand:
Found guilty when arraign'd: in that fear'd time
Let his rejected Praiers augment his Crime.
May he by violence untimely die,
And let another his command ſupply:
Let his diſtreſſed Widow weepe in vaine;
His wretched Orphans to deafe Eares complaine.
Let them the wandring Paths of Exile tread,
And in unpeopled Deſerts ſeeke their bread.
Let griping Uſurers divide his ſpoile;
And Strangers reape the harveſt of his toile.
In his long miſery may he finde no Friend;
None to his Race ſo much as Pity lend.
Let his Poſterity be overthrowne;
Their Names to the ſucceeding Age unknowne.
Let not the Lord his Fathers Sins forget;
His Mothers infamy before him ſet.
O let them bee the Oõject of his Eye,
Till hee out-root their hated Memory:
That to the wretched would no Mercy ſhow;
But cruely purſu'd his Overthrow.
Laid Traines to kill the Broken and Contrite.
On his owne head let his dire Curſes light.
He hated Bleſſing; never be he bleſt:
Let curſing like a Robe his Loines inveſt;

As the 1

Part 2.

And like a fatall Girdle gird him round;
As he with Execrations did abound.
Let them like water in his Bowels boyle,
And eat into his Bones like burning Oyle.
Thus let the Lord reward my Enemies,
VVho seeke to blast me with malicious lies.
Part 3. But, Lord, in my deliverance proclame
Thy Mercy, for the honour of thy Name.
For I am poore, with misery oppresst;
My wounded heart bleeds in my poaring brest.
I like the Evening shadow am declin'd,
And like the Locust toss'd with every VVind.
My feeble knees beneath their burden bend;
My Flesh with fasting falls, my Bones ascend.
Reproach hath seis'd on me; my Foes revile;
And in derision shake their heads, and smile.
My God, O snatch me from the swallowing grave!
Thy servant with accustom'd *Mercy* save:
That they may know it was thy powerfull Hand;
And how I by divine Supportance stand.
Still may they vainely curse whom thou dost blesse;
And pine with envy at my good successe.
Let them be cloth'd with shame: O be their owne
Confusion on them like a *Mantle* throwne.
But I thy praise will duely celebrate;
And to the multitude thy Deeds relate:
That hast th'afflicted Soule from sorrow freed,
And from their snares who had his death decreed.

PSALME CX.

THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake,
Ads the 34 Sit at my right hand, till I make
A Foot-stoole of thy Foes.
He will thy Rod from Zion send,
Unto whose Power all powers shall bend,
That dare thy Rule oppose.

Thy People willingly shall pay

Their

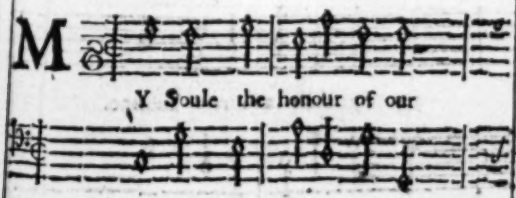
Their vowes in that triumphant Day,
With their united Powers:
Aray'd in Ephods; nor ſo few
As are thoſe Pearles in morning-dew,
Which hang on Herbs and Flowers,

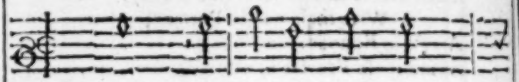
He ſwore, who never Oath did brake,
Of th'order of Melchiſedeck
That thou a Prieſt ſhould'ſt raigne:
Even while the Sun diſperſt his light;
While Moons ſhould rule th'alternate night,
Or Stars their courſe maintaine.

God, in that Day at thy right hand,
Their Blood, who Tyrant-like command,
Shall in his fury ſpill.
He, in his Juſtice ſhall confound
The Heathen, and the purple ground
With heaps of ſlaughter fill.

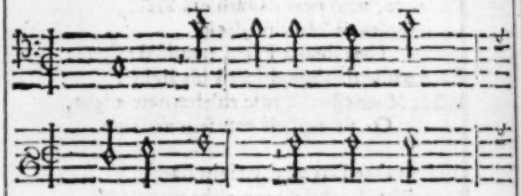
Who over many Nations ſway;
And onely their owne Wils obey,
Shall ſinke beneath his rage.
Then ſhall this all-ſubduing King
With Water of the Chryſtall ſpring
His burning thirſt aſſwage.

PSALME CXI.

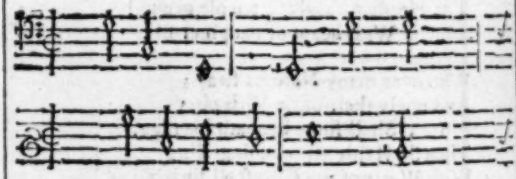




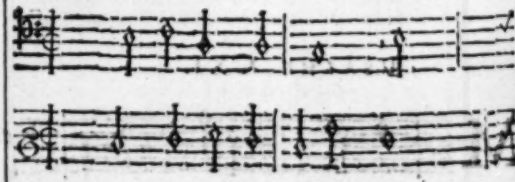
King, ſhall in the great Aſ-



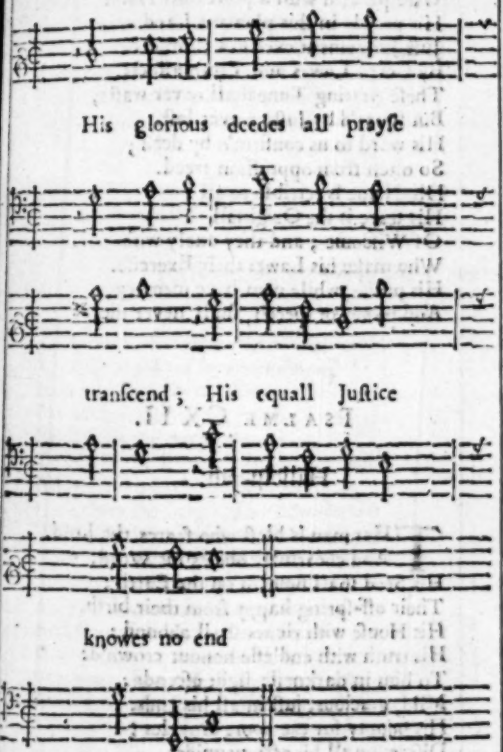
ſembly ſing. Great are the



wonders hee hath ſhowne; With



joy by their admirers knowne.



Left in eternall Monuments,
Whose Mercy Death and Hell prevents:
Feeds those who feare his Name, and will
His promise faithfully fulfill.

Who

Who planted with a powerfull Hand
His people in this pleaſant Land.
Juſt Judgement executes; directs
By ſacred Lawes and Truth affects.
Theſe fretting Time ſhall never waſte;
But ſquar'd by Juſtice ever laſt.
His word to us confirm'd by deed;
So often from oppreſſion freed.
His Name is terrible to all:
His feare is the Originall
Of Wiſdome; and they onely wiſe
Who make his Lawes their Exerciſe.
His praiſe, while men have memory,
And power of ſpeech, ſhall never die.

Psalme CXII.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 111

THat man is bleſt who feares the Lord.
And chearfully obeies his Word.
His Seed ſhall flouriſh on the Earth;
Their off-ſpring happy from their birth.
His Houſe with riches ſhall abound:
His truth with endleſſe honour crown'd:
To him in darkneſſe light aſcends:
Milld, gracious, juſt in all his ends.
His bounty for the poore provides:
Diſcretion all his actions guides.
No violence ſhall caſt him downe;
No time deface his juſt renowne;
Nor rumours ſhake his confidence:
The Lord his Hope, and ſtrong Defence:
Confirm'd in feareleſſe fortitude,
Till hee have all his Foes ſubdu'd.
He the neceſſitated feeds.
The honour of his vertuous Deeds

Shall

Shall live in ſacred memory ;
His Glories ſhall aſcend on high.
Th'unjuſt inrag'd their teeth ſhall grin'd,
And languiſh with the griefe of minde :
Pale Envy ſhall their fleſh conſume,
And all their hopes convert to ſume.

PSALME CXIII.

Hallelu-jah.

O You, who ſerve the living Lord,
Due praiſes to his Name afford : *As the* cxi
Now and for ever celebrate,
Let all his noble Acts relate.
Even from the purple Morn's upriſe,
To where the Evening flecks the Skies.
All power to his Dominion bends,
His Glory the bright Stars tranſcends.
VVhat God can bee compar'd with ours ?
Who Thron'd in Heavens ſuperiour towres
Submits himſelfe to guide and move
All that is done in Heaven above :
And from that height vouchſafes to throw
His eyes on us, who creepe below.
The poore hee raiſeth from the Duſt :
Even from the Dunghill lifts the Juſt ;
Whom hee to height of honour brings,
And ſets him in the Thrones of Kings.
Hee fructifies the barren Wombe ;
The Childleſſe, Mothers now become.

Hallelu-jah.

PSAL-

PSALME CXIV.

As the cxi

WHen Iſrael left th'Egyptian Land,
Freed from a tyrannous command,
God his owne People ſanctifi'd,
And hee himſelfe became their Guide.
Th'amazed Seas, this ſeeing, fled.
And Jordan ſhrunk into his Head:
The cloudy Mountaines skipt like Rams,
The little Hils like friſking Lambs.
Recoyling Seas, which cauſ'd your dread,
Why Jordan ſhrunk'ſt thou to thy Head?
Why Mountaines did you skip like Rams?
And why you little Hils like Lambs?
Earth, tremble thou before his Face,
Before the God of Jacobs Race,
Who turn'd hard Rocks into a Lake,
When Springs from flinty intrailes brake,

PSALME CXV.

As the 9.

WE nothing can of merit clame:
Not for our ſakes thy ayd afford,
But for the honour of thy Name,
Thy Mercy, and unfayling Word.
Why ſhould th'inſulting Heathen cry
Wher's now the God they vainly prayſe?
Our Lord inthron'd above the Skie,
All underneath at pleaſure ſwayes.
Their gods but gold and ſilver bee,
Made by a fraile Ardificer:
For they have eyes that cannot ſee,
Dumb mouths, and eares that cannot heare.
Fooles on their Altars incenſe throw,
Who nothing ſmell; their Feet are bound,
Nor have they power to move or goe:
Their throats give paſſage to no ſound.

Their

Their hands can neither give nor take,
Unapt to puniſh or defend:
As ſenſeleſſe they who Idols make,
Or to their carved Statues bend.
Your hopes on God, O Iſrael, place; *Part* 2
Hee is your helpe, and ſtrong Defence:
Be he, you Prieſts of Aarons Race,
The object of your confidence.
In him, all you that feare him, truſt;
Hee ſhall protect you in diſtreſſe.
The Lord is of his Promiſe juſt,
And will his faithfull ſervants bleſſe:
The Houſe of choſen Iſrael,
And Aarons holy Family:
The poore, and who in power excell;
That love, and on his ayd relie.
They ſhall a mighty People grow;
Their Children happy from their byrth:
Hee will increaſe of gifts beſtow,
Whoſe hands created Heaven and Earth.
Hee in the Heaven of Heavens reſides,
And over all his Creatures reignes:
Among the ſonnes of men divides
The Earth, and all that Earth contains.
Who ſleepe within the vaults of Death,
No Offerings to his Altars bring:
O praiſe his Name, while wee have breath;
And loudly Halelu-jah ſing.

PSALME CXVI.

MY Soule intirely ſhall affect (ſpect. *At the* 4
The Lord, whoſe eares my grones re-
In Miſery
He heard thy cry,
To him thy Prayers direct:

Sorrowes of Death my Soule aſſail'd;
The greedy jawes of Hell preval'd:

Depreſt

Depreſt with griefe,
When all reliefe,
And humane pitty fail'd.

I cri'd; My God, O looke on me;
Thou ever Juſt, th'afflicted free.
O from the Grave
Thy ſervant ſave;
For mercy lives in thee.

The Innocent, and long diſtreſt,
The humble mind by wrongs oppreſt;
Thy favour ſtill
Preſerves from ill:
My Soule then take thy reſt.

God ſtaid my feet, and dry'd my teares;
Redeem'd from Death, & deadly feares:
That ſtill I might
Walke in his ſight,
And number many yeares.

Thus with a firme beliefe I prai'd,
Part 2. Yet in extreames of trouble ſaid;
All on the Earth
Of mortall byrth,
Even all of Lies are made.

What ſhall I unto God reſtore
For all his Mercies? Fall before
His holy Throne,
and him alone
With ſacred Rites adore.

I will performe my Vowes this day,
Where they frequent, who God obey.
Right precious is
The Death of His:
Hee ſees, and will repay.

Lord

Lord, I am thine, thy Hand-maids ſeed;
By Thee from raging Tyrants freed.
My Prayers ſhall riſe
In Sacrifice;
My thanks thy Altar feed.

I will performe my Vowes this day,
Where they frequent who God obey:
Even in his Court,
Within thy Port,
Renowned Solyma.

PSALME CXVII.

YOu Nations of the Earth, *As the 47*
Our great Preſerver praiſe,
All you of humane byrth,
To Heaven his Glory raiſe:
Whoſe Mercy hath
No end, nor bound:
His Promiſe crown'd
With conſtant Faith;

PSALME CXVIII.

PRaiſe our good God, that King of Kings, *As the cxi*
From whom eternall Mercy ſprings.
Let Iſrael, let Aarons Race,
Let all that flouriſh in his Grace,
Confeſſe, that from the King of kings
Eternity of Mercie ſprings.
He in my trouble heard my Prayers,
And freed me from their deadly ſnares;
He fights my Battailes; then how can
I feare the Power of feeble Man?
Aſſiſts my Friends; my Enemies
Shall with their ſlaughter feaſt mine eyes.

Feare

Farre better to have Confidence
In God, then truſt to mans Defence:
On him much ſafer to relie,
Then on the ſtrength of Monarchy.
The Nations all at once aſſail'd,
But by his ayd my Sword prevail'd.
Their Armies had beſet mee round,
I with their Bodies ſtrew'd the ground.
Though they like Bees about mee ſwarm:
His holy Name and pow'rfull Arme
Shall ſoone conſume their num'rous powers,
As Fire the crackling Thorne devoures.
Part 2. Mad men! his Fall you ſeeke in vaine,
Whom great Jehovah's Hands ſuſtaine.
Hee is my Strength; his Praiſe my Song:
By him preſerv'd from powerfull Wrong.
Our Tents with publique Joy ſhall ring:
The Juſt of their Deliverance ſing.
Hee with his owne Right hand hath fought.
His owne Right hand hath Wonders wrought.
I ſhall not die, but live to praiſe
The Lord, who hath prolong'd my Daies.
He with his Scourge my Sin corrects;
Yet from the Dans of Death protects.
You to his Service ſanctifi'd,
The Temple Doores ſet open wide;
That I may enter in his Name,
And celebrate his glorious Fame.
Theſe are the Doores, at which all they
Shall enter, who his Will obey.
His Praiſe with Hymnes immortalize!
My Saviour, who hath heard my Cries.
Part 3. That Stone the Builders from them caſt;
Is higheſt on the corner plac't,
God hath reveal'd theſe Myſteries,
So full of Wonder, to our Eyes.
This is his Day; a Day of Joy;
Of everlaſting Memory.
Great God of gods, thy King protect;
Propitious prove to thy Elect.

O blest be he, whom God shall send!
We, who within his Courts attend,
You from his Sanctuary blesse;
And daily pray for your successe.
God, even the Lord, hath shed his light
Into our Soules, and clear'd our sight.
Bind to the Altars hornes a Lambe,
New-weaned from the bleating Dam.
Thou art my God; my Songs shall praise,
And to the Stars thy Glory raise.
Praise our good God, the King of kings;
From whom eternall Mercy springs.

PSALME CXIX.

ALEPH.

BLest are the Undefil'd, who God obey; As the
Seeke with their hearts, nor from his Precepts stray,
No tempting Vice shall those from Vertue draw,
Who with unfainting Zeale observe his Law.
Lord, by thy sacred Rule my steps direct.
Those shall not blush who thy Commands affect.
Thy Justice learnt, my Soule shall sing thy Praise;
Forsake me not, O guide me in thy Waies!

BETH.

Young man, thy Actions by his Precepts guide; Part as
From these let not thy zealous Servant slide.
Thy Word, writ in my heart, shall curb my Will.
O teach me how I may thy Lawes fulfill!
Those, by thy Tongue pronounc'd, I will unfold.
Thy Testaments by me more pris'd then Gold.
On these I meditate, admire; there set
My Souls delight: these never will forget.

GIMEL.

Part 3. O let me live t'obſerve thy Lawes: mine Eyes
Illuminate to view thoſe Myſteries.
Me, a poore Pilgrim, with thy Truth inſpire:
For whom my Soule even fainteth with deſire.
The Proud is curſt, who from thy Precepts ſtraies.
Bleſſe, and preſerve my Soule, which theſe obeies.
No hate of Princes from thy Law deters:
My Study, my Delight, my Counſellers.

DALETH.

Part. 4. My down-caſt Soule, as thou haſt promis'd raiſe;
Thou know'ſt my Thoughts; direct me in thy Waies.
Informe and I thy Wonders will profeſſe.
O ſtrengthen me, that labour in Diſtreſſe!
Shew thy cleare Paths, falſe Errours miſt remov'd.
I have thy choſen Truth and Judgements lov'd.
To theſe I cleave: O ſhield me from Diſgrace.
Inlarge my heart to runne that heavenly race.

HE.

Part 5. Teach thou, and I thy Statutes will obſerve:
Nor from that ſacred Knowledge ever ſwerve.
My Soule to thoſe delightfull Paths confine:
From Avarice purge, and to thy Lawes incline.
Divert from vaine deſires, my darkneſſe cleare:
Confirme the Soule devoted to thy Feare.
Free from fear'd ſhame: thy Judgements are upright,
O quicken me, who in thy Word delight.

VAU,

VAU.

His Soule protect, who on thy Word relies; *Part 6*
And ſilence my reproachfull Enemies.
O thou my Hope, in me thy Truth preſerve:
So I thy Lawes for ever ſhall obſerve;
Will freely walke in thy affected way:
Will boldly before Kings thy Truth diſplay.
For in thy Statutes I my comfort place;
Thoſe ſtudy, love, and with my Soule imbrace.

ZAIN.

Thinke of thy Promiſe, which my Hopes hath fed, *Part 7.*
All ſtorms appeas'd, and rais'd me from the Dead.
Nor for proud ſcoffes have I thy Lawes declin'd:
Confirm'd, when I thy Judgements call to mind.
They, who thy Lawes deſert, incenſe my rage:
Sang in the manſion of my Pilgrimage.
Thy Name, great God, I prais'd, when others ſlept,
This comfort had, ſince I thy Statutes kept.

CHETH.

Thou art my Portion: I will thee adore, *Part 8.*
Thy Lawes obſerve, and promis'd Grace implore.
My Actions by thy ſacred Rules direct;
And thy Commands with forward Zeale effect.
The wicked rob; but I thy Statutes priſe:
At midnight to applaud thy Juſtice riſe.
Who feare and keepe thy Lawes, ſuch are my Friends,
Inſtruct; thy Mercy through the World extends.

TETH.

Part. 9. Thou to thy Servant hast perform'd thy Word:
Discerning knowledge to his Faith afford.
Thou Sea of Goodnesse, that my Soule conformes
Unto thy Statutes, by Afflictions stormes.
The Proud, fat at the Heart, base Slanders raise:
But I will trust in thy affected Wayes.
Me blest Affliction to thy Courts hath brought.
Thy Lawes more pris'd then Ships with treasure fraught.

JOD

Part. 10, Informe me, my Creator, in thy Lawes;
That thine may see thy Observer with applause,
Thou ever just, in favour dost correct.
With promis'd Mercy comfort thine Elect.
That I may live, who in thy Precepts joy;
Those keep: the Proud, who causelesse hate, destroy.
Who feare and know thy Lawes, to me unite:
O, lest I perish, guide me by their light!

CAPH.

Part. 11. With Expectation faint, and blinde; yet still
My Soule expects, Thy Promise, Lord, fulfill.
I, though a bladder, on thy Word depend.
Confound my Foes: when shall my Sorrowes end!
The Proud have pitch't their toiles; infring'd thy Lawes:
O sacred Justice, snatch me from their jawes.
They had almost devour'd; but I affect
Thy Precepts: quicken, and by those direct.

LAMED

LAMED.

Thy faithfull Promiſes are fixt above; *Part.* 12.
Firme as the Poles, or Earth; which never move:
By thy eternall Ordinance diſpos'd.
Thy Lawes my Life; elſe Griefe my eyes had clos'd.
Nor will I theſe forget; by theſe renew'd.
Thy choſen ſave, who hath thy Truth purſu'd.
The Wicked chaſe my Soule, which thee obeies.
Thy Word ſhall laſt, when Heaven and Earth decaies.

MEM.

O how I love thy Lawes! thoſe exerciſe! *Part.* 13.
By them made wiſer then my Enemies.
More then my Teachers know, more then the Old:
With Vertue theſe inflame, from Vice with-hold.
That they may guide me, I have cleans'd my Heart:
And from thy Precepts never will depart:
Then Hermons Honey to my taſte more ſweete.
By waies I hate; by thine become diſcreete.

NUN.

Thy Word, my Light; a Lamp to guide my way. *Part.* 14
I ſware t'obſerve thy Truth, and will not ſtray.
My wounded Soule with promis'd mercy heale:
Accept my offerings, and thy will reveale.
Al hough incloſ'd with Death; though Foes have laid
Snares for my Soule; yet have I thee obei'd.
My comforts, my eternall Heritage.
O may I keepe them, till I die through age.

SAMECH.

SAMECH.

Part 15. I love thy Law; my hate to sin is great:
O thou my hope, my Shield, my safe retreat
My Will shall thine obey. Hence you prophane.
Lord, save my Soule, nor let me hope in vaine,
Uphold; and I thy Justice shall applaud.
Thou hast intrapt thy Foes in their owne fraud;
Cast out like Drosse. My heart affects thy path,
Yet trembles with the horror of thy wrath.

AIN.

O leave me not to my outragious Foes
Part 16. Nor to their scorne my righteous Soule expose:
Mine Eyes even faile, while I thy aide expect,
Be mercifull, and in thy Wayes direct.
Inlarge my mind, thy Wayes to understand:
'Tis time; for they infringe thy just Command,
Which more then Gold; then Gold refin'd I prise;
In all upright. But hate deceitfull lies.

PE.

Part. 17. Thy VVord, the Gate of Life, even Babes inspires
VVith Knowledge; this my obsequious Soule admires:
This I with thirsty appetite devoure.
Thy streames of Mercy on thy Servant powre.
Compose my steps: so shall not sinne subject,
Nor man oppresse: for I thy Lawes affect.
Shine on my Soule; thy Statutes teach: mine Eyes
Shed showres of teares, when men thy Lawes despise.

TSADDI.

As Thou thy Selfe, ſo all thy Lawes are Juſt : *Part.* 18.
Faithfull to thoſe, who in thy Promiſe truſt.
Zeale hath conſum'd me, for my Foes neglect
Of thy pure *Lawes*, which I in heart affect.
Thoſe to obſerve, though meane and ſcorn'd, intend.
Truth crownes thy VVord, thy Juſtice without end.
Thefe in my griefe and trouble, comfort give.
Informe with Knowledge, that my Soule may live.

COPH.

O heare my cries ! preſerve his life, who will *Part.* 19.
Thy *Lawes* obey, and juſt Commands fulfill.
My Eies out-watch the Night ; my cries prevent
The early Morne, in due Devotion ſpent.
Heare, and revive ; thy Juſtice execute
On lawleſſe men : preſerve from their purſuit,
Thy oft-tri'd Mercy ever is at hand.
Thy Judgements on eternall Baſes ſtand.

RESCH.

Behold my ſorrowes ; patronize my cauſe. *Part.* 20
Thy VVord performe to him, that keepes thy *Lawes*.
Death ſhall devoure, who thy Commands neglect.
Thou great in Mercy, my fought life protect.
In all extreames I have thy Will obſerv'd :
Griev'd, when Tranſgreſſors from thy Statutes ſwerv'd.
To me, who *Love* thy *Lawes*, thy Grace extend :
Thy Truth began with *Time*, and knowes no end.

SCHIN.

Part 21. Tyrants oppresse; thy Word restraines my Minde:
Wherein I joy, like those who Treasure finde.
Fraud I abhorre; inamour'd on thy Waies.
Seven times a Day my Lips thy Justice praise.
Who love thy Lawes, sweete Peace and Safetie blesse.
In Thee I hope, nor thy just Will transgresse.
Thy Word observe: thy Statutes I affect;
Which through these humane Seas my course direct.

TAU.

Part 22. Accept my Prayers: with Knowledge, Lord, indue;
From Death redeeme; since to thy Promise true.
Thy Statutes taught, I will thy Praise resound.
Thy Word extoll, and Lawes with Justice crown'd.
These are my choice: uphold with thy right Hand;
Who feed on Hope, and joy in thy Command.
Prolong my life, that I thy Praise may sing.
Lord, thy strai'd Sheepe backe to thy Pasture bring.

PSAL. CXX.

At the 3 Distrest, and in my minde dismay'd;
When destitute of humane aid,
To Thee successefully I praid.

Lord,

Lord, ſhield mee from the Fraudulent,
From thoſe that are on malice bent,
Who envious Calumnies invent.

O thou falſe tongue, ſteep'e in the gall
Of Serpents! what reward, for all
Thy miſchiefe, ſhall to thee befall!

Like Arrowes ſhot from Parthians ſtrings,
Fir'd Juniper, and Scorpions ſtings,
Such art thou, O thou worſt of things

Wo's mee, that I from Iſrael
Exiled, muſt in Meſech dwell,
And in the Tents of Iſmael!

O how long ſhall I live with thoſe,
Whoſe ſavage minds ſweete Peace oppoſe,
Where Fury by diſſwaſion growes.

PSALME CXXI.

TO the Hils thine Eies erect,
Helpe alone from thoſe expect. *As the 15.*
Hee who Heaven and Earth hath made,
Shall from Sion ſend thee aid.
God, thy ever-watchfull Guide,
Will not ſuffer thee to ſlide.
Hee, even hee, who Iſrael keepes,
Never ſlumbers, never ſleepes.
Hee, thy Guard, with wings diſplay'd,
Shall refreſh thee in their ſhade:
Suns ſhall not with heate infect,
But their temperate beames reflect:
Nor unwholſome Serene ſhall
From the Moones moiſt influence fall.
When thou travel'ſt on the way,
When at home thou ſpend'ſt the Day,

When ſweet Peace thy life delights,
When imbroild in bloodie Fights,
God ſhall all thy ſteps attend,
Now, and evermore defend.

PSALME CXXII.

As the cxi

O Happy Summons! to the Court
And Temple of the Lord reſort.
Jeruſalem, our Feet ſhall tread
Within thy Walls! O thou the Head
Of all the Earth and Judah's Throne;
Three Cities ſtrongly joyn'd in one!
The Tribes in throngs to thee aſcend;
The Tribes which on the Lord depend:
Fat Offerings to his Altar bring,
And his immortall Praiſes ſing.
There ſhall he his Tribunall place,
The Judgement-ſeat of Davids Race.
Your joyes ſhall with your daies increaſe,
Who love and pray for Salems Peace.
May Peace within thy Walls abound;
Thy Palaces with joy reſound:
Even for my Friends and Kindreds ſake,
May never Warre thy Bulwarkes ſhake:
Even for the hope of Iſrael,
And Houſe where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALME CXXIII.

As the 34

THou mover of the rolling Spheares,
I through the Glaſſes of my Teares,
To Thee my Eies erect:
As Servants marke their Maſters hands:
As Maids their Miſtereſſes commands,
And liberty expect:

So we, depreſt by enemies,

And

And growing troubles, fixe our Eies
On God, who sits on High:
Till he in mercy shall descend
To give our miseries an end,
And turne our teares to Joy.

O save us, Lord, by all forlorne;
The subject of contempt, and scorne.
Defend us from their pride,
Who live in fluency and ease;
Who with our woes their malice please,
And miseries deride.

Psal. CXXIV.

BUT that God fought for us, may Israel say; *As the 72*
But that God fought for us, in that sad Day;
When men inflam'd with wrath; against us rose:
We had alive beene swallowd by our Foes;
Then had wee sunke beneath the roaring Waves:
And in their horrid entrailes found our graves:
Then had their violence, like torrents powr'd
From melting Hils, our wretched lives devour'd.
O blest bee God! who hath not given our blood
To quench their thirst, nor made our flesh their food:
Our Soules, like Birds, have scap't the Foulers Net,
The snares are broke, which for our lives were set.
Our only confidence is in his Name,
Who made the Earth, & Heav'ns immortall frame.

Psalme CXXV.

THey, who the Lord their Fortresse make, *As the 9*
Shall like the Towers of Sion rise,
Which dreadfull Earth-quakes never shake,
Nor raging tumules of the Skies.
Lo! as the Hils of Solyma
Divine Jerusalem enclose:

So

So ſhall his Angels in the Day
Of danger, ſhield them from their Foes.
The VVicked ſhall not long ſubject
Their holy Race; leſt through deſpaire
They ſhould the Lawes of God neglect,
And bee as their Commanders are:
Lord, to the good bee Good; the Juſt
Protect: Their puniſhments increaſe,
Who follow their rebellious luſt:
But crowne thy Iſrael with Peace.

PSALME CXXVI.

As the cxi

WHen God had our deliverance wrought,
And Sion out of Bondage brought,
It ſeem'd to us a Dreame; who were
Diſtracted betweene Hope and Feare.
Then ſacred Joy fill'd every Breſt:
In flowing Mirth, and Songs expreſt.
The wondring Heathen oft would ſay;
How good! how great a God have they!
Great things for us the Lord hath wrought;
Above the reach of humane thought:
We therefore will his praiſes ſing.
The Remnant, Lord, from Bondage bring;
As Rivers through the parched Sand,
Or ſhowres which fall on thirſty land.
VVho ſow in Teares, ſhall reape in Joy.
VVee after long Captivity,
Unto our native Soile retire;
The ſcope and crowne of our deſire.

PSALME CXXVII.

As the 7

UNleſſe the Lord the houſe ſuſtaine,
They build in vaine;
In vaine they watch, unleſſe the Lord
The City guard.

In

In vaine you riſe before the Light.
And breake the ſlumbers of the Night.

In vaine the bread of ſorrow eat,
Got by your ſweat;
Unleſſe the Lord with good ſucceſſe
Your labours bleſſe:
For hee all good on his beſtows,
And crowns their eyes with ſweet repoſe.

Increaſing ſons, his Heritage,
Renew their age;
The pledges of their fruitfull love,
Given from above:
As formidable to the Foe,
As Arrows from a Giants bow.

Hee is belov'd of God, and bleſt
Above the reſt;
Whoſe Quivers with ſuch Shafts abound;
By men renown'd
Nor ſhall his adverſary dread;
When they at the Tribunall plead.

PSALME CXXVIII.

HAppy hee, who God obeys,
Nor from his direction ſtrayes; *At the 15*
Thou ſhalt of thy labours feed;
All ſhall to thy wiſh ſucceede:
Like a faire and fruitfull Vine,
By thy Houſe, thy wife ſhall joyne;
Sons, obedient to command,
Shall about thy Table ſtand,
Like greene plants of Olives, ſet
By the moiſtning Rivulet.
Hee who feares the Power above,
Thus ſhall proſper in his love.

God

God shall thee from Sion blesse,
Thou shalt joy in the successe
Which the Lord will Salem give,
While thou hast a day to live:
Thou shalt see our Israels peace,
And thy childrens large increase.

PSALME CXXIX.

As the cxi

OFt from my early youth have they
Afflicted me, may Israel say:
Oft from my early youth assaild,
As oft have their endevours fail'd.
My back with long deepe furrowes wound,
As Plow-shares teare the patient ground.
The ever Just hath broke their bands,
And sav'd me from their cruell hands.
Let Sions Foes with infamy
Be clothed, and untimely die.
Be they like Corne on Houses tops,
Which Reapers sickle never crops,
Nor Binder in his bosome beares:
But withers still before it eares
No Travailer their labours blesse,
Nor say, wee with you good successe.

PSALME CXXX.

As the 10.

OUt of the horror of the Deepe,
Where feare and sorrow never sleep:
To thee my cries
In sighes arise:
Lord from despaire thy servant keepe:
O lend a gracious eare,
And my petitions heare.

For if thou should'st our sinnes observe:
And punish us, as wee deserve:

Not

Not one of all
But then muſt fall;
Since all from their obedience ſwerve:
Yet art not thou ſevere,
That wee thy Name might feare.

Thy mercies our miſ-deeds tranſcend:
My hopes upon thy Truth depend:
Diſconſolate
On thee I waite;
As weary Centinels attend
The chearefull Morns upriſe
With long-expecting eyes.

O you that are of Jacobs Race,
In him your hopes, and Comforts place;
His praiſes ſing;
The living Spring
Of Mercy and redundant Grace:
For he will Iſrael
Redeeme from Sin and Hell.

PSALME CXXXI.

THou Lord my witneſſe art;
I am not proud of heart, *As the 32*
Nor looke with lofty eyes,
None envy, nor deſpiſe,
Nor to vaine pomp apply
My thoughts, nor ſore too high:
But in behaviour milde,
And as a tender childe,
Wean'd from his Mothers breſt,
On thee alone I reſt.
O Iſrael, adore
The Lord for ever more.
Bee He the only Scope
Of thy unfainting hope.

PSAL-

PSALME CXXXII.

As the 72

REmember David, Lord, remember Thou
His Troubles, thy Redemptions, and the Vow
Hee to the mighty God of Jacob made;
Bound by an Oath, and in theſe words convey'd:
No Rooſe ſhall cover mee, nor ſweete repoſe
Refreſh my Limbs, or ſleepe my eye-lids cloſe,
Till I have found a place for his Abode;
Even for the Temple of the living God.
The Arke, we heard, in Ephrata long ſtood;
And found it in the valley cloth'd with Wood.
We will into thy Tabernacle goe,
And there our ſelves before thy Foot-ſtoole throw.
Aſcend to thy eternall Reſt at length;
Thou, and the Arke of thy admired ſtrength.
O let thy Prieſts be cloth'd with ſanctitie,
And all thy Saints ſing with triumphant joy:
For Davids ſake receive into thy Grace:
From thy Anoinced never turne thy Face.
For thus thou ſwor'ſt who never wilt forget;
Thy Son ſhall long poſſeſſe thy royall Seat:
And if thy Children my commands obſerve,
Nor from the rules of my preſcription ſwerve;
Their Off-ſpring ſhall the Hebrew Scepter ſway.
Even while the Sun illuminates the Day.
For Sion I have choſen; Sion great
In my affections, my eternall Seat.
I will aboundantly increaſe her ſtore;
And with the flower of wheat ſuſteine her poore:
Her Prieſts ſhall bleſſings to her People bring;
Her joyfull Saints in ſacred meaſures ſing,
There ſhall the Horne of David freſhly ſprout;
Their lamp of glory never ſhall burne out:
His Diadem ſhall flouriſh on his head:
But Nets of ſhame his Foes ſhall over-ſpread.

PSAL-

Psalme CXXXIII.

As the cxi

O Bleſt eſtate! bleſt from above!
When Brethren joyne in mutuall love.
'Tis like the precious Odors ſhed
On conſecrated Aarons head:
Which trickled from his Beard and Breſt,
Downe to the borders of his Veſt.
'Tis like the pearles of Dew that drop
On Hermons ever-fragrant top:
Or which the ſmiling Heavens diſtill
On happy Sions ſacred Hill.
For God hath there his favours plac't,
And joy, which ſhall for ever laſt.

Psalme CXXXIV.

As the 47

YOu, who the Lord adore,
And at his Alter wait;
Who keepe your watch before
The threſhold of his Gate;
His praiſes ſing
By ſilent Night,
Till cheereſull light
I'th'Orient ſpring.

Your hands devoutly raiſe
To his divine Receſſe;
The Worlds Creatour praiſe,
And thus the People bleſſe;
The God of Love,
From Sions Towers,
To you and yours
Propitious prove.

PSALME CXXXV.

As the 72

O You, who Ephods weare and Incense sling
On sacred flames, Jehovah's praises sing.
You, who his Temple guard, O celebrate
His glorious Name, his noble Acts relate.
How great a joy with such sincere delight
To crowne the Day, and entertaine the Night!
For Israel is his choice, and Jacobs Race
His Treasure, and the object of his Grace.
In power how infinite! how much before
Those mortall gods, whom frantick men adore!
All on his Will depend, all homage owe,
In Heaven, in Earth, and in the Depths below.
At his command exhaled Vapors rise,
And in condensed clouds obscure the Skies
From thence, in showres Hee horrid Lightning sling,
And from their Caves the strugling Tempests brings.
Hee the first-borne of Men and Cattell slew,
Fresh streames of blood the Towns and Plains imbrew.
Th'inhabitantsthat drinke of Nilus flood
At his confounding VVonders trembling stood.

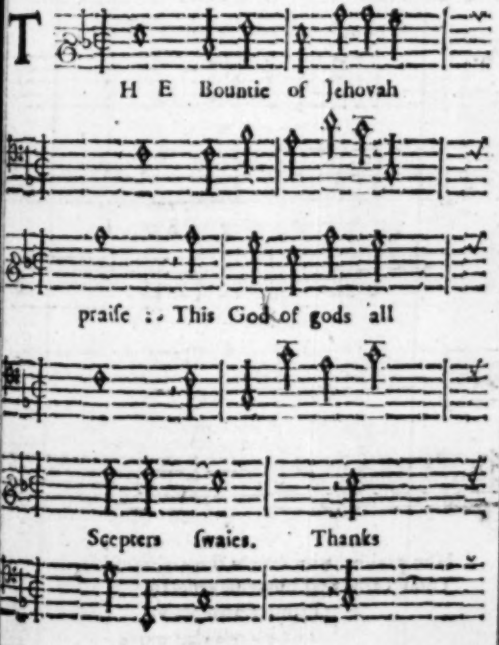
Part 2.

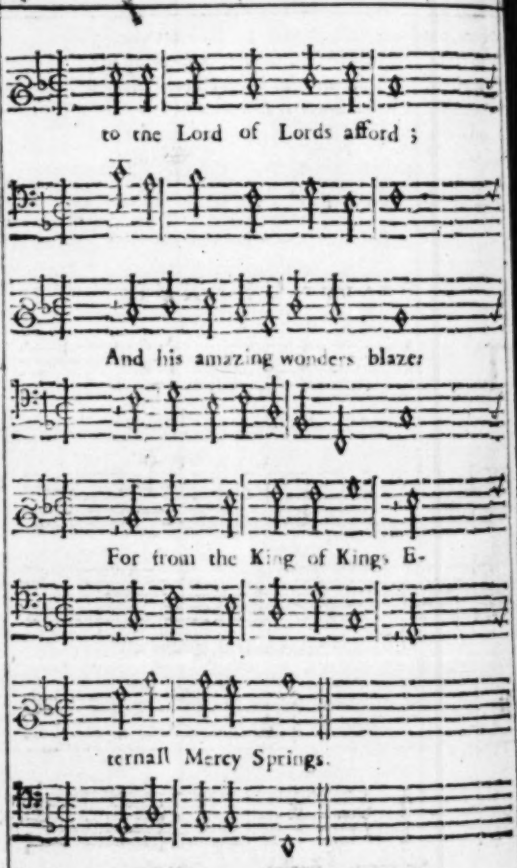
Great Princes, who excell'd in fortitude,
And mighty Nations by his power subdu'd.
Strong Sihon, whom the Amorites obey'd,
And strenuous Og, who Bashans Scepter sway'd;
With all the Kingdomes of the Canaanites,
Who to the Conquerors resigne their rights:
To whom hee their dismantled Cities grants,
And in those fruitfull fields his Hebrews plants.
Thy Name shall last unto eternitie;
And thy immortall Fame shall never die.
Thou dost thy Servant Pardon and protect;
Advance the Humble, and the proud deject.
Those helplesse gods, ador'd in forraigne Lands,
Are Gold, and Silver, wrought by humane hands,
Blind eyes have they, deaf Ears, still silent tongues:
Nor breath exhale from their unactive lungs.

Who

Who made, reſemble them, and ſuch are thoſe,
Who in ſuch ſenſleſſe ſtocks their hopes repoſe.
O praiſe the Lord, you who from Iſrael ſpring;
His praiſes, O you Sons of Aaron ſing:
You of the Houſe of Levi praiſe his Name:
All you who God adore, his praiſe proclame.
From Sion praiſe the only Good and Great;
Who in Jeruſalem hath fix't his Seat.

PSALME CXXXVI.





Him praiſe, who fram'd the arched Skie,
Thoſe Orbs that move ſo orderly.
Firme Earth above,
The Floods that move

Diſplay'd

Diſplay'd, and rais'd the Hils on high.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

Who Sun and Moone inform'd with Light,
To guide the Day, and rule the Night:
The fixed Starres,
And Wanderers
Created by divine fore-ſight.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

The firſt borne of Ægyptians ſlew;
Whoſe wounds the thirſty Earth imbrew:
And from that Land,
With powerfull hand,
Th'oppreſſed ſonnes of Jacob drew.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

The parted Seas before them fled,
Who in their empty chanels tread,
The joyning waves,
Ægyptian graves:
And his through food leſſe Deſerts led.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

Who numerous Armies put to flight,
And mighty Princes ſlew in fight:
Og proſtrate laid,
Who Baſhan ſwai'd;
And Sihon the crown'd Amorite.
For from the King of kings
Eternall Mercy Springs.

By his ſtrong hand thoſe Giants fell;
And gave their Lands to Iſrael:
Confirm'd by deede
Unto their Seede:

Who in their conquer'd Cities dwell.
For from the King of Kings.
Eternall Mercy ſtrings.

Remembred us in our diſtreſſe;
And freed from thoſe, who did oppreſſe.
He food doth give
To all that live.
The God of Heaven, O Iſrael, bleſſe.
For from the King of Kings
Eternall Mercy ſpring.

PSALME CXXXVII.

As the 1

AS on Euphrates ſhady banks we lay,
And there, O Sion, to thy Aſhes pay
Our funerall teares: our ſilent Harps, unſtrung,
And unregarded, on the Willowes hung.
Lo, they who had thy deſolation wrought,
And captiv'd Judah unto Babel brought,
Deride the teares which from our Sorrowes ſpring;
And ſay in ſcorne, A Song of Sion ſing.
Shall we prophane our Harps at their command?
Or holy Hymnes ſing in a forraigne Land?
O Solyma! thou that art now become
A heape of ſtones, and to thy ſelfe a Tomb!
When I forget thee, my deare Mother, let
My fingers their melodious skill forget;
VVhen I a joy disjoyn'd from thine, receive,
Then may my tongue unto my palate cleave
Remember Edom, Lord, their cruell pride,
VVho in the Sack of wretched Salem cry'd;
Downe with their Buildings, raſe them to the ground,
Nor let one Stone be on another found.
Thou Babylon, whoſe Towers now touch the skie,
That ſhortly ſhalt as low in ruines lie;
O happy! O thrice happy they, who ſhall
VVith equall cruelty revenge our fall!

That

That daſh thy Childrens branes againſt the ſtones:
And without pity heare their dying grones.

PSALME CXXXVIII.

MY Soule; applaud our glorious King
Before the Gods his praiſes ſing:
His Mercy an eternall Spring. *As the 46*

For this, on conſecrated ground
VVill I adore; thy Truth reſound;
Thy VVord above all Names renown'd.

Thou heard'ſt me, when to thee I cri'd;
VVhen Danger charg'd one every ſide;
By thee confirm'd and fortifi'd.

All thoſe, who awfull Scepters beare,
VVhen they of thy Performance heare,
Shall worſhip thee with revervent feare.

They ſhall his Truth and Mercy praiſe,
VVho all the VVorld with Juſtice ſwaies;
VVhoſe VVonders Adoration raiſe.

Although inthron'd above the Skies,
He on the lowly caſts his eyes,
But doth the Inſolent deſpiſe.

Though ſtormes of Troubles me incloſe;
Yet thou ſhalt ſave me from my Foes,
And raiſe me in their overthrowes.

For God his Promiſe will effect;
The Faithfull faithfully protect;
Nor ever his owne Choice reject.

PSALME CXXXIX.

As the cxi

THou know'ſt me, O thou onely Wiſe;
Seeſt when I ſit, and when I riſe;
Canſt my concealed thoughts diſcloſe;
Obſerv'ſt my Labours and Repoſe;
Know'ſt all my Counſels, all my Deeds,
Each word which from my Tongue proceeds;
Behinde, before, by thee inclos'd;
Thy hand on every part impos'd.
Such knowledge my capacity
Tranſcends, ſo wonderfull, ſo high!
O which way ſhall I take my flight?
Or where conceale me from thy ſight?
Aſcend I Heaven, Heaven is thy Throne:
Dive I to Hell, there art thou known.
Should I the Mornings wings obtaine,
And flie beyond th' Heſperian *Maine*;
Thy powerfull Arme would reach me there,
Reduce and curb me with thy feare.
Were I involv'd in ſhades of Night;
That Darkeneſſe would convert to Light.
What Clouds can from diſcovery free?
What Night wherein thou can'ſt not ſee?
The Night would ſhine like Daies cleare flame;
Darkeneſſe and Light to thee the ſame.
Thou ſit'ſt my reines, even though a ſtorm come;
Thou cloth'dſt me in my *Mothers* wombe.
Great God, that haſt ſo ſtrangely rais'd
This Faſtrick; be thou ever prais'd.

Part 2. O full of Admiration
Are theſe thy Works! to me well knowne.
My bones were to thy view diſplai'd,
When I in ſecret ſhades was made;
When wrought by thee with curious art,
As in the Earths inferiour part.
On me an Embyron, did'ſt thou looke;
My members written in thy Booke

Before

Before they were: which perfect grew
In time, and open to the view.
Thy Counſels admirable are,
And yet as infinite as rare.
O could I number them, farre more
Then Sands upon the murmuring ſhore!
When I awake, thy Works againe
My thoughts with wonder entertaine.
The Wicked thou wilt ſurely kill.
Hence you, who bloud with pleaſure ſpill.
Their tongues thy Majeſtie profane;
They take thy ſacred Name in vaine.
Lord, hate not I thy Enemies?
And grieve, when they againſt thee riſe?
I hate them with a perfect hate;
And, as my Foes, would ruinate.
Search and explore my heart; O try
My thoughts, and their Integritie.
Behold, if I from Vertue ſtray:
And lead in thy eterhall Way.

PSALME CXL.

At the 14

LOrd, ſave me from the Violent;
From him who takes delight in ill:
Whoſe heart Deceit and Miſchiefe fill;
On bloudy Warre and Outrage bent.

Their wounding Tongues, like Serpents wher,
Poiſon of Aſps their Lips incloſe.
O ſave from fierce and Wicked Foes;
Who toiles, to overthrow me, ſet!

The Proud have hid their cords and ſnares;
Spread all their Nets; their Gins have laid,
To God, Thou art my God, I ſaid;
O gently heare thy Supplaint's pray'rs.

My ſtrong Preſerver in the fight,

As

As with a Helme, my head defends.
Let not the wicked gaine their ends,
Lord leſt their pride riſe with their might.

Themſelves let their owne Slanders wound:
Deſtroy Him who their fury leads.
Let burning coles fall on their heads,
And quenchleſſe flames imbrace them round.

Caſt them into the Depths below,
From thence, O never let them riſe!
Let Death the Slanderer ſurpriſe,
And Miſchiefe ſalvage Wrath o'rethrow.

God to th'Afflicted aid will give;
The Poore defend from Death and Shame.
The Juſt ſhall celebrate thy Name,
And ever in thy Preſence live.

PSALME CXLI.

TO Thee I cry, Lord heare my cries,
O come with ſpeede unto my aid:
Let thy ſad Prayers before Thee riſe,
Like incenſe on the Altar laid.
Or as when I, with hands diſplai'd,
Preſent my Evening Sacrifice.

Before my mouth a Guardian ſet,
My lips with barres of Silence cloſe.
O let me not thy Lawes forget,
And wickedly combine with thoſe,
Who Thee, and all that's good oppoſe,
Nor of their deadly Dainties eat.

But let the Juſt wound and reprove,
Such ſtripes and checks, an argument
Of their ſincere and prudent love,

Like

Like Odours of a fragrant Sent,
Pour'd on my head, no breaches rent.
My prayers ſhall for their ſafety move.

Mongſt Rocks their Chiefes in ambuſh lie:
Yet have my ſuff'rings underſtood.
Our ſevered bones are ſcattered by
The mouthes of graves, like clefts of Wood.
Lord, ſaue from thoſe, that hunt for blood.
On Thee with faith I caſt mine eye.

O from their Machinations free,
That would my guiltleſſe Soule betray,
From thoſe who in my wrongs agree,
And for my life their engines lay.
May they by their owne coaſt decay,
But let me thy Salvation ſee.

PSALME CXLII.

WIth ſighes and cries to God I praid,
To him my ſupplication made, *As the 4*
Pour'd out my teares.
My cares and feares,
My wrongs before him laid.

My fainting ſpirits almoſt ſpent:
He knew the path in which I went.
Yet in my way
Their ſnares they lay,
With mercileſſe intent.

My Eyes I round about me throw,
None ſee, that will th'oppreſſed know,
No refuge left,
Of hope bereft,
Vaine pity none beſtow.

Then unto God I cri'd, and ſaid,

Thou

Thou art my Hope and only Aid,
The Portion
I build upon
While with fraile fleſh araid.

O Sourſe of Mercy, heare my cry,
Leſt I with waſting ſorrow die:
Shield from my foes,
Who now incloſe;
Since of more ſtrength then I.

My Soule out of this Priſon bring,
That I may praiſe thee, O my King.
Who truſt in thee,
Shall compaſſe me,
And of thy Bounty ſing.

PSALME CXLIII.

As the 39

LOrd, to my cries afford an eare,
Th'afflicted heare;
According to thy Equity,
And Truth reply;
Nor prove ſevere: for in thy ſight
None living ſhall be found upright.

The Foe my Soule beſiegeth round,
Strikes to the ground:
In darkneſſe hath inveloped,
Like men long dead:
My mind with ſorrow overthrowne;
My heart within me ſtupid growne.

I call to minde thoſe ancient Daies
Fill'd with thy praiſe:
Thy Works alone poſſeſſe my thought,
With wonder wrought.
To thee I ſtretch my zealous Hand;
Deſir'd like raine by thirſty land.

Approach

Approach with ſpeed ; my Spirits faile ;
Thy Face unveile ; Part 2.
Leaſt I forthwith grow like to thoſe,
Whom graves incloſe.
O let me of thy *Mercy* heare.
Before the *Morning* Sun appeare.

My God, thou art the onely ſcope
Of all *My* hope ;
O ſhew me thy preſcribed way,
Leſt I ſhould ſtray.
For to thy Throne I raiſe mine eyes ;
My Soule, and all my faculties.

Save from my Foes ; to Thee loe I
For refuge flie ;
Informe me, that I may fulfill
Thy ſacred Will.
My God, let thy good Spirit lead,
That in thy paths my Feet may tread.

O for thy Honour quicken me,
VVho truſt in Thee ;
Out of theſe Straights, for Juſtice ſake,
Thy Servant take.
In mercy cut Thou off my Foes,
VVhoſe hate hath multipli'd my woes.

PSALME CXLIV.

THE Lord, my Strength, be onely prais'd *As the cxi*
The Lord, who hath my courage rais'd ;
In doubtfull Battell given me might,
And skill how to direct, and fight.
My Foutor, Fortreſſe, high-built Tower,
My Rocke, Redeemer, Shield and Power ;
My onely Confidence, who ſtill
Subjects my People to my will.

Lord,

Lord, what is Man, or his fraile Race,
That thou should'ſt ſuch a vapour grace!
Man nothing is but vanitie;
A ſhadow ſwiftly gliding by.
Great God, ſtoope from the bending Skies,
The Mountaines touch, and Clouds ſhall riſe;
From thence thy winged Lightning throw,
Rout and confound the flying Foe,
Stretch downe thy Hand, which only ſaves,
And ſnatch me from the furious Waves.
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inur'd to perjuries, and lies:
Their Hands defil'd with fraud and wrong.
Then will I in a new-made Song,
Unto the ſoftly-warbling ſtring,
Of thy illuſtrious Praiſes ſing.
Thou Kings preſerv'ſt, haſt me preſerv'd,
Even David, who thy Will obſerv'd,
Free from rebellious Enemies,
Inur'd to perjuries, and lies:
Foule deeds their violent hands defile;
Hands prone to treacherie and guile:
That in their Youth our Sonnes may grow
Like Lawrell Groves; our Daughters ſhow
Like poliſh't pillars deck't with Gold,
Which high and Royall rooſes uphold:
Our Magazines abound with Graine,
Proviſion of all ſorts containe:
Increaſing Flockes our Paſtures fill,
And well-fed Steeres the Fallowes till;
That no incurſions Peace affright;
No Armies joyne in dreadfull fight;
No dareing Foe our Walls inveſt,
Nor fearefull ſhrieks diſturbe our reſt,
Bleſt People! who in this eſtate
Injoy your ſelves without debate;
And happie, O thrice happy they,
Who for their God, the Lord obey!

Part 2.

PSAL-

PSALME CXLV.

I Still will of thy Glorie sing;
Thy Name extoll, my God, my King. *At the* cxi
No day shall passe without thy praise.
Prais'd while the Sun his Beames displayes,
Great is the Lord, whose praise exceedes:
Inscrutable are all his Deeds.
One Age shall to another tell
Thy Workes, which so in power excell.
The Beautie of thy Excellence,
And Oracles intrance my Sense.
Men shall thy dreadfull Acts relate,
My Verse thy Greatnesse celebrate,
To memory thy Favours bring,
And of thy noble Justice sing.
For in thee Grace and Pitie live,
To anger slow, swift to forgive.
All on thy Goodnesse, Lord, depend:
Thy mercies all thy workes transcend,
Even all thy Workes shall praise thy Name,
Thy Saints shall celebrate the same:
Of thy farre-spreading Empire speake;
Thy Power, to which all Powers are weake:
To make thy Acts to Mortals knowne,
And glory of thy awefull Throne.
Thy Kingdome never shall have end: *Part* 2.
Thy Rule beyound times flight extend.
The Lord shall those, who fall, susteine,
And Soules dejected raise againe.
All seeke from thee their livelyhood,
Thou in due season giv'st them food:
Thy liberall Hand, Men, Birds, and Beasts,
Even all that live, with plenty feasts.
The Lord is Just in all his Waies,
VVho Mercie in his VVorkes displaies,
Is present by his power with all,
VVho on his Name sincerely call:

For

For he will their deſires effect;
Regard their cries; from Foes protect.
Who love him, Safetie ſhall enjoy:
The Lord the wicked will deſtroy,
My Tongue his Goodneſſe ſhall proclame.
Man-kinde, for ever praiſe his Name.

PSALME CXLVI.

Hallelu-jah.

As the 29

O My Soule, praiſe thou the Lord:
Whilſt thou liv'ſt, his praiſe record.
Whil'ſt I am, eternall King,
I will of thy praiſes ſing.
O, no hope in Princes place;
Truſt in none of humane race;
Who can give no helpe at all,
Nor prevent his proper fall.
When his parting breath expires,
He againe to Earth retires.
Ev'n in that uncertaine Day
All his thoughts with him decay.
Happy he, whom God protects;
He, on whom his Grace reflects.
Happy He, who plants his truſt
On the onely Good and Juſt.
He who Heavens blew Arch diſplai'd;
He who Earths Foundation laid;
Spread the Land-imbraciug Maine;
Made what ever all containe:
True to what his Word profeſt;
He revengeth the oppreſt;
Hungry Soules with food ſuſtaines,
And unbinds the Priſoners chaines:
To the blinde reſtores his ſight;
Reares, who fall by wicked might.

Righteouſneſſe

Righteousnesse his Soule affects.
Friendlesse Strangers he protects,
Widdowes and the Fatherlesse;
Those confounds who these oppresse.
Zion God, thy God shall raigne,
While the Poles their Orbs sustaine.
Halelu-jah.

PSALME CXLVII.

JEhovah praise with one consent.
How comely! sweet! how excellent,
To sing our great Creators praise!
whose hands late ruin'd Salem raise,
Collecting scattered Israel,
That they in their own Townes may dwell:
He cures the sorrowes of our minds;
Our wounds inbalmes, and softly binds.
He numbers heavens bright-sparkling flames,
And calls them by their severall Names.
Great is our God, and great in might;
His knowledge O most infinite!
The Humble unto thrones erects;
The insolent to Earth dejects.
Present your thanks to our great King;
On solemne Harps his Praises sing;
Who Heaven with gloomy Vapors hides,
And timely Raine for Earth provides.
With grasse he cloths the pregnant Hils,
And hungry beasts with Herbage fils.
He feeds the Ravens croaking brood,
(Left by the Old) that cry for food.
He cares not for the strength of Horse, *Part* 2.
Nor mans strong limbs, and matchlesse force:
But those affects, who in his Path
Their feet direct with constant Faith.
O Solyma, Jehovah praise;
To God thy Voice, O Sion raise;
Who hath thy City fortifi'd;
Thy streets with Citizens supply'd:

As the cxi

Firme peace in all thy borders ſet,
And fed thee with the flowre of Wheat.
He ſends forth his Commands, which flie
More ſwift then Lightning through the Skie;
The Snow-like-wooll on *Mountains* ſpreads,
And hoary Froſts like aſhes ſheds,
Whiſe ſolid Flouds their courſe refraine,
What mortall can his cold ſuſtaine?
At his Command, by Wind and Sun
Diſſolv'd, th'unfetter'd Rivers run.
His Lawes to Jacob he hath ſhowne,
His Judgements are to Iſrael knowne.
Not ſo with other Nations deales,
From whom his Statutes he conceales.

PSALME CXLVIII.

Halelu-jah.

As the 29

YOu, who dwell above the Skies;
Free from humane miſeries;
You whom higheſt Heaven imbowres,
Praiſe the Lord with all your powres.
Angels your cleare Voices raiſe,
Him your Heavenly Armies praiſe:
Sunne, and *Moone* with borrow'd light,
All you ſparkling Eyes of Night;
Waters hanging in the aire,
Heaven of Heavens his Praiſe declare,
His deſerved Praiſe record,
His, who made you by his Word,
Made you evermore to laſt,
Set you bounds not to be paſt.
Let the Earth his Praiſe reſound:
Monſtrous Whales, and Seas profound,
Vapours, Lightning, Haile, and Snow,
Stormes which when he bids them blow:

Flowry

Flowry Hills, and Mountaines high,
Cedars, neighbours to the Skie,
Trees that fruit in ſeaſon yield,
All the Cattell of the Field,
Salvage beaſts, all creeping things,
All that cut the Aire with wings.
You who awfull Scepters ſway,
You inured to obay,
Princes, Judges of the Earth,
All of high and humble birth,
Youths, and Virgins flouriſhing
in the beauty of your ſpring:
You who bow with ages weight,
You who were but borne of late:
Praiſe his Name with one conſent:
O how great! how excellent!
Then the Earth profounder farre,
Higher then the higheſt Starre.
He will his to honour raiſe.
You his Saints reſound his Praiſe,
You who are of Jacobs Race.
And united to his Grace.

Halelu-jah.

PSALME CXLIX.

TO the God whom we adore,
Sing a Song unſung before: *As the 29*
His immortall Praiſe reherſe,
Where his Holy Saints converſe.
Iſrael, O thou his Choice,
In thy Makers Praiſe rejoyce:
Zions Sonnes, rejoyce, and ſing
To the Honour of your King.
In the Dance his Praiſe reſound,
Strike the Harpe, let Timbrels ſound.
God in Goodneſſe infinite,
In his People takes delight.

God with safety will adorne
Those whom men afflict with scorne.
Let his Saints in glory joy;
Sing as in their beds they lie:
Highly praise the living Lord;
Arm'd with their two-edged Sword,
All the Heathen to confound;
And the Nations bordering round;
Binding all their Kings with cords;
Fetring their captived Lords:
That they in divine pursuit,
May his judgements execute;
As 'tis writ, such Honour shall
Unto all his Saints befall.

Halelu-jah.

PSALME CL.

Halelu-jah.

As the 29

PRaise the Lord inthron'd on high,
Praise him in his Sanctitie,
Praise him for his mighty Deeds,
Praise him who in Power exceeds,
Praise with Trumpets, pierce the Skies,
Praise with Harps and Psalteries,
Praise with Timbrels, Organs, Flutes,
Praise with Violins, and Lutes,
Praise with silver Cymbals sing,
Praise on those which loudly ring.
Angels, all of humane birth,
Praise the Lord of Heaven and Earth.

5 AP 58 Halelu-jah.

A PARA-

BRITISH MUSEUM

A PARAPHRASE UPON ECCLESIASTES.

THis Sermon the much-knowing Preacher made:
King Davids Sonne, who Judah's Scepter swai'd.
O restlesse vanitie of Vanities! *Chap.* 1
All is but vanitie, the Preacher cries.
What profit have wee by our Labors won,
Of all beneath the circuit of the Sun?
The Earth is fix't, wee fleeting: as one Age
Departs, another enters on the Stage.
The setting Sunne resignes his Throne to Night:
Then hastens to restore the morning Light.
The Winde flies to the South, shifts to the North:
And wheeles about to where it first brake forth.
All Rivers run into the insatiate Maine;
From thence, to their old Fountaines creepe againe.
Incessantly all toyle. The searching Minde,
The Eye, and Eare, no satisfaction finde.
What is, hath beene, what hath beene shall ensue:
And nothing underneath the Sun is new.
Of what can it bee truely said, Behold
This never was? The same hath beene of old.

For former Ages wee remember not:
And what is now, will be in time forgot.
Lo I, the Preacher, King of Iſrael,
Who in abilitie and power excell,
In wiſdomes ſearch apply'd my Induſtrie,
To know what ever was beneath the skie:
(For God this toyle on Mans ambition layes,
To travell in ſo intricate a Maze.)
I all their workes have ſeene; all are but vaine,
Conceiv'd with ſorrow, and brought forth with paine.
The crooked never can be rectifi'd
Nor the defective numbred, or ſupply'd.
Thus in my heart I ſaid; Thou art arriv'd
At Honours height, more wiſdome haſt achev'd
Then all that liv'd in Solyma before,
Thy Knowledge, Judgement and Experience more.
As wiſdome, ſo I folly did purſue,
And madneſſe try'de: theſe were vexations too.
Much wiſdome great anxieties infeſt;
And griefe of Minde by Knowledge is increaſt.
chap. 2 I ſaid in my owne Heart, Goe on, and prove
What Mirth can doe; taſt the delight of Love.
In Pleaſures change thy careleſſe Houres imploy:
This alſo was a falſe and empty Joy
Avaunt, ſaid I, O Laughter thou art mad!
Vaine Mirth, what can'ſt thou to contentment adde?
Then ſought the cares of Study to decline
With liberall feaſts, and flowing Bowles of Wine.
With all my wiſdome exercis'd, to try
If ſhe at length with folly could comply:
And to diſcover that Beatitude,
Which Mortals all their lives ſo much purſu'de.
Great workes I finiſh'd, ſumptuous Houſes built:
My Cedar rooſes with Gold of Ophir guilt.
Choice Vineyards planted, Paradiſes made,
Ston'd with all ſorts of fruits, with Trees of ſhade,
And water'd with coole Rivolets that dril'd
Along the Borders; theſe my Fiſh-pooles fill'd.
For ſervice and Delight I purchaſed
Both Men and Maids; more in my Houſe were bred.

My

My Flocks and Heards abundantly increa'ſt:
So great, as never King before poſſeſt.
Silver and Gold, the Treaſure of the Seas,
Of Kings, and Provinces, foment mine eaſe:
Sweet Voices, muſick of all ſorts, invite
My curious Eares; and feaſt with their delight.
In greater fluency no morrall reign'd:
In height of all, my wiſdome I retain'd.
I had the Beauties which my Eyes admir'd,
Gave to my Heart what ever it deſir'd:
In my own works rejoyc'd. The recompence
Of all my Labours was deriv'd from thence.
Then I ſurvey'd all that my hands had done:
My troubleſome delights. Beneath the Sun
What ſolid good can man's indeavour finde?
All is but vanitie, and griefe of minde.
At length I wiſedome pond'red in my thought,
And madneſſe weigh'd: for folly is diſtraught.
What man can my unraced Steps purſue?
Or doe that Act which to the King is new?
Then found, how wiſedome folly did excell,
As much as brighteſt Heaven the Shades of Hell.
The wiſemans Eyes are towred in his head:
The ſoole in Darkeneſſe walks, by Error led:
Yet equall miſeries on either waite,
And both wee ſee obnoxious to one fate.
Thus in my heart I ſaid, The foole and I
Suffer alike, and muſt together Dye.
Why then vexe I my braines to grow more wiſe?
Even this was not the leaſt of Vanities.
Both muſt be ſwallowed by Oblivion;
What is, will not to after times be knowne:
The wiſe and fooliſh to the Earth deſcend,
And in the grave their various travels end.
For this I hated Life, which only feeds
Increaſing Sorrowes; fruitleſſe are our deeds
And wearieſome, man no content can find;
For all is vanitie, and griefe of mind.
I hated all the Glory I had wonne,
My State, my Structures, all my hands had done;

Fore-seeing how that certaine houre would come,
When I must leave them; Nor yet know to whom,
Who can divine if prudent or a foole?
Yet he must over all my Labours rule,
Of all my wisdomes purchaces possest:
This vanitie was equall with the rest.
I therefore sought to make my heart despaire,
To slight the fraile successe of all my Care.
What by Integritie and honest toyle,
A wise man gathers; must become his spoile
Who only pleas'd his Sense: this is a great
Vexation, and an undeserved deceit.
What hath a man for all his industry,
And griefe of Soule, sustain'd beneath the Sky?
All is but Sorrow from the Houre of Birth,
Till hee with age return unto the Earth:
His Travell, paine, night yields him no repose:
This vanitie from our first Parents flowes.
To eat, to drinke, t'enjoy what we possesse
With freedome, is the greatest Happinesse
That Mortals can attaine unto: A good
Deriv'd from God, by men not understood.
Who feasted more then I? who spent his store
More liberally? or cheer'd his Gemous more?
God wisdome gives, gives Knowledge and Delight,
To those whose hearts are perfect in his sight:
To Sinners trouble, who their time imploy
To gather what the Righteous shall enjoy,
By their owne avarice in plenty pin'd:
This is a vanitie and griefe of Mind.

Chap. 3 Lo all things have their times by God decreed
In Natures changes, all things which proceed
From Mans Intentions under the vast Skie:
A time when to be Borne, a time to Die:
A time to plant, t'extirpe; to Kill, to Cure:
A time to batter down, a time t'immure:
A time of laughter, and a time to turne
Our smiles to teares: a time to dance to mourne:
To scatter Stones, to gather them againe;
A time to embrace, embraces to restraine:

A Time to get, to looſe; to ſave, to ſpend:
To reare a ſtander, and the torne to mend:
A time to ſpeake, from ſpeaking to ſurceaſe:
A time for Love, for hate; for warre, for Peace
What good can humane Induſtry obtaine,
When all things are ſo changeable and vaine?
For God on Mantheſe various labours throwes;
To aſſi& him with varietie of woes.
He in their times all beautifull hath made;
The world into our narrow hearts convay'd:
Yet cannot they the cauſes apprehend
Of his great works; the Originall, Nor End.
What other good can Man from theſe produce,
But to take pleaſure in their preſent uſe?
To eate, to drinke, t'enjoy what is our owne;
Is ſuch a gift as God beſtowes alone.
His purpoſe is Eternall nor can wee
Adde or Subſtract from his Divine Decree:
That Mortals might their bold attempts forbear;
And curbe their wild affections by his feare.
What hath beene, is, what ſhall be, was before:
And what is paſt, the Almighty will reſtore.
Beſides, the ſeats of Juſtice I ſurvay'd:
There ſaw how favour and corruption ſway'd.
Then ſaid I in my heart; God ſurely ſhall
Reward the juſt; ah'unjuſt to Judgement call.
All Purpoſes and Actions have their Times.
A time for Vengeance to purſue our Crimes.
As much as ſenſe concernes, God manifeſts
To Men how little they diffent from Beaſts;
One end to both befals, to equall Death
Are lyable, and breathe the ſelfe ſame Breath.
Then what preheminence hath Man above
A Beaſt, ſince both ſo Tranſitory prove?
Both travell to one home; are Earth, and muſt
Returne to their Originary Duſt:
Who knows that Soules of men aſcend the ſky?
That thoſe of beaſts with their frail Bodies die?
What Mortall then can make ſo good a choice,
As in his owne acquirements to rejoyce?

This

Fore-seeing how that certaine houre would come,
When I must leave them; Nor yet know to whom,
Who can divine if prudent or a foole?
Yet he must over all my Labours rule,
Of all my wisdomes purchaces possest:
This vanitie was equall with the rest.
I therefore sought to make my heart despaire,
To slight the fraile successe of all my Care.
What by Integritie and honest toyle,
A wise man gathers; must become his spoile
Who only pleas'd his Sense: this is a ...
Vexation, and a ...
What hath a ...
And griefe of ...
All is but Sen...
Till hee with ...
His Travell, ...
This vanitie ...
To eat, to drink ...
With freedome, ...
That Mortals ...
Deriv'd from G...
Who feasted mo...
More liberally ...
God wisdome gi...
To those whose ...
To Sinners trou...
To gather what th...
By their owne av...
This is a vanitie ...

Chap. 3 Lo all things ha...
In Natures change...
From Mans Intent...
A time when to be Borne, a time to Die:
A time to plant, t'extirpe; to Kill, to Cure:
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A time of laughter, and a time to turne
Our smiles to teares: a time to dance to mourne:
To scatter Stones, to gather them againe;
A time to embrace, embraces to refraine:

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A Time to get, to loose; to save, to spend:
To reare asunder, and the torne to mend:
A time to breake, from speaking to surcease:
A time for Love, for hate; for warre, for Peace
What good can humane Industry obtaine,
When all things are so changeable and vaine?
For God on Mankinde various Labours throwes;
To fill & him with varietie of woes.
He in their times all beautifull hath made;
The world into our narrow hearts convay'd:

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reath,
Which what preheminence hath man above
A Beast, since both so Transitory prove?
Both travell to one home; are Earth, and must
Returne to their Originary Dust:
Who knows that Soules of men ascend the sky?
That those of beasts with their frail Bodies die?
What Mortall then can make so good a choice,
As in his owne acquirements to rejoyce?

This

Fore-seeing how that certaine houre would come,
When I must leave them; Nor yet know to whom,
Who can divine it prudent or a foole?
Yet he must over all my Labours rule,
Of all my wisdomes purchaces possest:
This vanitie was equall with the rest.
I therefore sought to make my heart despaire,
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More liberally? or cheer'd his Genious more?
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To Sinners trouble, who their time imploy
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To scatter Stones, to gather them againe;
A time to embrace, embraces to refraine:

A Time to get, to loose; to save, to spend:
To reare asunder, and the torne to mend:
A time to speake, from speaking to surcease:
A time for Love, for hate; for warre, for Peace
What good can humane Industry obtaine,
When all things are so changeable and vaine?
For God on Man these various Labours throwes;
To fill & him with varietie of woes.
He in their times all beautifull hath made;
The world into our narrow hearts convay'd:
Yet cannot they the causes apprehend
Of his great works; the Originall, Nor End.
What other good can Man from these produce,
But to take pleasure in their present use?
To eate, to drinke, t'enjoy what is our owne;
Is such a gift as God bestowes alone.
His purpose is Eternall; nor can wee
Adde or Substract from his Divine Decree:
That Mortals might their boldattempts forbear;
And curbe their wild affections by his feare.
What hath beene, is, what shall be, was before:
And what is past, the Almighty will restore.
Besides, the seats of Justice I survay'd:
There saw how favour and corruption sway'd.
Then said I in my heart; God surely shall
Reward the just; th'unjust to Judgement call.
All Purposes and Actions have their Times.
A time for Vengeance to pursue our Crimes.
As much as sense concernes, God manifests
To Men how little they dissent from Beasts;
One end to both befals, to equall Death
Are lyable, and breathe the selfe same Breath.
Then what preheminence hath Man above
A Beast, since both so Transitory prove?
Both travell to one home; are Earth, and must
Returne to their Originary Dust:
Who knows that Soules of men ascend the sky?
That those of beasts with their frail Bodies die?
What Mortall then can make so good a choice,
As in his owne acquirements to rejoyce?

This

This is his Portion: for of things to come,
None can informe him in the Graves dark wombe.
Chap. 4. Then I observ'd the Bold oppressions done,
In Presence of the all-survaying Sun;
Beheld the teares that fell from Sorrowes Eyes,
No Comforter t'assawge her miseries;
With all th'oppressors powerfull Violence,
While weake Integrity found no defence.
For this, before the living I prefer'd
Those whom the quiet Caves of Death inter'd;
Before them both, such as have yet not beene,
Nor these diversities of evils seene.
Againe observ'd, how our best Actions bred
Ignoble Envie, by our Vertue fed;
Nor friendship could so great a vice controule.
This was a Vanitie, and griefe of Soule.
The foole sits with his armes a-crosse, his houres
In sloth consumes, and his owne flesh devoures.
Better saith he, a handfull is obtain'd
With happy ease, then two by trouble gain'd.
While I this chace of Vanitie pursue,
A worse presents her folly to my view;
Lo, one who hath no Second. Child, nor Heire,
Weares out his life in restlesse toyle and care,
To gather Riches, nor can satisfie,
With all his store, the Avarice of his Eye;
Nor thinks, for whom doe I my Soule deceive?
And injur'd Nature of her dues bereave?
This is a sore disease, if truly knowne?
And such a vanitie, as yields to none.
Two better are then one, of more regard:
Their Labour lesse, and greater their reward:
If either fall, one will the other raise;
When he who walkes alone, his Life betrayes.
If two together lye both warmth beget;
But he who lies alone receives no heat.
If one prevaile two may that one resist:
Cords hardly breake, which of three lines consist.
More reall worth a poore wise child adornes,
Then an old Foolish King, who counsell scornes.

He

He from a Priſon, to a Throne aſcends:
This, borne a Prince, his Life obſcurely ends.
His Subjects after his ſucceſſor runne,
As from the ſetting to the riſing Sunne.
The vulgar are inconſtant in their choice;
Nor in the preſent Government rejoyce:
The following, as the firſt, to change inclin'd.
This is a vanitie, and griefe of mind.
Whether thou goeſt conceive, and to what end, *Chap.* 5
When thy bold feet the Houſe of God aſcend.
There rather heare his Life-directing Rules,
Then offer up the ſacrifice of Fooles.
For ſinfull are their gifts, who neither know
What they to God ſhould give, or what they owe.
The Ryot of thy tongue let feare reſtraine;
Nor with raſh Oriſons his Eares profane.
God ſits in Heaven, with Rayes of Beauty crown'd;
Thou a poore Mortall creep'ſt upon the ground;
Since nothing lies concealed from his view,
Nor ſcapes his knowledge, let thy words be few.
As Dreames proceed from multitude of Cares;
So multitude of words a foole declares.
Performe thy vowes to God without delay:
Fooles pleaſe not him; thy vowes ſincerely pay.
Since they are offerings of the grateſull will;
Vow not at all, or elſe thy vowes fulfill.
Let not thy tongue oblige thy fleſh to ſinne:
Nor ſay, I err'd: by that pretext to winne
Thy Angels Pardon. Why ſhouldſt thou incenſe
Thy God, and draw his wrath on thy offence?
In multitudes of words and Dreames appeare
Like vanities: my Sonne, Jehova feare.
Nor let it quench thy Piety, when thou
Shalt ſee the poore beneath the mighty bow;
All Lawes perverted, Juſtice caſt aſide,
As if the Univerſe had loſt her guide:
That Power to whom all are ſubordinate,
Shall cruſh them with an unſuſpected fate.
The Mother Earth, to all her boſome yields:
Even Princes are beholding to the fields.

Who

Who ſilver Covet, and Exceſſe of Gaine,
Shall ever want: this folly is as vaine.
As Riches multiply even ſo doe they
Who feede thereon, and on their Plenty prey.
What profit to the owner can ariſe,
But to behold them with his carefull Eyes?
Sweet is the ſleepe which honeſt toyle begets;
Whether he liberally or little eates:
When ever-troubleſome abundance keeps
The wealthy waking and affrights his ſleeps.
What Penury than Riches can be worſe,
If by the owner turn'd into a Curſe?
Or to conſuming vice become a ſpoyle?
Wise Sonnes begets to miſery and toyle.
Naked he iſſu'd from his Mothers wombe:
And naked muſt deſcend into his Tombe.
Of all with Travell got, and kept with feare,
He nothing to the Houſe of Death ſhall beare:
But muſt returne as Empie as he came;
His Entrie, and his Exit, but the ſame.
What bootes it then to Labour for the winde?
This is a ſore affliction to the Minde.
He feeds his ſorrow in continuall Night.
Repleat with Anguiſh, Fury, and Deſpight.
This truth have I found out in her purſuit:
To feede our Bodies to enjoy the fruit
Of our enricht endeavours, and to give
Our ſelves their comforts, whil'ſt on Earth we live,
Is good and Pleaſurable: this alone
Is all wee have, that can be call'd our owne.
For, to have Riches, and the power with all
To uſe them freely, is the Principall
Of Earthly Benefits: for God on thoſe
He moſt affects, this Happineſſe beſtowes.
That man retaines no ſence of former Ill's:
Whoſe Heart the Lord of Life with gladneſſe fills.

Chap. 6 This, as a Common Miſery, have I
With ſorrow ſeene beneath the ambient Sky:
God Riches and Renowne to men imparts;
Even all they wiſh: and yet their narrow hearts

Cannot

Cannot so great a fluency receive;
Nor their fruition to a Stranger leave.
What falser vanitie, or worse disease,
Could ever on the life of Mortals seaze?
Though he a hundred Children should beget,
Though many years should make his Age complear,
Let it be to himselfe his owne deny,
Then want a grave, and violently dye:
Better were an abortive, borne in vaine,
That in obscuritie departs againe,
Enveloped with shrouds of endlesse Night;
Who never saw the Sunne display his Light,
Nor Good or Evill knew: he is more blest;
And soone descends to his perpetuall Rest
Though th'other twenty Ages have surviv'd;
His misery is but the longer liv'd.
Yet both must to that fatall Mansion goe,
Where they to none are knowne, nor any know.
All that Man Labours for is but to Eate:
Yet is his Soule not satisfi'd with Meate.
What therefore hath the wise more then the foole?
What wants the poore that can his Passions rule?
Far better is a cleare and plean'd aspect;
Then meager lookes, which vast desires detect;
Such as can never satisfaction find:
Yet this is vanitie, and griefs of *Mind*.
For be he what he will, he must be Man;
A Name repleat with *Misery*; nor can
But desperately with such a Power contend,
On whom himselfe, and all the world depend.
As Riches, so our cares and feares increase;
O discontented Man, where is thy peace!
Who knows what's good for thee in these thy Dayes
Of Vanitie. A Shadow so decayes.
Or can informe thy Soule what will befall,
When thou art lost, in greedy Funerall?
An honest Name, acquir'd by vertuous deeds, *chap. 7*
The fragrant smell of Precious Oyles exceeds.
Even so the Houre of Death, that of our Birth:
Which Fame secures, and Earth restores to Earth.

Better

Better to be at Funerals a Guest,
Then entertained at a Nuptiall feast:
For all must to the shades of Death descend,
And those that live should think of their last End.
Sorrow then Mirth more to perfection moves:
For a sad Countenance the Soule improves.
The wise will therfore joyn with such as mourne:
But fooles into the Bowers of Laughter turn.
A wise mans reprehensions, though severe,
More then the songs of fools should please the eare.
As thornes beneath a Caldron catch the fire,
Blaze with a noise, and suddenly expire;
Such is the immoderate laughter of vaine fooles:
This Vanitie in our distemper rules.
Oppressions purchases the Judgement blind;
Make wise men mad; a Guift corrupts the mind.
Beginnings in their Ends, their meed obtaine:
Humility more conquers then disdaine.
Nor be thou to distracting Anger prone:
By her deformities a foole is knowne.
Nor murmuring say; Why are these dayes of our
Worse then the former? doth the chiefe of Powers
So differently the affaires of mortals sway?
Such questions but thy Arrogance display.
VVisdome, with Ancient wealth, not got by care,
Great blessings heap on those who breath this Aire.
Both are to mortals a protecting shade,
VVhen bitter storms, or scorching beames invade:
But if divided, he who is possest
Of Life-infusing VVisedome, is more blest.
Gods works consider; who can rectifie,
Or make that streight which he hath made awry?
In thy prosperitie let joy abound,
Nor let adversitie thy patience wound:
For these by him so intermixed are,
That no man should presume, nor yet despaire.
All perturbations, all things that have beene,
I, in my dayes of vanitie, have seene,
How their owne justice have the just destroy'd,
And how the vicious have their vice enjoy'd.

Be

Be therefore not too righteous, nor too wise:
For why should'st thou thy fatetie sacrifice?
Be not too wicked, nor too foolish: why
Should'st thou by violence untimely dye?
'Tis best for thee, that thou to neither leane,
But warily observe the safer Meane.
For they shall all their miseries transcend,
Who God adore, and on his will depend.
A wise man is by wisedome fortifi'd:
More strong then twenty which the City guide,
For Justice is not to be found on Earth:
None good, nor innocent, of humane Birth.
Give not to all that's said an open eare,
Least thou thy Servants execrations heare:
For thy owne heart can tell, that thou hast done
The like to others. Thy example shun.
All this by wisedome try'd, I seemed wise;
But shee from humane apprehensions flyes.
Can that which is so farre remov'd, and drown'd
In such profundities, by Man be found?
Yet in her search I exercis'd my Mind,
Of things the Causes, and Effects to find:
The wickednesse of Folly sought to know,
Folly and Madnesse from one fountaine flow.
More sharpe then Death I found her subtle Art.
Who nets spreads in her Eyes, snares in her Heart.
Her Armes inthralling chaines: the prudent shall
Escape; the foole by her enchantments fall.
Of all the Preacher hath experience made,
The reasons, one by one, distinctly waigh'd;
Yet could I not attaine to what I most
Desir'd to know: in my inquiry lost.
One good among a thousand Men have knowne:
Among the female, sex of all, not one.
Though in perfection God did Man create,
Yet we through vanitie degenerate.
Is any equall to the truly wise? *chap.* 8
To him that can interpret Mysteries?
For wisedome makes the face of Man to shine
With awefull Majestie, and Light Divine.

Observe

Observe thy Kings Commands: Remember thou,
Even in that Dutie, thy Religious vow.
Depart not discontented; nor Dispute
With him, who can with punishments confute.
For Power is throned in the Breath of Kings:
And who dare say, they charge unlawfull things.
He who obayes, Destruction shall eschew:
A wise man knowes both when, and what, to doe.
For all our Purposes on Time depend,
And Judgement; to produce them to their end.
They wander in the Pensive shades of Night;
Who want the guide of this directing Light:
Surpriz'd by unexpected Miseries,
Nor can Instruction make the foolish wise.'
What Guard of Teeth can keep our parting Breath?
Or who resist the fatall Stroake of Death?
None shall returne with conquest from that field:
Nor Vice Protection to the vitious yield.
This Vanitie I saw beneath the Sun,
The Mighty by abused Power undone:
And though intomb'd with sumptuous funerall;
In his own Citie soone forgot by all.
Impiety delights in her misdeeds'
In that Revenge so tardily succeedes.
Although a Sinner sinne a hundred times,
And were his yeares as num'rous as his Crimes:
Yet God to those his mercy would extend,
Whose humble Soules are fearefull to offend.
But bold Transgressors with destruction meete:
Their shortned dayes shall like a shadow fleet.
Among the Sonnes of Men, this mischiefe reignes,
Exalted Vice the meed of Vertue gaines:
And those afflictions which to Vice are due,
Suppressed Vertue furiously pursue.
Then I commended Life-prolonging Mirth:
To feed upon the Bounty of the Earth;
And drinke the generous Grapes refreshing juyce;
Is all the good our Labours can produce.
This is the best of Life: by God alone
Bestow'd on Man; and only is his owne.

When

When I aspir'd to know, how God th'affaires Chap. 9
Of Men dispos'd: observ'd the restlesse Cares,
The travels, and disturbed thoughts, which keepe
The toyling Braine from the release of sleepe:
I then perceiv'd that humane industry
Could not the wayes, nor works of God descry.
Though Men endeavour, though the wise suppose
They apprehend; yet none his wisedome knowes.
But this have found; that both the just and wise,
Their industry, even all their faculties
Are in his Rule, and by his Motion move:
Nor can determine of his Hate or Love:
All under Heaven succeeds alike to all;
To good and bad, the same events befall;
To pure, impure; to those who sacrifice,
To those who Pietie, and God despise;
To th'innocent, the guiltie; such who feare
Flagitious Oathes, and those who feareless sweare:
What greater mischiefe rules beneath the Sunne,
Than this, that all unto one period runne?
Men, while they live are mad, prophanly spend
Their flight of time; then to the dead descend.
Yet those have hope, who with the living dwell:
For living Dogs dead Lyons farre excell.
The living know that they at length must dye;
They nothing know who in Earths entrailes lye,
What better times can they expect who rot
In silent graves, and are by All forgot?
Abolish'd is their Envy, Love, and Hate:
Bereft of all which they possest of late.
Then take my Councell; eate thy Bread with joy:
Let wine the Sorrowes of thy heart destroy.
Why should untruitfull Cares our Soules molest?
Please thou thy God, and in his favour rest.
Be thy Apparrell ever fresh and faire;
Powre breathing Odors, on thy shining haire:
Enjoy the pleasures of thy gentle Wife,
Through all the Course of thy short-dated Life.
For this is all thy Industry hath wonne:
Even all thou canst expect beneath the Sonne.

Since Time hath wings, what thou intend'ſt to doe,
Doe quickly, and with all thy Power purſue:
No wiſdome, knowledge, wit, or worke, will goe
Along with thee unto the Shades below.
I ſee the ſwift of foote winnes not the Race,
Nor wreathes of Victory the Valiant grace;
The wiſe, to feede his hunger wanteth Bread;
Riches are not by knowledge purchaſed,
Nor Popular ſuffrages Detert advance;
And rul'd by opportunity and Chance.
Man knows not his owne fate. As Birds are tane
With Tramels, Fiſhes by th'intangling Saine:
Even ſo the Sonnes of men are un-awares
Prevented by Deſtructions ſecret Snares.
This alſo have I ſeene beneath the Sun,
So full of wonder, and by wiſdome done:
A little Citie man'd but by a few,
To which a mightie King his Army drew,
Erected Bulwarkes, and intrench't it round:
A poore wiſe man within the walles was found,
Whoſe wiſedome rais'd the ſiege: But they ingrate
Neglected him who had preſerv'd their State.
Then wiſedome before ſtrength ſhould bee preferr'd:
Yet is, if poore, deſpiz'd; her words unheard.
Men more ſhould liſten to her ſober Rules,
Then to his Cryes, who governes among fooles.
Wiſedome th'habiliments of warre exceeds:
But Folly is deſtroy'd by her owne Deeds.
Lo as dead flies with their ill ſavour ſpoyle
Th'Apothecaries Aromatick oyle:
Even ſo a little folly damnifies
The dignitie and Honour of the wiſe.
A wiſe mans Heart to his right hand inclines;
A foole t'his left, and ſuch are his deſignes.
His owne diſordred Paths his life defame;
His geſture and his lookes a foole proclaime.

Chap. 10. Although thy Ruler frowne, yet doe not thou
Reſent his anger with a cloudie Brow,
Nor with obedience or thy faith diſpenſe,
For yeelding pacifies a great offence.

This

This in a State no ſmall diſorder breeds,
Which from the errour of the Prince proceeds:
When vicious fooles in Dignitie are plac'd,
The rich in worth trod under and diſgrac'd.
Oft have I Servants ſeene on Horſes ride:
The Free and Noble lacky by their ſide.
Who ſnares for others ſets, therein ſhall light;
Who breaks a Hedge, him ſhall the Serpent bite.
The Stones ſhall bruiſe him who pulls downe a wall;
Who hewes a Tree, by his owne Axe ſhall fall.
If th'edge be blunt, in vaine his Strength he ſpends;
But Wiſedome all directs to their juſt ends:
If Serpents bite before the charme be ſung,
What then availes th'Inchanters babling tongue?
A wiſe-mans words are full of grace and power:
A fools offending lips himſelfe devoure.
His words begin in folly which extend
To Acts of miſchiefe, and in madneſſe end.
He gives his tongue the reines, as if he knew
More then man knowes; th'events that muſt inſue.
Who in the endleſſe Maze of Error treads;
Not knowes the way, which to his purpoſe leads.
VVoe to that Land, that miſerable Land,
VVhich gaſpes beneath a Childes unſtai'd Command;
VVhoſe Nobles riſe betimes to perpetrate
Their Luxuries, the ruine of the State.
Happy that Land whoſe King is Nobly Borne;
VVhoſe Lords with temperance his Court adorne.
By Sloths ſupine neglects the building falls;
The hands of Idleneſſe pull downe her walls.
Feaſts are for Laughter made, VVine cheares our hearts;
But ſoveraigne Money all to all imparts.
Curſe not thy Rulers though with vices fraught,
Not in thy Bed-chamber, nor in thy thought;
For Birds will beare thy whiſperings on their wings,
To the wide eares of Death-inflicting Kings.
Scatter thy bread upon the hungry Maine: *Chap* 11.
This thou, in tract of time, ſhalt finde againe.
Thy Almes diſpenſe to many, yet to more;
Famine or VVarre perhaps may make thee poore.

Be like the Clouds in bountie, which on hill
The thirstie Earth, in showers profusely fall.
Like pregnant Trees, that shed on every side
Their riper fruit; to none that stoope deny'd.
They shall not sow who for a calme deterre;
Nor shall they reape whom gloomy Skies deterre,
Know'st thou from whence the strugling Tempests come?
Or how our bones are fashion'd in the wombe?
Much lesse his greatnesse can'st comprize, who made
The Globe of Earth, and radiant Heaven display'd.
The seede of Charitie at Sunne-rise sow;
And when he sets, into the furrowes throw:
Know'st thou if this, or that increase shall yeeld?
Or both with greatfull Eares invest thy Field?
How sweet is Light! how pleasant to behold,
The mounted Sunne discend in beames of Gold!
Yet, though a Man live long, long in delight;
Let him remember that approaching Night
Which shall in endlesse dark-nesse close his Eyes;
Then will he all, as vanitie despise.
Young man, rejoyce, thy hearts desires fulfill,
No other Lord acknowledge but thy will;
Thy Senses freely feast; yet shalt thou come
To Gods Tribunall and receive thy Doome;
Decline his wrath, and Sin-inflicting paine;
For both the bud and flower of Youth are vaine.
Thinke of thy Maker in thy better dayes,
Before the vigour of thy age decayes;
Before that sad and tedious time draw nigh,
When thou shalt loath thy life, and wish to die.
Before th'informing Sun, the cheerefull Light,
The various Moone, and Ornaments of Night,
In vaine for thee their shining Tapers beare;
Or fretting drops of Raine deepe furrowes weare.
When they shall tremble who the House defend;
And the strong Columnes, which support it, bend;
The Grinders faile reduced to a few.
The Watchmen Objects through their Casements view;
Those Doores shut up that open to the street,
And when th'unarmed Guarders softly meet;

The

The Bird of dawning raiſe thee with his voyce;
Nor thou in women, or their Songs rejoyce.
When thou ſhalt feare the roughneſſe of the way,
When every Peble ſhall thy paſſage ſtay:
When th'Almond tree his boughs inveſts with white;
The Locuſt ſtoopes: then dead to all delight.
Man muſt at length to his long home deſcend:
Behold, the Mourners at his gates attend.
Adviſe, before the Silver Cord growes ſlacke,
Before the golden Boule aſunder crack:
Before the Pitcher at the fountaine leake,
Or waſted Wheele beſides the Ciſterne breake.
Man, made of Earth, reſolves into the ſame:
His Soule aſcends to God, from whom it came.
O reſtleſſe Vanitie of Vanities!
All is but Vanitie, the Preacher Cries.
He who was wiſe, the People knowledge taught;
His Lines with well-digeſted Proverbs fraught.
He found out matter to delight the mind;
And every word he writ, by Truth was ſign'd.
Wiſe Sentences are Goads; Nales cloſely driven
By grave inſtructors; by one Paſtor given.
And now my Sonne, be thou admoniſhed
By what thou haſt already heard, and read.
There is of making many Bookes no End:
And ſtudious Night th'intentive Spirits ſpend.
Of all the Sum; feare God, his Lawes obay;
Mans Dutie; to Felicitie the way.
For he ſhall every worke, each ſecret thing,
Both good and bad, to publique Judgement bring.

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

HOW like a Widow, ah! how desolate *Chap. 1*
This City sits! thrown from the pride of State!
How is this Potent Queene, who lawes to all
The neighbouring Nations gave, become a Thrall!
Who Nightly reates from her salt fountaines sheds;
Which fell upon her Cheekes in liquid Beads.
Of all her lovers none regard her woes:
And her perfidious Friends increase her Foes,
Judah in exile wanders: ah! subdu'd
By vast afflictions, and base servitude.
Among the barbarous Heathen finds no rest;
At home; abroad on every side oppress.
Ah! see how Sion mournes! Her Gates and wayes,
Lye unfrequented on her Solemne Dayes.
Her Virgins weepe, her Priests lament her fall;
And all her sustenance converts to gall.
A wretched vassell to her salvage Foes;
Her numerous Sinnes the Authors of these Woes.
Behold how they, who by her losses thrive,
Into captiving her Children drive!

O Sions Daughter, all thy Beauty's lost!
Thy chased Princes are like Harts imbost,
Which find no water, and infeebled flie
Before the Eager Hunters dreadfull Crie.
Jerusalem in these her Miseries,
And Dayes of Mourning sets before her Eyes
Those vanish't Pleasures which she once enjoy'd;
Her People now by hostile swords destroy'd:
Whil'st none afford Compassion to her woes;
Her Sabbaths scorn'd by her insulting foes.
Jerusalem hath sinn'd; is now remov'd
For her uncleanesse: those who lately lov'd,
As much despise, her nakednesse descry'd
Who sighes for shame, and turnes her face aside.
Pollution staines her skirts; yet her last end
Remembred not: for this without a friend
Stupendiously shee fell, Great God behold
My Sorrowes, since the Foe is grown so bold!
Hath ravish't all wherein shee tooke delight;
His Insolence contending with his Might.
Ah! shee hath seene th'uncircumcis'd profane
Thy Temple, whose approach thy Laws restraine.
Her People, sighing seeke for bread, who give
Their wealth for food, that their faint soules may live.
Consider Lord; O looke on the forlorne!
Who am to all the World a generall Scorne.
You Passengers, though this concerne not you,
Here fix your steps and my strange sufferings view.
Was ever Sorrow like my Sorrow knowne!
Which God hath on me in his fury throwne!
He from the breaking clouds his flames hath cast;
Which in my Bones the boyling Marrow wast;
Hath set snares for my feet, thrown to the ground,
Lest desolate, and fainting with my wound.
Who of my Sins hath made a yoake to check
My Insolence, and cast it on my Neck.
My Strength hath broken, to my Enemies
Subdu'd my Powers; now, ah! too weake to rise.
He, in the mid'st of me, hath trodden downe
My mighty Men, and those of most Renowne:

His

His troops on my ſtrong youth like Torrents ruſh'd;
As in a wine-preſſe, Judah's Daughter cruſh'd.
For this I weepe! mye-eye, my galled Eye,
Diſſolves in Streames: for he who ſhould app'y
Balme to my wounds, farre, O farre off is fled!
My children deſolate, their Foe, their head.
Her Hands ſad Sion rais'd, no comfort found:
Jehova charg'd her foes to gyrd her round.
Jeruſalem, O thou of late belov'd,
Now like a *Menſtruous* Woman art remov'd.
The Lord is juſt: tis I that have rebell'd;
And by my wild revolt his Grace expell'd.
Heare, and behold my woes: my Orphans torne
From my fore'd Armes, and into exile borne.
I to my boaſting Lovers call'd for ayd:
But they their vowes infring'd, my truſt betray'd.
My Prieſts and Princes, while they ſeeke for bread
To feed their hungry Soules, augment the Dead.
Lord looke on me! my heart roules in my Breaſt.
My Bowels toyle, like Seas with Stormes oppreſt.
I have provok't thy Vengeance with my Sinne,
Without the Sword deſtroyes, and Dearth within.
My ſighes no pitty move; my cruell Foes
Enjoy thy Wrath, and glory in my Woes.
Yet that preſaged Time will come, when they
Shall equall Sorrowes to thy Juſtice pay.
O ſet their impious deeds before thine eyes;
And preſſe them with my waighty Miſeries;
(The Birth of Sinne) which breake into complaint;
My groanes are numberleſſe, my Spirits faint.
How hath Jehova's wrath, O Sion, ſpread *Chap.* 2
A vaile of Clouds about thy Daughter's head!
From Heaven to Earth thy beauty, Iſrael, throwne!
Nor in his fierce diſpleaſure ſpar'd his owne!
How hath he ſwallow'd Judah's *Man*ſions! ra'ſt
His Holds! and to the ground his Bulwarks caſt!
The Land in his relentleſſe rage profan'd,
And with the Blood of her owne Princes ſtain'd!
He, in his Indignation, hath the Horne
Of Iſrael from his bleeding forehead torne.

Before

Before the Foe, O forc't to flye with ſhame!
His wrath to Jacob a devouring flame.
Foe-like hath bent his Bow; his Hoſtile hand
Advanc't, and ſlaine the Beauty of the Land:
All that the eye attracted with Deſire,
And powr'd his anger forth like floods of Fire.
Againſt thee, Solyma, Converts his Powers:
Sad Iſrael, and his Pallaces, devoures.
His ſtrong built Fortreſſes to ruines tunes:
Whil'ſt Judah's Daughter for her Children mournes
His Tabernacle He with Violence
Hath now demoliſh't, like a Garden Fence.
None Sions feaſts and Sabbaths celebrate;
Both King and Prieſt obnoxious to his hate.
Deteſts his Sanctuary, and forſakes
His flameleſſe Altar: while the Enemy takes
His Palaces and Walles, fill'd with their Cryes:
As late by us in our Solemnities,
The ruine of Jeruſalem deſignes:
And levels the Foundation with his Lines.
Nor his fierce hand withdrawes; the tottering walls
And ſtooping Turrets, languiſh in their falls.
Her Gates ſinke to the Earth, with ſhever'd bars
Her King and Princes Slaves, or ſlaine in wars.
All Lawes ſurceaſe. Jehova to her Seers
No more by Viſions or by Dreames appeares.
Her Elders ſit on earth, with ſilent Woe;
And Duſt upon their Silver Treſſes throw:
In ſack-cloath mourn. Her Virgins hang their heads,
Like drooping Flowers that bow to their cold Beds,
My Bowels toyl, mine eyes with tears are drown'd,
My bleeding Liver powr'd upon the Ground;
To ſee my tender Babes, unpittied, lye
On flinty Pavements, and through famine dye.
While others to their weeping Mothers ſay;
O give us Food, our hunger to allay!
Then, fainting by the bloodleſſe wound of Death,
In their infolding Armes ſigh out their Breath.
How ſhall my tongue expreſſe, O how compare
Thy matchleſſe Sorrowes, to aſſwage thy Care.

Diſtreſſed Sions Daughter! for thy breach
Is like the Seas, whoſe rage no bounds impeach.
Vaine tales, and fooliſh, have thy Prophets told,
Nor would they thy exiling Sins unfold;
Falſe Burthens, and falſe Prophecies, invent,
The fatall Authors of thy Baniſhment:
The Paſſengers, they wry their heads aſide,
Hiſſe at thee, clap their hands, and thus deride;
Is this their only Joy? which they of all
The world the Beauty and Preſection call?
Thy Foes make mouthes, ſcoffe, grind their teeth, and (ſay,
Now have we ſwallow'd our deſired prey;
This is that Day we did ſo long expect,
Wherein our hopes have had their wiſh't effect.
God hath accompliſhed his old Decree,
We thy oft-menaced Deſtruction ſee;
Hath ruin'd without pitie, made a Scorne
To thy Triumphant Foe, and rais'd his Horne,
To him their hearts now cry; O Sions Towers!
All Day, all night, let teares deſcend in Showres.
O never give thy labouring Thoughts repoſe!
Nor let the humid Night thy eye-lids cloſe!
Ariſe, and cry, cry from the Nights firſt houre;
Thy Heart before thy God, like water, powre.
O raiſe thy Hands to Heaven, leaſt Famines force
Thy Childrens ſoules from their pale corps divorce.
Lord, ſee thy Maſacre's! ſhall curſed wombes
Become their new-borne childrens fatall Tombes!
Thy Prieſts and prophets by the ſword are ſlaine;
And with their Blood thy Sanctuary ſtaine.
Lo! in the Streets old Men and Infants lye;
My Virgins and bold Youth by ſlaughter dye.
Thou with their Blood thy Vengeance didſt imbrew;
Thy burning Fury without pitty flew.
As in a ſolemne Day, thy Terrors have
Inviron'd me: thy Anger cloyes the Grave.
Thoſe whom I ſwatled, in my Boſome bred;
The Barbarous Foe hath ſent unto the Dead.
Lo, I, the man, who by the wrath of God, *Chap.* 3.
Have ſeene afflictions ſtormes, and felt his Rod!

Hee

He hath depriv'd me of the cheerefull Light,
Inveloped with ſhades more darke then Night;
Againſt me his revengefull Forces bent;
Nor ſets his Anger with the Suns deſcent.
My fleſh hath waſted, wrinckled my ſmooth skin
With Sorrowes age, and broke my Bones within.
Againſt me digg'd a trench, caſt up a mound,
With travels bitter gall beſieg'd me round.
Impriſond where no beames their brightneſſe ſhed;
Like that darke Region peopled by the Dead.
On every ſide my Flight with Barres reſtraines;
And clogs my galled Legs with maſſie Chaines.
Who ſtops his eares againſt my Cryes and Prayers;
With Stone immures, and ſpreads my Path with ſnares.
He like a Beare, or Lion, lyes in waite;
Diverts, in pieces teares, leaves Deſolate.
At me, as at a marke, his Bow he drew,
Whoſe Arrowes in my Blood their wings imbrew.
He lets the People circle me in Throngs,
Who all the Day deride, in ſpitefull Songs. (fed;
With wormewood made me drunke, with gall hath
My teeth with gravell broke, with Aſhes ſpread.
My Soule to Peace is ſuch a Stranger growne,
As if I never better Dayes had knowne.
When I my wrongs to memory recall,
My Miſeries, my Wormewood and my Gall,
My Paſſions thus exclame: Ah! Periſhed
Are all my hopes! from me my ſtrength is fled!
Theſe thoughts my Soul have humbl'd trod to Earth
My Pride, and given my Hopes a ſecond Birth.
'Twas thy abundant goodneſſe Lord, that all
Did not together in one Ruine fall.
Thy Mercies with the riſing Light renue;
And thy Fidelitie as large as true.
My Soule is arm'd with ſteadfaſt Confidence;
Since thou my Portion art and ſtrong Defence.
To thoſe how gracious, who on thee relye!
Who ſeeke thee with unfainting Induſtry!
'Tis good to hope, and reſt upon thy Truth,
'Tis good to beare thy yeake in eirely youth.

Alone

Alone he silent sits, nor will distrust
Thy Promise, when he hides his head in Dust.
His cheeke submits to blowes, by all revil'd,
Yet knowes at length thou wilt be reconcil'd.
When God with griefe hath fixt thee to the ground,
His Mercy will powre balme into thy wound.
For he delights not in our Misery,
On those to trample who in fetters lye.
Hates that the weake should be oppreſt by might,
Or Justice suffer in the Judges sight.
O tell, what can befall beneath the Sun,
That is not by the Lords appointment done?
Both good and bad from him proceeds, why then
Grudge you at punishment vaine, sinfull Men?
Turne we to God by tryall of our wayes,
To Heaven our hearts, our hands and voyces, raise.
We have transgres'd, rebell'd, no pardon gaine,
The Food of Wrath, by thee pursu'd and slaine.
Thou hast with cloud's thy selfe inclos'd of late,
Through which no Prayers of ours can penetrate.
With Men the refuse and off-skouring made,
Whom all our Foes with open mouthes upbraid.
Fill'd with vastation, ruines, snares, and feares?
While for my Childrens losse I melt in Teares.
Nor shall those brinie Rivers cease to flow,
Till God looke downe with pitie on our woe.
Mine eye ah! wounds my heart, when I behold
My Cities Daughters to Afflictions sold.
Those who thy Beauty, Solyma, deface,
My Soule like a retrived Partridge chace,
Cut from the living in a Dungeon throwne,
And over-whelmed with a Pile of Stone.
Stormes o're my head their rowling billowes toſt;
Then Cry'd I, ah! I am for ever loſt!
Thou from the Dungeon, Lord, my cries didst heare:
O never from my sighes divert thine Eare!
Thou stood'st beside me in that horrid Day;
And said'st, take courage, nor thy feare obey.
My cause, thou Lord, hast pleaded in this strife;
And from their greedy jawes redeem'd my Life.

Tho u

Thou that haſt ſeene my wrongs, reſtore my right:
Thou haſt their vengeance ſeene and curſed ſpight.
The malice heard which their falſe tongues diſcloſe;
The thoughts and machinations of my Foes.
When they ſit downe, and when they riſe, I ſtill
Become their Muſick, and their Laughter fill.
Rewards according to their workes diſburſe;
Their Hearts with Sorrow wound, blaſt with thy Curſe.
Purſue, deſtroy; nor, Lord thy wrath reſtraine,
Till none beneath the arch of Heaven remaine.

Chap. 4 How is our Gold growne dimme! of all the moſt
Refin'd and pure, hath now his Luſtre loſt.
That Marble which the Temple beautifi'd,
Torne downe by impious rage and caſt aſide.
The wretched Sons of Sion, ah! behold!
Of late ſo precious, more eſteem'd then Gold;
How ſlighted! to how low a value brought!
Like Earthen veſſels by the Potter wrought.
The Monſters of the Sea, and Salvage Beaſts,
Their young ones gently foſter at their Breaſts:
My Daughters, ah! more cruel are then theſe;
Or then the deſert-haunting Eſtridges.
Their Children cry for Bread, but none receive;
Whoſe thirſty tongues to their hot pallats cleave.
Who fed Delicioufly, now ſit forlorne;
And thoſe who ſcarlet wore, on dung hills mourne.
The Puniſhments, as did their ſinnes, excell
That which from Heaven, on wicked Sodom fell,
Devour'd with ſodaine flames. No Creature found
To whom his wrath could adde another wound.
Her Nazarites, late pure as falling Snow,
More white then ſtreams which from ſtretcht udders flow;
Not Rubies of the rocke ſuch red inſphear'd,
Nor poliſh't Saphires like their Veines appear'd;
Their faces now more black then Cinders growne,
To ſuch as meete them in the Streets unknowne.
Whoſe wither'd Skins, more dry then ſapleſſe wood,
Cleave to their fleſhleſſe Bones, for want of Food.
O farleſſe wretched they, whoſe parting Breath (death!
Breaks through their wounds, then thoſe who ſtarve to

For

For they in lingring torments pine away;
And finde not Death so cruell as Delay.
Soft-hearted mothers live by horrid spoile;
And their beloved Babes in Caldrons boyle.
On these with weeping Eyes, and hearts that bleede,
The famith't Daughters of my People feede.
The Lord his vengeance now accomplish't hath,
And powred forth th: Viols of his wrath;
Forsaken Sion sets on fire, whose Towres
And Palaces the hungry flame devoures.
You Kings that sway the many-peopled Earth;
All who from groaning Mothers take your birth;
O would you have believ'd that thus the Foe
Should have triumpht in her sad overthrow!
H r Priests and Prophets sins, who should have taught
By their example, have her ruine wrought;
With humane flesh her flaming Altars fed,
And blood of Innocents profusely shed.
Who blindly wander so defil'd with gore,
That none would touch the Garments which they wore.
Depart they cry'd, Depart, and touch us not;
Depart O you whom foule pollutions spot.
Thus chid, they stray'd, and to the Gentiles fled;
Yet said, ere long we shall from hence be led.
For this, the Lord hath scatter't d in his Ire,
Nor ever shall they to their homes retire;
Their unregarded Priests slaine by the Foe,
Who would no pietie to the aged showe.
Yet vainely we in these our miseries,
With expectation have consum'd our eyes,
And fostered flattering hopes; built on their word,
Who can no ayd to our Extreames afford.
Like cruel Hunters they our steps pursue;
While wee in Corners lurke from publique view.
That Fatall Day drawes neere, wherein we must
Descend to Death, and mingle with the Dust.
Not Eagles fearefull Doves so swiftly chace;
As they with winged feet our foot-steps trace;
Pursue o're mountaines, watch at every Streight;
And to intrap us in the Desart wait.

The

The Lords Anointed, even our noſtrils Breath,
They have enſnar'd, and rendred up to Death.
Of whom we ſaid, Among the Heathen wee,
Beneath his wings, ſhall live in exile free.
Daughter of Edom, thou that dwelſt in Hus,
Exalt thy Joy; This Cup to thee from us
Shall ſwiftly paſſe; thy braines inebriate ſo,
As thou thy nakednesſe ſhalt boldly ſhow.
Yet when thy Sins deſerved Punithment,
O wretched Sions Daughter, ſhall be ſpent;
Jehova will thy Baniſhment repeale,
Foment thy wounds, and all thy bruſes heale.
Then he on Edoms Iſſue ſhall impoſe
Our yoake, and her deformitie diſcloſe,
Chap. 5 Remember Lord the Afflictions we have borne;
See how we are to all the world a Scorne!
Our Lands and Houſes forreiners poſſeſſe,
Our Mothers, Widdowes; and we Fatherleſſe.
To us our wood the greedy Stranger ſels;
And dearely purcha'ſt water from our wals.
Our necks with heavy burthens are oppreſt;
All Day we toyle, at Night depriv'd of Reſt.
Wee, in the Egyptian and Aſſyrian Lands,
Are forc'd to beg our bread with ſtretcht-out hands.
Our Fathers, who tranſgreſt, in Death remaine;
And we the preſſure of their ſins ſuſtaine.
Who were our vaſſals, now our Soveraignes are;
And none ſurvive to comfort our deſpaire.
With perill of our lives we ſeeke our food.
The ſword in pathleſſe Deſerts thirſts for blood;
While Stormes of Famine mutiny within,
And like a furance tan the ſapleſſe skin.
In Judah's Cities Virgins they deflowre,
In Sion, raviſht wives their wrongs deplore.
They crucifie our Princes in their rage,
Nor honour the aſpect of reverend Age.
Our Youth enforce to grind, with lathes gall,
And Boyes beneath their cruell burthens fall.
No Judge on high Tribunals now appeares,
No Muſick drawes our Soules into our Eares.

Joy,

Joy, from our broken hearts exiled, flyes:
Our mirth is chang'd to mourning Elegies.
The crowne from our ecclipſed Browes is torne;
By all, except thy puniſhments, forlorne.
Woe to our Sins! for theſe we waſte our yeares
In Servitude. Wee drowne our Eyes with teares
For thee deſerted Sion: Foxes dwell
Among thy ruines! who our woes can tell!
Yet Lord, thou ever liv'ſt: Thy Throne ſhall laſt;
VVhen funerall Flames the VVorld to Cinders waſte.
O why haſt thou ſo long forgot thine owne!
VVilt thou forſake us as if never knowne!
O call us back, that we thy face may view:
Thoſe happy Dayes wee once enjoy'd renew.
But thou haſt caſt us off to tread the path
Of Exile: made the Object of thy wrath.

Z A PA;

5 AP 58

A PARAPHRASE UPON THE SONGS COLLECTED OUT OF THE OLD AND NEW-TESTAMENT.

EXODUS 15.

THE Praiſe of our triumphant King
And of his Victory we ſing;
Who in the Seas with horrid force
O'rethrow the Rider and his Horſe.
My Strength, my God, my Argument,
My Fathers God, hath ſafety ſent.
To him will I a Manſion raiſe,
There celebrate his glorious Praiſe.
His Sword hath won eternall fame;
And great Jehovah is his Name.
Lo Pharaoh's Chariots, his proud Hoaſt,
Are in the ſwallowing Billowes loſt.
God, in the fathomleſſe Profound,
Hath all his choice Commanders drown'd.
Downe ſunk they, like a falling ſtone,
By raging Whirl-pits overthrowne.
Thy pow'rfull Hand theſe Wonders wrought;
Our Foes by Thee to ruine brought.

As the 8

Thou all that durſt againſt thee fight
Haſt cruſht by thy prevailing Might.
Thy Wrath thy Foes to Cinders turnes,
As Fire the Sun-dri'd Stubble burnes.
Blowne by thy Noſtrils breath, the Flood
In heaps, like ſolid Mountains, ſtood.
Part 2. The Seas divided Heart congeal'd;
Her ſandy Bottom firſt reveal'd;
Purſue, o're take, th'Ægyptians cry'd;
Let us their wealthy Spoile divide;
Our ſword theſe Fugitives deſtroy,
And with their Slaughter feaſt our Joy.
Thou blew'ſt, thoſe Hils their Billows ſpread:
In mighty Seas they ſunke like Lead.
What God is like our God! ſo high!
So excellent in Sanctitie?
Whoſe glorious Praiſe ſuch terror breeds!
So wonderfull in all thy Deeds!
Thy Hand out-ſtretch'd, the cloſing Womb
Of Waves, gave all his Hoſt one Tomb.
But us, who have thy Mercy try'd
In our Redemption, thou wilt guide:
Guide by thy Power, till we poſſeſſe
The Manſion of thy Holineſſe.
Part 3. Our Foes ſhall this with terror heare;
Sad Palæſtine grow pale with feare.
Thoſe who the Edomites command,
And Moabs Chiefs ſhall trembling ſtand.
The Hearts of Canaan melt away,
Like Snow before the Suns bright Ray.
Horror ſhall ſeize on all, not one
But ſtand like Statues cut in Stone:
Untill thy People paſſe; even thoſe,
Whom thou haſt ranſom'd from their Foes.
Thou ſhalt conduct, and plant them, where
Thy fruitfull Hils their Shoulders reare:
By thy Election dignifi'd;
Where thou for ever ſhalt abide.
Thy Reigne, eternall King, ſhall laſt,
When Heaven and Earth in vapours waſte.

While

While Pharaoths Chariots and his Horſe
'Twixt walls of Seas their way inforce;
Thy Hand reduc'd th'obedient Waves,
Which clos'd them in their rowling Graves:
But Iſrael through the bottome ſand
Securely paſt, as on dry Land.

DEUTERONOMY XXXII.

LEnd, O you Heavens, unto my voyce an eare; *As the* 1
And thou, O Earth, what ſhall I utter heare.
My words ſhall fall like Deaw, like Aprill ſhowers
On tender Herbs, and new-diſcloſed Flowers,
While I the Goodneſſe of our God proclaime:
O celebrate his great and glorious Name!
Our Rocke, whoſe Works are perfect. Juſtice leads,
And equall Judgement walks the way he treads.
In him unſtain'd Sincerity excels;
The God of Truth in whom no falſhood dwels.
But you are all corrupt, perverſe; nor beare
Thoſe Marks about you, which his Children weare.
O fooles! depriv'd of intellectuall Light!
Doe you your great Preſerver thus requite?
Your Father? he who made you? did ſelect
From all the World, and with his Beauty deck'd?
Remember; aske the Ancient: They will tell
What in old times, and Ages paſt, befell;
When the moſt High did diſtribute the Earth,
With liberall hand to all of humane birth:
When yet you were not, He, according to
Your numerous Race, deſign'd a Seat for you.
His People are his Portion: Jacob is *Part* 2.
Th'Inheritance alone reſerv'd for his.
He, when he wandred through a Deſert-land,
And in a horrid Wilderneſſe of ſand,
Conducted, taught him his high Myſteries,
And kept him as the Apples of his Eyes.
As the old Eagle on her Ayery ſpreads
Her ſoſtring Plumes, renewes their downy heds,

Feeds, traines them for the flight, ſubdues their feares,
And on her ſoaring wings her Eaglets beares:
So he ſuſtein'd, So led him, He alone:
No ſtranger-Gods to Iſrael then were knowne.
Whom like a Horſe the towring Mountaines bore;
That thoſe rich fields might feaſt him with their ſtore.
With Honey the hard Rocks ſupply'd his want,
And pure Oyle dril'd from cliffes of Adamant:
Him with the Milke of Ewes, with butter fed;
With fat of Lambs, and Rams in Baſhan bred;
With fleſh of Goats, with Wheats pure Kernels fill'd,
And dranke the Blood, which from the Grape diſtill'd.
Part 3. But Jeſurun grew fat, kickt like a Horſe,
Full of high feeding, and untamed force:
Forſooke his God, who made, ſuſtain'd, adorn'd,
And that ſtrong Rocke of his Salvation ſcorn'd;
With barbarous Gods, and execrable Rites,
His Jealouſie and Wrath at once excites.
To Divlls they profanely ſacrific'd,
Gods made with hands, before their Maker priz'd:
Gods brought from forraigne Nations, ſtrange and new;
Gods, which their Anceſtors nor fear'd, nor knew.
Their Father, their firme Rocke, remembred not,
And Him, who had created them, forgot.
This having ſeene with burning eyes, the Lord
His Daughters, and degenerate Sons, abhor'd;
Said, from theſe Rebels I will hide my face,
And ſee the end of this unfaithfull Race.
Since they with Gods, that are but Gods in Name,
My Soule with ſo great Jelouſie inflame,
And through their vanities my wrath incenſe;
I, by the like will puniſh their offence.
Their glory to an unknowne Nation grant,
And in their roome a fooliſh People plant.
Part 4. A fire is kindled in my wrath, which ſhall
Even in the depth of Hell devoure them all:
Polluted Earth with her productions burne,
And ayery Mountaines into aſhes turne,
One miſery another ſhall invite,
And all my arrowes in their boſomes light;

Famine

Famine ſhall eate them, hot Diſeales burne,
And all by violent deaths to Earth returne.
The teeth of ſalvage Beaſts their blood ſhall ſpill;
And Serpents with their fatall poyſon kill.
The Sword without, and home-bred Terrors ſhall
Devoure their lives. Their Youth untimely fall;
Betrothed Virgins ſuch as ſtoope with Age,
And ſucking Babes, ſhall ſinke beneath my Rage.
Scatter I would like Chaffe by Tempeſts blowne,
Nor ſhould their memory to man be knowne:
If not withheld by their inſulting Foe,
Leſt he ſhould triumph in their overthrow:
And boaſting ſay; This our owne hands have done;
Our Swords, the Gods which have their battaile won.
A Nation which hath no Intelligence; *Part.* 5.
Uncapable of Councell, void of ſenſe.
O that my words could to their hearts deſcend!
To make them wiſe, and thinke of their laſt End!
How would One man a thouſand put to flight!
And Two, a Myriad overthrow in Fight!
But that their Strength hath ſold them to their Foes,
And left them naked to their deadly blowes.
For, though our Enemies ſhould judge, their Powers
Are faint to His, their Rocke no Rocke to ours;
Their Vine of Sodom, of Gomorahs fields,
Which Grapes of Gall, and bitter cluſters yields.
Poiſon of Dragons is their deadly Wine,
To which cold Aſpes their drowſie venome joyne.
Is not all this unto my Sight reveal'd?
Laid up in ſtore? and with my Signet ſeal'd?
To me belongs Revenge and Recompence;
Which I will in the time decreed diſpenſe.
The Day is neere which their deſtruction brings;
And puniſhment now flies with ſpeedy wings.
God will his People judge, at length relent, *Part* 6
And of his Servants miſeries repent:
Then when they are of all their power bereſt,
No ſtrength, no hope of humane ſuccour left.
And ſay, Where are the Gods of your defence,
Thoſe Rocks of your preſuming confidence,

Whose flaming Altars you so often fed
With fat of Bieves, and Wine profusely shed?
Now let them from their crowned Banquets rise,
And shield you from your furious enemies.
Behold! I am your God; I, onely I,
Assisted by no forraigne Deity.
I kill, revive, I wound and heale; no hand
Or power of mortals can my strength withstand.
I, to the Heavens I made, my armes extend:
Pronounce, I ever was, and have no end.
Whet I my glittering Sword; if I advance
My hand in Judgement; woes past utterance,
And vengeance, equall to their merits, shall
Upon my Foes, and those who hate me, fall.
The hungry Sword shall eat their flesh like food,
My thirsty Arrowes shall be drunke with blood:
For Captives slaine, and for the blood they spilt,
I will with horror recompence their guilt.
You wiser Nations, with his people joy,
For he will all their Enemies destroy:
His Servant vindicate from their proud Foe,
And to their Land, and them, his mercy show.

Judges V.

As the 8

YOUR great Preserver celebrate;
He who reveng'd our wrongs of late,
When you, his sonnes, in Israels Aid
Of life so brave a tender made.
You Princes, with attention heare,
And you who awfull Scepters beare;
While I in sacred Numbers sing
The Praise of our eternall King.
When he through Seir his Army led,
In Edoms fields his Ensignes spread;
Earth shooke, the Heavens in drops descend,
And Clouds in teares their substance spend.
Before his Face the Mountaines melt:
Old Sinai unknowne fervor felt.

When

When Iſrael Sangars Rule obey'd,
And Jael, that Virago, ſway'd,
She bold of heart, He great in Warre;
Yet to the fearfull Travailer
All wayes were then unſafe: who crept
Through Woods, or paſt when others ſlept.
The Land uncultivated lay;
When I aroſe, I Deborah,
A Mother to my Countrey grew,
At once their Foes, and feares ſubdue.
When to themſelves new Gods they choſe, Part 2.
Then were their VVals beſieg'd by Foes.
Did one of Forty thouſand weare
A Coat of ſteel? or ſhooke a Speare?
You, who with ſuch alacrity
Led to the Battaile; O how I
Affect your Valour! with me raiſe
Your voyces, Sing Jehovahs Praiſe.
Sing you who on white Aſſes ride,
And Juſtice equally divide:
You who thoſe wayes ſo fear'd of late,
VVhere now no thieves aſſaſſinate:
You lately from your Fountaines barr'd,
VVhere you their clattering Quivers heard;
There with united joy record
The righteous Judgements of the Lord.
You who your Cities repoſſeſſe.
VVho reape in peace, his Praiſe profeſſe.
Ariſe, O Deborah, ariſe,
In heavenly Hymnes expreſſe thy Joyes.
Ariſe, O Barak, Thou the Fame
And Off-ſpring of Abinoam;
Of Iſrael the renowned Head,
Captivitie now captive lead.
Nor ſhall the Noble memory Part 3.
Of our ſtrong Aids in ſilence die:
The Quiver-bearing Ephramite
March't from his Mountaine to the Fight:
Thoſe who on Amalek confine,
The ſmall Remaines of Benjamin:

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From

From Machir, Princes; not a few
Wiſe Zebulun with Letters drew;
The valiant Chiefes of Iſſachar,
With Deborah, troopt to this Warre,
Who downe into the Valley tread
The way which noble Barak led.
But Reuben from the reſt disjoyn'd
By Hils and Flouds, was ſo in mind.
Did'ſt thou theſe glorious Wars refuſe,
To heare the bleating of the Ewes?
O great in Councell! O how wiſe!
That couldſt both Faith and Fame deſpiſe.
Gilead, of thundring Drums afraid,
Or ſlothfull, beyond Jordan ſtaid.
Dan his ſwift-ſailing Ships affects.
And publique Liberty neglects.
While Aſhur on his Cliffes reſides,
And fortifies againſt the Tides.
But Zebulun, and Nepthali,
Who never would from danger flye,
Were ready, for the publike good,
On Tabors top to ſhed their bloud.
Pſal. 4. Then Kings, Kings of the Canaanites,
On Taanach Plaines addreſt their Fights,
Where ſwift Megiddo's Waters ran;
Yet neither Spoile nor Trophee wan.
The Heavens 'gainſt Siſera fought, The Stars
Mov'd in Batalia to thoſe Wars:
By ancient Kiſhon ſwept from thence,
Whoſe Torrent falling Clouds incenſe.
Thou, O my joyfull Soule, at length
Haſt trod to Dirt their puiſſant Strength,
Their wounded Horſe with flying haſte
Fall head-long, and their Riders caſt.
Thus ſpake an Angel; Curſed be
Thou Meroz, all who dwell in thee;
That baſely would'ſt no aid afford,
In that great Battaile to the Lord.
Cinœian Hebers Wife, thou beſt
Of Women, be thou ever bleſt;

Bleſt

Blest above all: Let all that dwell
In Tents, thy Act, O Jaell, tell.
Shee brought him Milke, above his wish;
And Butter in a Princely Dish.
A Hammer, and a Nayle shee tooke,
This into Siserae's Temples strooke.
Hee fell, fell downe, downe to the Flore;
Lay where hee fell, bath'd in his Gore;
Lay groveling at her Feet: and there
His wretched Soule sigh'd into Aire.
His Mother at her window staid,
And thrusting out her shoulders said,
Why are his Chariots wheeles so slow!
Nor yet my Sonne in Triumph show!
When her wise Ladies standing by,
(Yea she her selfe) made this reply,
Have not their Swords now won the Day,
Have they not shar'd the wealthy Prey?
Now every Souldier for his paines
An Hebrew Dame or Virgin gaines;
While Sisera, choosing, layes aside
Rich Robes in various colours dy'd;
Rich Robes with curious Needles wrought
On either side, from Phrygia brought:
The thred spun from the Silk-worms womb,
Such as a Conqueror become.
Great God! So perish all thy Foes;
Love such as love thee: O let those
Shine like the Sun, when hee displays
I'th'Orient his increasing Rayes.

Part 5.

1 Samuel II.

GOD hath rais'd my head on high:
O my Heart, inlarge thy joy!
God hath now my Tongue unti'd,
To retort their scorne and pride.
In thy Grace I will rejoyce;
Praise thee, while I have a voyce.

Acts 2.

Who ſo holy as our Lord !
VVho but hee to bee ador'd !
VVho ſuch wonders can effect !
VVho ſo ſtrongly can protect !
Be no longer arrogant,
Nor in folly proudly vaunt :
God our ſecret thoughts diſplayes ;
All our works his ballance weighes.
Giants Bowes his Forces breake,
Hee, with ſtrength, inveſts the weake.
Who were full now ſerve for bread;
Thoſe who ſerv'd, infranchiſed.
Barren Wombs with Children flow ;
Fruitfull Mothers childleſſe grow.
God, fraile man, of life deprives,
Part 2. Thoſe who ſleepe in Death. revives :
Leads us to our ſilent Tombes,
Brings us from thoſe horrid Roomes :
Riches ſends, ſends Poverty :
Caſteth down, and lifts on high,
Hee, from the deſpiſed Duſt,
From the Dunghill takes the Juſt;
To the height of Honour brings,
Plants them in the Thrones of Kings:
God, Earths mighty Pillars made;
Hee the World upon them laid.
Hee his ſervants feete will guide :
Wicked Soules who ſwell with Pride,
Will in endleſſe darkneſſe chaine ;
Since all humane ſtrength is vaine.
Hee ſhall grind his Enemies ;
Blaſt with Lightning from the Skies :
Judge the habitable Earth,
All of high and humble birth :
Shall with ſtrength his King renowne,
And his Chriſt with Glory crowne.

II Samuel I.

THy Beauty, Iſrael, is ſled,
Sunke to the Dead. *As the 39*
How are the Valiant fal'n ! the Slaine
Thy Mountaines ſtaine.
O let it not in Gath bee knowne ;
Nor in the ſtreets of Aſcalon !

Leſt that ſad Story ſhould excite
Their dire delight :
Leſt in the Torrent of our woe
Their pleaſure flow :
Leſt their triumphant Daughters ring
Their Cymbals, and curs'd Pæans ſing.

You Hils of Gilboa, never may
You Offrings pay ;
No Morning Deaw, nor fruitfull Showers
Cloth you with Flowers :
Saul, and his Armes there made a Spoyle ;
As if untouch't with ſacred Oyle.

The Bow of noble Jonathan
Great Battailes wan :
His Arrowes on the Mighty fed,
With Slaughter red.
Saul never rais'd his Arme in vaine ;
His Sword ſtill glutted with the Slaine.

How lovely ! O how pleaſant ! when
They liv'd with Men !
Then Eagles ſwifter ; ſtronger far
Then Lions are :
Whom love in life ſo ſtrongly ty'd?
The ſtroke of Death could not divide.

Sad

Sad Israels Daughters, weepe for Saul;
Lament his fall:
Who fed you with the Earths increase,
And crown'd with Peace:
With Robes of Tyrian Purple deckt
And Gems, which sparkling light reflect.

How are thy VVorthies by the Sword
Of VVarre devour'd!
O Jonathan, the better part
Of my torne Heart!
The salvage Rocks have drunke thy blood
My Brother! O how kind! how good!

Thy love was great; O never more
To Man, Man bore!
No Woman, when most passionate,
Lov'd at that rate!
How are the Mighty fall'n in fight!
They and their Glory set in Night!

II. Samuel VII.

As the 4

MY Lord, my God; O who am I!
Or what is my poore Family,
That thou shouldst crowne,
VVith Power renowne,
And raise my Throne on high!

As this were little, in my place
Hast promis'd to confirme my Race.
Doe men, O Lord,
To men afford
Such, such transcendent Grace?

Not to bee hop'd for, nor desir'd;
Not to bee utter'd, but admir'd:
My thoughts to mee,
Then they to thee,
Lesse knowne, when most retir'd.

These

These great things did'st Thou, to fulfill
Thy Word and never-changing VVill.
Into my Sight
This knowing Light,
Thy Wisdomes Beames, distill.

In Goodnesse, as in Power compleat:
No God but thee: O who so great!
All this of old
Our Fathers told;
And often did repeat.

What Nation breathes, who can or dare
VVith thee, O Israel, compare?
For whom alone
God left his Throne,
As his peculiar Care.

To amplifie his Name; to doe
Such great, such fearefull things for you?
Such VVonders wrought;
From Ægypt brought;
From men, from Gods withdrew.

Establisht by divine Decree;
That thou might'st bee our God, and wee
For evermore
Thy Name adore;
As consecrate to Thee.

Now, Lord, effect what thou hast said; *Part 2.*
The Promise to thy Servant made,
Confirme by Deed,
What to his Seed
Thy VVord long since displaid.

Great God, O bee thou magnifi'd!
Whose Hands the strife of Warre decide:
Let Davids Race,
Before thy Face
For ever fixt abide.

Thou said'ſt (who Iſrael doſt protect)
I will my Servants Houſe erect.
My thoughts indu'd
With gratitude
Theſe Prayers to Thee direct.

Thou Lord, in goodneſſe infinite!
Whoſe Word and Truth like Twins unite.
Thy Promiſe hath
Confirm'd my Faith,
And fill'd mee with delight.

Bee then my Houſe for ever bleſt;
Of thy deare Preſence ſtill poſſeſt.
Thus haſt thou ſaid;
This Promiſe made:
O with thy Grace inveſt.

Esay. V.

As the 9

NOw I, to my Belowed, will
A Song of my Beloved ſing:
He hath a Vineyeard on a Hill,
Which all the Yeare enjoy'd the Spring,
This he incloſed with a Mound,
Pickt up the Stones which ſcatter'd lay:
With generous Vines plants the rich Ground;
Dig'd, pruin'd, and weeded every day.
To preſſe the Cluſters made a Frame,
Plac'd in a new erected Tower:
But when th'expected Vintage came,
For good, the Grapes prov'd wild and ſowre
You who on Judah's Hils reſide,
Who Citizens of Salem be;
Doe you the Controverſe decide
Betweene my Vineyard judge, and me.
Though partiall Judge. Could I have more
To my ungreatfull Vineyard done?

Yee

Yet ſuch unpleaſant Cluſters bore,
Unworthy of the ſoyle, or Sunne.
Then know, this Vineyard, late my Joy,
Manured with ſuch diligence;
Wild Bores and Foxes ſhall deſtroy,
When I have trampled downe her Fence.
Then ſhall ſhee unregarded lye,
Undig'd, unpruin'd, with Brambles ſpread;
No gentle Clouds ſhall on her dry
And thirſty Wombe their moiſture ſhed.
That ancient Houſe of Iſrael,
The great Jehovahs Vineyard is:
They who on Judah's Mountaines dwell,
Thoſe choice, and pleaſant Plants of his;
From whom he Juſtice did expect,
But Rapine, and Oppreſſion found;
Thought they ſweet Concord would affect;
When all with Strife, and Cryes abound.

ESAY XXVI.

OUR Sion ſtrongly is ſecur'd,
Which God himſelfe hath fortifi'd; *As the 2*
High Bulwarks rais'd on every ſide,
And with immortall Walls immur'd:
Her Gates at their approach diſplay,
Who Juſtice love, and Truth obey.

Who fix on him their confidence,
He will in conſtant Peace preſerve.
O then with Faith Jehovah ſerve,
Your ſtrong and ever ſure defence;
Who hurls the mighty from their Thrones,
And Cities turnes to heaps of ſtones.

Their Structures levels with the Floore,
Which Sepulchres of Duſt incloſe;
Trod underneath the Feet of thoſe,
That were of late deſpiſ'd and Poore.

Straight is the Way the *Righteous* tread ;
By Thee at once inform'd and led.

For wee thy Judgements, Lord, expect,
And only on thy Grace relye :
To thy great Name and Memory
Th'Affliction of our Soules erect.
My Soule pursues thee in the Night,
And when the Morne displayes her Light.

Part 2. Didst thou thy Judgements exercise,
Then Mortals should the Truth discerne :
And yet the Wicked would not learne ;
But thy extended Grace despise :
Among the Just t'Injustice sold ;
Nor will thy Majesty behold.

Shouldst thou advance thine Arme on High,
Though willfull blind, yet should they view
The shame and vengeance which pursue
All those, who thy deare Saints envy ;
Those vindicating Flames, which burne
Thy Foes, shall them to Cinders turne.

Thou our eternall peace hast wrought,
And in our works, thy wonders showne.
Though other Lords, besides our owne,
Had us to their subjection brought ;
Yet, through thy onely Goodnesse, wee
Remembred both thy Name and Thee.

Dead are they, never more to rise
From those darke Caves of endlesse Night;
Nor ever shall the cheerefull Light
Revisit with their closed eyes.
Thy Vengeance hath expel'd their Breath,
And clos'd their memories in Death.

Part 3. Thou, Thou hast given us wounds on wounds;
In punishing thy Glory showne :

Farre

Farre from thy cheatfull presence throwne,
Even to the worlds extreamest bounds;
Amidst our stripes, and sighings, wee
Adrest our zealous Prayers to Thee.

As women groaning with their Lord,
The time of their Delivery neere,
Anticipating paine with feare,
Scrocke in their Pangs; So we to God:
So suffer'd, when in thy disgrace;
So cry'd out, when thou hid'st thy Face.

For we, with Sorrow's burthen fraught,
Paine and anxiety of Mind,
Brought onely forth an empty winde;
Nor our desir'd Delivery wrought.
We neither could repulse our Foes,
Nor give a period to our woes.

The Lord thus to his People spake,
Thy Dead shall live, those who remaine
In peacefull Graves, shall rise againe.
O you who sleepe in Dust awake,
Now sing: on you my Plants I'le shed
My Deaw; the Graves shall cast their Dead.

Goe, hide thee in thy inward roomes
A little, till my wrath passe by:
To punish mans impiety,
The Lord from Heaven in Thunder comes:
The Earth then shall your Blood reveale,
Nor longer shall the Slaine conceale.

ESAY XXXVIII.

IN the substraction of my yeares,
I said with Teares;
Ah! now I to the Shades below
Must naked goe:

As thy 39

Cut off by Death before my time,
And like a Flow'r cropt in my Prime.

Lord in thy Temple I no more
Shall thee adore:
No longer with mankinde converſe,
In my cold Herſe.
My Age is paſt e're it be ſpent,
Removed like a Shepheards Tent.

My fraile Life, like a Weavers thred,
My Sins have ſhred:
My vitall powers Diſeaſes waſte
With greedy haſte:
Even from the Evening to the Day
I languiſh and conſume away.

And when the morning Watch is paſt,
Thinke that my laſt.
Thou like a Lion break'ſt my bones,
Nor hearſt my groanes:
Even from the Dawning to the Night,
Death waits to cloſe my failing Sight.

Thus Swallow-like, like to a Crane,
My Woes complaine:
Mourne like a Turtle-Dove, but late
Rob'd of his mate.
I my dim eyes to thee erect;
The Weake O ſtrengthen and protect!

Part 2. What Praiſe can reach thy Clemency,
O thou moſt high!
Thy Words are ever crown'd with Deeds;
Joy Griefe ſucceeds.
My bitter pangs at length are paſt;
And long my peacefull dayes ſhall laſt.

My lively vigour doſt reſtore,
Increa'ſt with more:

My yeares prolong'd, now flouriſhing
In their new Spring:
Thou haſt with Joy dry'd up my Teares,
And with my Griefe exil'd my Feares.

Thy Love hath drawne me from the Pit,
Where Horrors ſit:
My Soule-infecting Sins thou haſt
Behind Thee caſt.
The Grave cannot thy Praiſe relate;
Nor Death thy Goodneſſe celebrate.

Can they expect thy Mercy, whom
Cold Earth intombe?
The living muſt thy Truth diſplay;
As I this Day.
This Fathers to their Sons ſhall tell,
While Soules in humane Bodies dwell.

The Lord as ready was to ſave,
As I to crave;
I therefore to the warbling ſtring
His Praiſe will ſing;
And in his Houſe, till my laſt Day,
My gratefull Vowes devoutly pay.

JONAH I.

ON Thee my captiv'd Soule did call;
Thou, who art preſent every where, *As the 9*
From the darke Entrailes of the Whale,
Didſt thy intombed Servant heare.
Thy Hand into the Surges threw,
The Seas blacke armes forthwith unfold,
Downe to the horrid Bottom drew,
And all our Waves upon me rould.
Then ſaid my Soule; For ever I
Am baniſh't from thy glorious ſight:

And yet thy Temple with the Eye
Of Faith review'd, in that blind Night.
The Flouds my Soule involv'd below;
The ſwallowing Deeps beſieg'd me round;
And Weeds, which in the bottom grow,
My Head with funerall Dreſſes bound.
I to the roots of Mountaines div'd,
Whom bars of broken Rocks reſtraine;
Yet from that Tombe of death reviv'd,
And rais'd to ſee the Sun againe.
I, when my Soule began to faint,
My Vowes and Prayers to thee preſet'd:
The Lord my paſſionate complaint,
Even from his holy Temple heard.
Thoſe who affect falſe vanities,
The Mercy of their God betray:
But I my Thankes will ſacrifice,
And Vowes to my Redeemer pay.

HABAKKUK III.

As the 72 GReat God, with terror I have heard thy Doome
The fearfull punishments that are to come:
Yet in the midſt of thoſe devouring Yeares,
Then when thy Vengeance ſhall exceede our Feares,
Thy Worke in us revive, confirme our Faith,
And ſtill remember Mercy in thy Wrath.
God came from Theman, and the Holy-one
From Parans Mountaine, where his Glory ſhone;
Which fill'd the heav'ns themſelves with brighter Raies,
And all the Earth repleniſh't with his Praiſe.
His Brightneſſe as the Suns: his Fingers Streames
Of Light project, his Power hid in thoſe Beames.
Devouring Peſtilence before him flew,
And waſting Flames his dreadfull Steps purſue.
Then fixt his Feete, and meaſur'd with his Eyes
The Earths Extent: pale Feares her Sons ſurpriſe,
The ancient Mountaines ſhrunke, eternall Hils
Stoopt to their Baſes, All Amazement fils.

His

His Glory and his Terrour he displaies,
In his unknowne and everlasting VVaies.
I saw th'afflicted Tents of Cushan quake,
And *Midians* Curtines in that Tempest shake!
VVhen thou, O Lord, the Rivers didst divide; *Part* 2.
And on the Chariots of Salvation ride,
Through the congested Billowes of the Seas:
VVas it because thou wast displeas'd with these?
According to thy Oath thou drew'st thy Sword,
Thy Oath sworne to our Tribes, thy constant VVord.
From cloven Rocks new Torrents tooke their flight
And ayery *Mountaines* trembled at thy sight:
The ever-flowing Streames inforce their wayes,
The Deeps to Thee their Hands and Voyces raise;
The Sunne and *Moone* obedient to Command,
Till then in restlesse *Motion*, made a Stand.
Thy Darts and flaming Arrowes, swift as Sight;
Confound thy Foes, but give thy People Light.
He, in his Fury, marched through the Land;
And crusht the Heathen with a vengefull Hand:
Th'Anointed, with thy Sword, their Leaders slew,
The joynts dislot'd, where Heads of Princes grew.
With thy transfixing Speare their Subjects strake:
Who like a black and dreadfull Tempest brake
Upon our Front, with purpose to devoure,
And triumph over our despised Power,
He through the roaring Floods his People guides:
Through yeelding Seas on fiery-Horses rides.
When I thy Threatnings heard, my entrails shooke *Part.* 3.
And my un-nerved knees each other strooke.
My lips with panting swell, my cheeks grow wan;
Through all my bones a swift Consumption ran.
O where may I repose in that sad day,
When armed Troops upon my Countrey prey!
Although the Fig-tree shall no blossoms beare;
Nor Vines with their pure blood the pensive cheare.
Although the Olive no requitall yield;
Nor Corne apparell the deserted Field:
Though then our flocks be ravisht from the Fold,
And though our Stalls no well-fed Oxen hold:

Yet will not I despaire, but chearefully
Expect, and in thy knowne Salvation joy.
For thou my Strength and my Protection art:
My feete, more nimble then the flying Hart,
Ascend the Hils, where I, with holy fire,
Will sing thy Praises to my solemne Lyre.

Luke I.

As the 3.

My ravish't Soule extols his Name,
Who rules the Worlds admired Frame;
My Spirit with exalted Voyce,
In God my Saviour shall rejoyce:
Who hath his glorious beames display'd,
Upon a poore and humble Maid.
Mee all succeeding Ages shall
The blessed Virgin-Mother call.
The Great, great things for me hath wrought;
His Sanctity past humane thought.
His Mercy still reflects on those,
Who in his Truth their Trust repose.
He with his Armie hath Wonders showne:
The Proud in their owne pride ore-throwne;
The Mighty from their Thrones dejects:
The Lowly from the dust erects.
The hungry are his welcome Guests;
The Rich excluded from his Feasts.
He mindefull of his Promise, hath
Maintain'd and crowned Israels Faith,
To Abraham promis'd, and decreed
For ever to his holy Seed.

Luke I.

As the 46

O Praise the Lord, his Wonders tell;
Whose mercy shines in Israel,
At length redeem'd from Sinne and Hell.

The

The Crowne of our Salvation,
Deriv'd from Davids royall Throne,
He now hath to his People shown.

This to his Prophets did unfold;
By all successively foretold,
Untill the infant World grew old.

That he our wrongs would vindicate,
Save from our foes invet'rate hate,
And raise our long depreſt estate.

To ratifie his ancient Deed,
His promis'd Grace, by oath decreed,
To Abraham, and his faithfull Seed.

That we might our Preserver praise,
Walke purely in his perfect wayes,
And feareleſse serve him all our dayes.

His path thou shalt prepare, sweete Child,
And run before the undefil'd;
The Prophet of th'Almighty stil'd.

Our knowledge to informe, from whence
Salvation springs: from penitence,
And pardon of each foule offence.

Through mercy, O how infinite!
Of our great God, who cleares our sight,
And from the Orient sheds his Light.

A leading Starre t'enlighten those,
Whom Night, and shades of Death incloſe;
Which that high Tract to glory showes.

Luke II.

As the 34.

O Thou who art inthron'd on high,
In peace now let thy Servant die,
Whose hope on thee relies;
For thou, whose words and deeds are one,
At length hast thy Salvation showne
To these my ravisht Eyes.

By thee, before thy Hand displaid
The Heavn's and Earths Foundation laid,
Unto the world decreed:
A Lampe to give the Gentiles Light;
A Glory, O how infinite!
To Israels faithfull Seed.

FINIS.

Gloria Deo in excelsis.

Deo Opt. Max.

O Thou who All-things hast of Nothing made.
Whose Hand the radiant Firmament displai'd,
With such an undiscerned swiftnesse hurl'd
About the stedfast Centre of the VVorld:
Against whose rapid course the restlesse Sun,
And wandring Flames in varied Motions run;
Which Heat, Light, Life infuse; Time Night, and Day
Distinguish, in our Humane Bodies sway:
That hung'st the solid Earth in fleeting Aire,
Vein'd with cleare Springs, which ambient Seas repaire.
In Clouds the Mountaines wrap their hoary Heads,
Luxurious Valleies cloth'd with flowry *Meads*:
Her trees yield Fruit and Shade; with liberall Breasts
All creatures She (their common *Mother* feasts.
Then *Man* thy Image mad'st, in Dignity,
In Knowledge, and in Beauty, like to Thee:
Plac'd in a Heav'n on Earth: without his toile
The ever-flourishing and fruitfull Soile
Vnpurchas'd Food produc'd: all Creatures were
His Subjects, serving more for *Love* then Feare.
He knew no *Lord*, but *Thee*. But when he fell
From his Obedience, all at once rebell,
And in his Ruine exercise their Might:
Concurring Elements against him fight:
Troups of unknowne Diseases, Sorrow, Age,
And Death, assaile him with successive rage.
Hell let forth all her Furies: none so great,
As *Man* to *Man*. Ambition, Pride, Deceit, (reign'd
Wrong arm'd with Power, Lust, Rapine, Slaughter
And flatter'd Vice the name of Vertue gain'd.
Then Hils beneath the swelling Waters stood,
And all the Globe of Earth was but one Floud;

Yet

Yet could not cleanſe their Guilt: the following Race
Worſe then their Fathers, and their Sons more baſe.
Their God-like Beauty loſt; Sin's wretched Thrawle:
No ſparke of their Divine Originall
Left unextinguiſht: All inveloped
With Darkneſſe, in their bold Tranſgreſſions dead.
When thou didſt from the Eaſt a Light diſplay,
Which rendred to the VVorld a clearer Day;
VVhoſe Precepts from Hels-jawes our Steps withdraw;
And whoſe example was a living Law;
VVho purg'd us with his Blood; the way prepar'd
To Heaven, & thoſe long-chain'd-up Doores unbar'd:
How infinite thy *Mercy*! which exceeds
The VVorld thou mad'ſt, as well as our *Miſdeedes*!
Which greater reverence then thy Juſtice wins,
And ſtill augments thy Honour by our Sins.
O who hath taſted of thy Clemency
In greater meaſure, or more oft then I?
My gratefull Verſe thy goodneſſe ſhall diſplay.
O Thou who went'ſt along in all my way;
To VVhere the *Morning* with perfumed VVings
From the high *Mountaines* of Panchæ ſprings;
To that new-found out VVorld, where ſober Night
Takes from th'Antipodes her ſilent flight;
To thoſe darke Seas where horrid VVinter reignes,
And binds the ſtubborne Flouds in Icie chaines;
To Lybian VVaſts, whoſe Thirſt no ſhowres aſſwage;
And where ſwolne Nilus cooles the Lions rage.
Thy wonders in the Deepe have I beheld;
Yet all by thoſe on Judah's Hils excell'd;
There where the Virgins Son his Doctrine taught,
His Miracles, and our Redemption wrought;
VVhere I by Thee inſpir'd his Praiſes ſung,
And on his Sepulchre my Offering hung.
VVhich way ſo e're I turne my Face, or Feet;
I ſee thy Glory, and thy Mercy meet.
Met on the Thracian Shoares, when in the ſtrife
Of frantick Simoans thou preſerv'dſt my Life.
So when Arabian Thieves belaid us round,
And when by all abandon'd, Thee I found.

That

That falſe Sidonian Wolfe, whoſe craft put on
A Sheepe-ſoft Fleece, and me Bellerephon
To ruine by his cruell Letter ſent,
Thou didſt by thy protecting hand prevent.
Thou ſav'dſt me from the bloody Maſſacres
Of faithleſſe Indians, from their treacherous Wars;
From raging Feavers, from the ſultry breath
Of tainted Aire, which cloy'd the jawes of Death.
Preſerv'd from ſwallowing Seas, when towring Waves
Mix't with the Clouds, and open'd their deepe Graves.
From barbarous Pirats ranſom'd, by thoſe taught,
Succeſſefully with Salian Moores we fought.
Then brought'ſt me Home in ſafety; that this Earth
Might bury me, which fed me from my Birth:
Bleſt with a healthfull Age, a quiet Minde,
Content with little, to this worke deſign'd;
Which I at length have finiſh't with thy Aid;
And now my Vowes have at thy Altar paid.

Jam tetigi Portum, ——Valete.

5 AP 58